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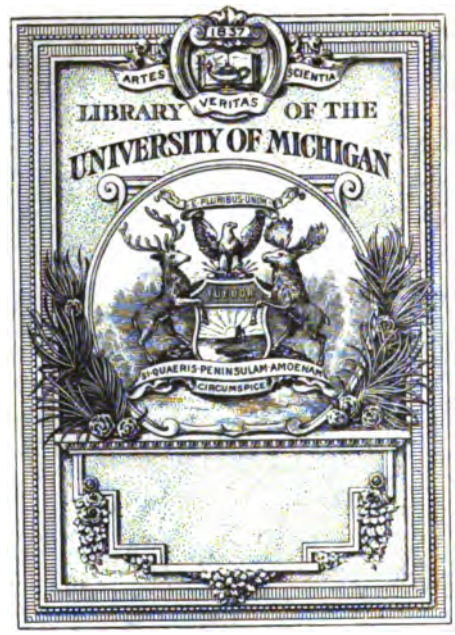
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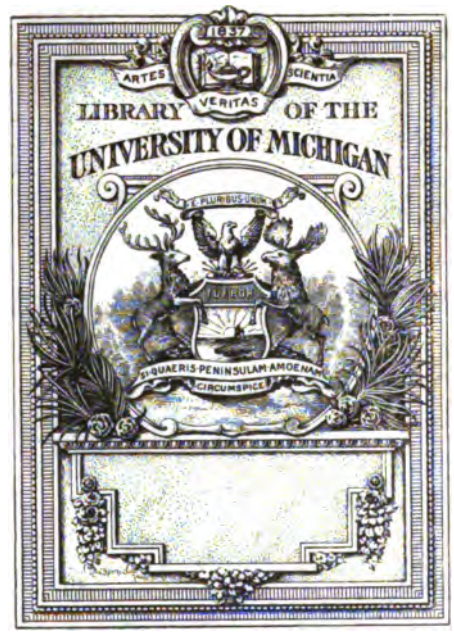
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Music
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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

EARTH, SKY, AND AIR IN SONG.—BOOK TWO.

E-P 1

transfer to
Music
2-16-15

C. S. 14906

PREFACE.

THIS series of books is presented in the hope of aiding the youth of our country to form the habit of observation of Nature, than which there is no greater power for education. The series consists of two volumes, Book One and Book Two. It is recommended that they be taken up in the order indicated, though each book is independent of the other.

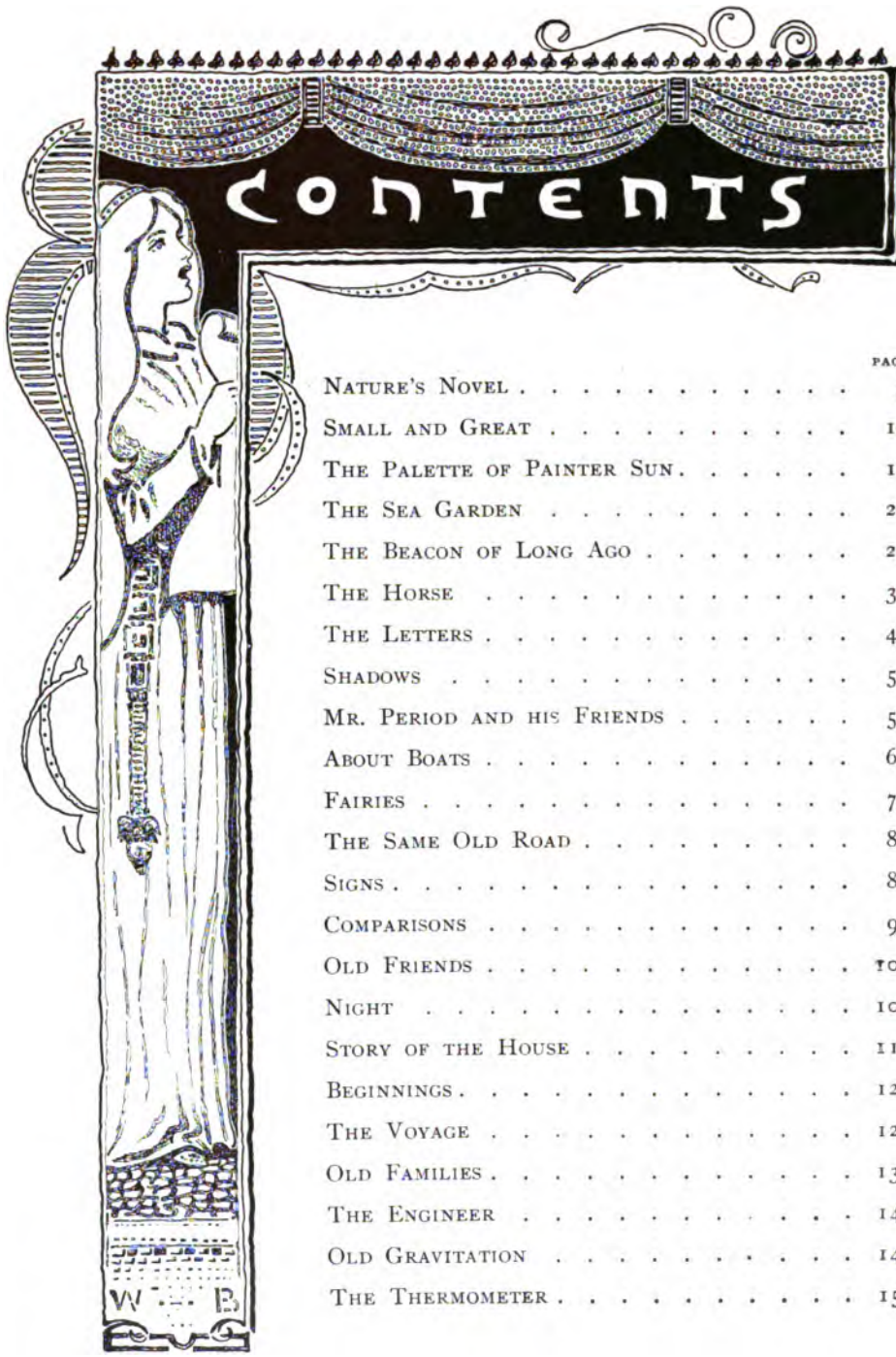
It has been my endeavor in writing the words of these songs to use the child's language, and to recognize the child's sense of humor, which seems to me of great importance. In the music I have tried to adhere naturally to the elocutionary expression of the text.

It is impossible to give satisfactory directions as to the manner in which songs are to be sung; but if teachers and others who may use these books will bear in mind the above fact and allow the children to sing the words as they would read them, taking all the liberties necessary for the elocutionary expression of the text, the best results will, I am sure, be obtained.

If these songs be accepted as educational, Mr. Bobbett's pictures must rank with the songs themselves as a necessity. It is therefore to be hoped that, wherever the songs are used, each child may have a copy of the book. This form of illustrated song is educational as a *whole*, and the song should not be separated from its illustration.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.

153223



CONTENTS

	PAGE
NATURE'S NOVEL	5
SMALL AND GREAT	12
THE PALETTE OF PAINTER SUN	16
THE SEA GARDEN	24
THE BEACON OF LONG AGO	29
THE HORSE	34
THE LETTERS	40
SHADOWS	50
MR. PERIOD AND HIS FRIENDS	56
ABOUT BOATS	65
FAIRIES	73
THE SAME OLD ROAD	80
SIGNS	88
COMPARISONS	96
OLD FRIENDS	102
NIGHT	109
STORY OF THE HOUSE	116
BEGINNINGS	122
THE VOYAGE	128
OLD FAMILIES	136
THE ENGINEER	143
OLD GRAVITATION	148
THE THERMOMETER	154

EARTH, SKY, AND AIR IN SONG.

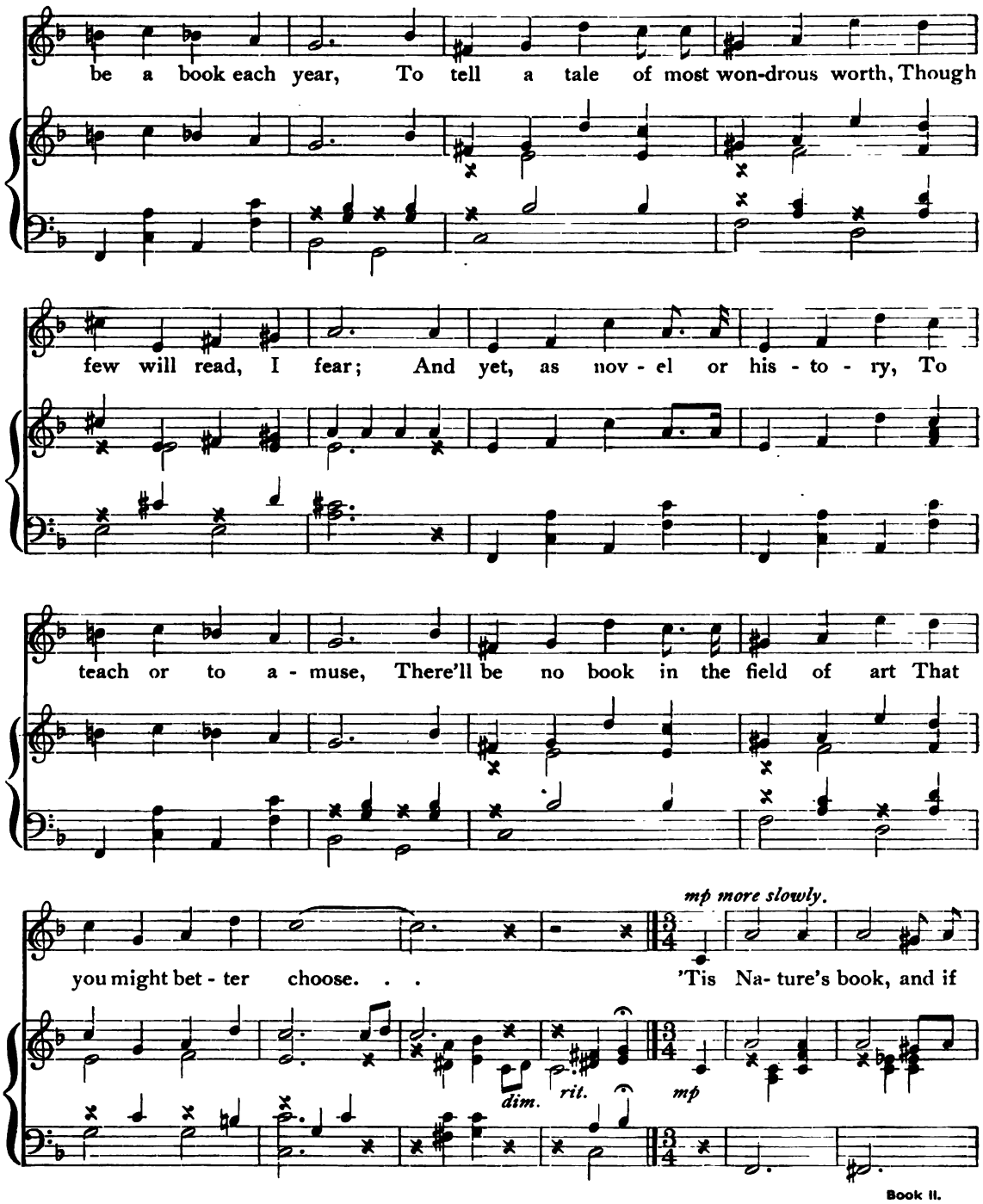
Nature's Novel.

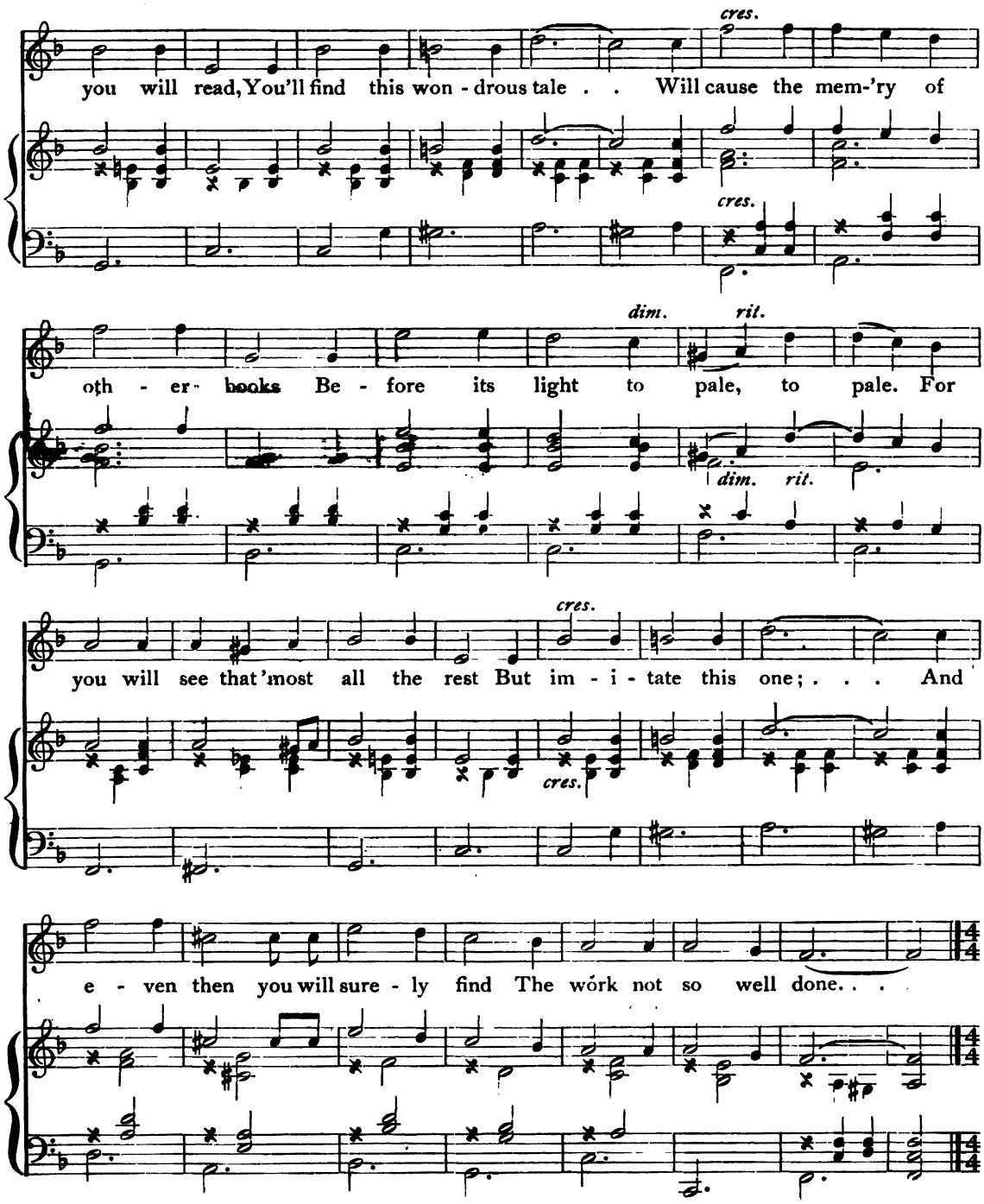
Briskly. *mf*

1. Through

mf

time to come, as in a - ges past, There'll


be a book each year, To tell a tale of most won-drous worth, Though
few will read, I fear; And yet, as nov - el or his - to - ry, To
teach or to a - muse, There'll be no book in the field of art That
mp more slowly.
you might bet - ter choose. . . 'Tis Na- ture's book, and if
dim.
rit.
mp


cres.
you will read, You'll find this won - drous tale . . Will cause the mem-'ry of
cres.
dim. rit.
oth - er books Be - fore its light to pale, to pale. For
dim. rit.
cres.
you will see that 'most all the rest But im - i - tate this one; . . . And
cres.
e - ven then you will sure - ly find The wórk not so well done. . .

Nature's Novel.

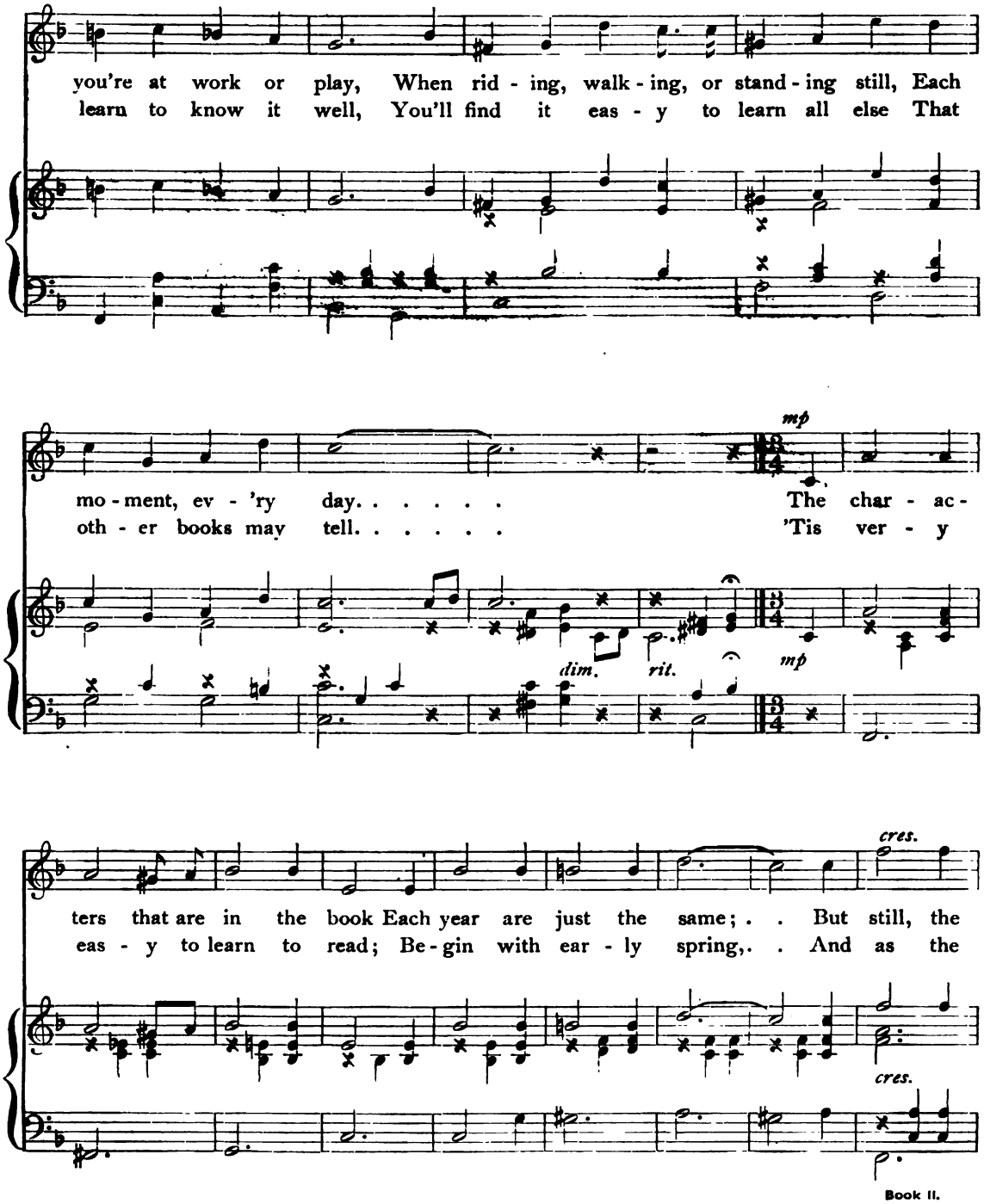
2. Each
3. And

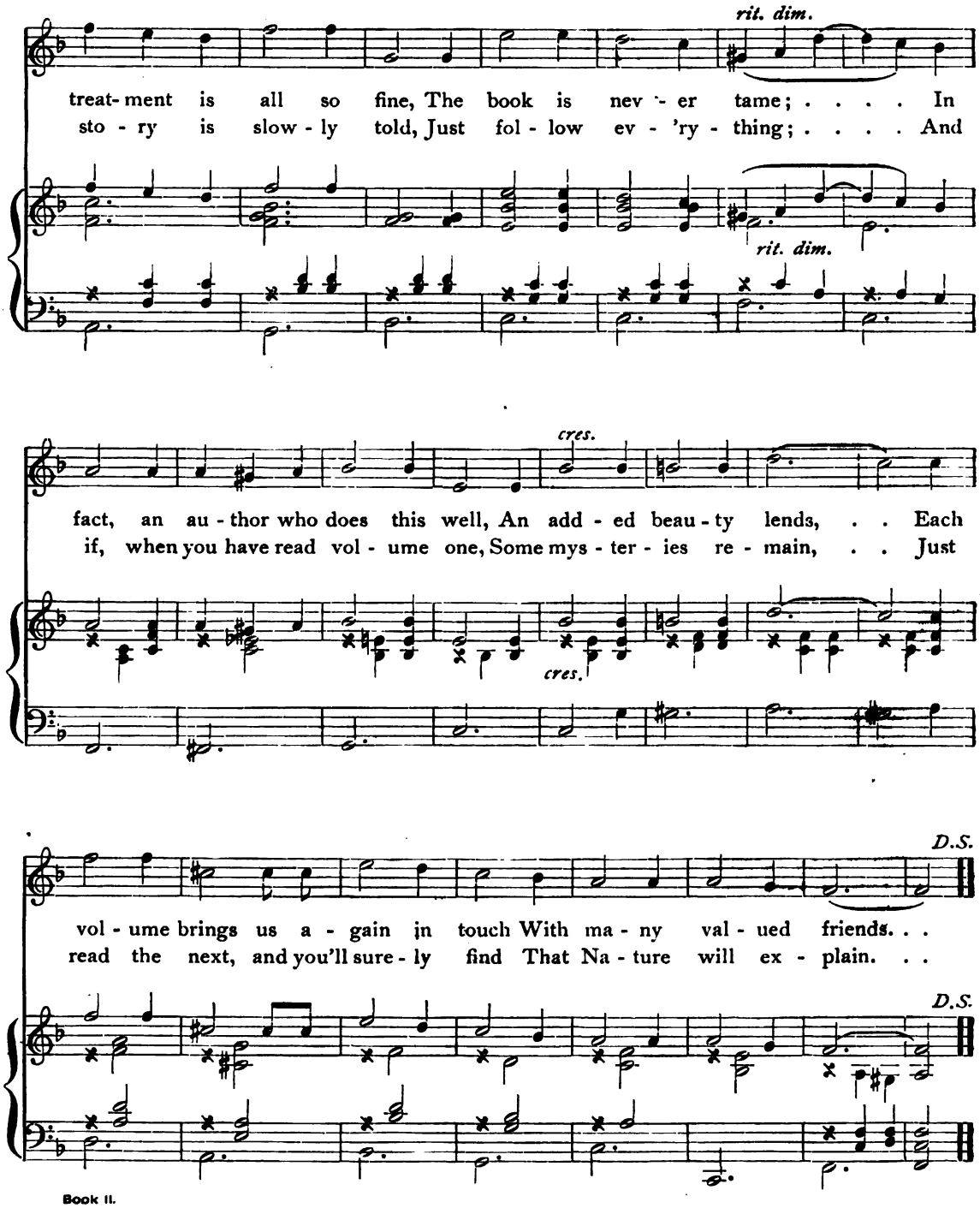
mf

day a page, and each month, you'll find Will
all who wise - ly will read this book Each

make a chap - ter rare; And il - lus - tra - tions too, you'll see, All
year as it comes out, Will learn the se - cret of ma - ny things, And

made with great - est care. But best of all, you may read this book When
what the world's a - bout. So if you read it each day you live, And


you're at work or play, When rid - ing, walk - ing, or stand - ing still, Each
learn to know it well, You'll find it eas - y to learn all else That
mp
mo - ment, ev - 'ry day. . . . . The char - ac -
oth - er books may tell. . . . . 'Tis ver - y
dim.
rit.
mp
cres.
ters that are in the book Each year are just the same; . . But still, the
eas - y to learn to read; Be - gin with ear - ly spring,. . And as the
cres.


rit. dim.
treat- ment is all so fine, The book is nev - er tame; . . . . In
sto - ry is slow - ly told, Just fol - low ev - 'ry - thing; . . . . And
rit. dim.
cres.
fact, an au - thor who does this well, An add - ed beau - ty lends, . . Each
if, when you have read vol - ume one, Some mys - ter - ies re - main, . . Just
cres.
D.S.
vol - ume brings us a - gain in touch With ma - ny val - ued friends. . .
read the next, and you'll sure - ly find That Na - ture will ex - plain. . .
D.S.

Small and Great.

With repose.

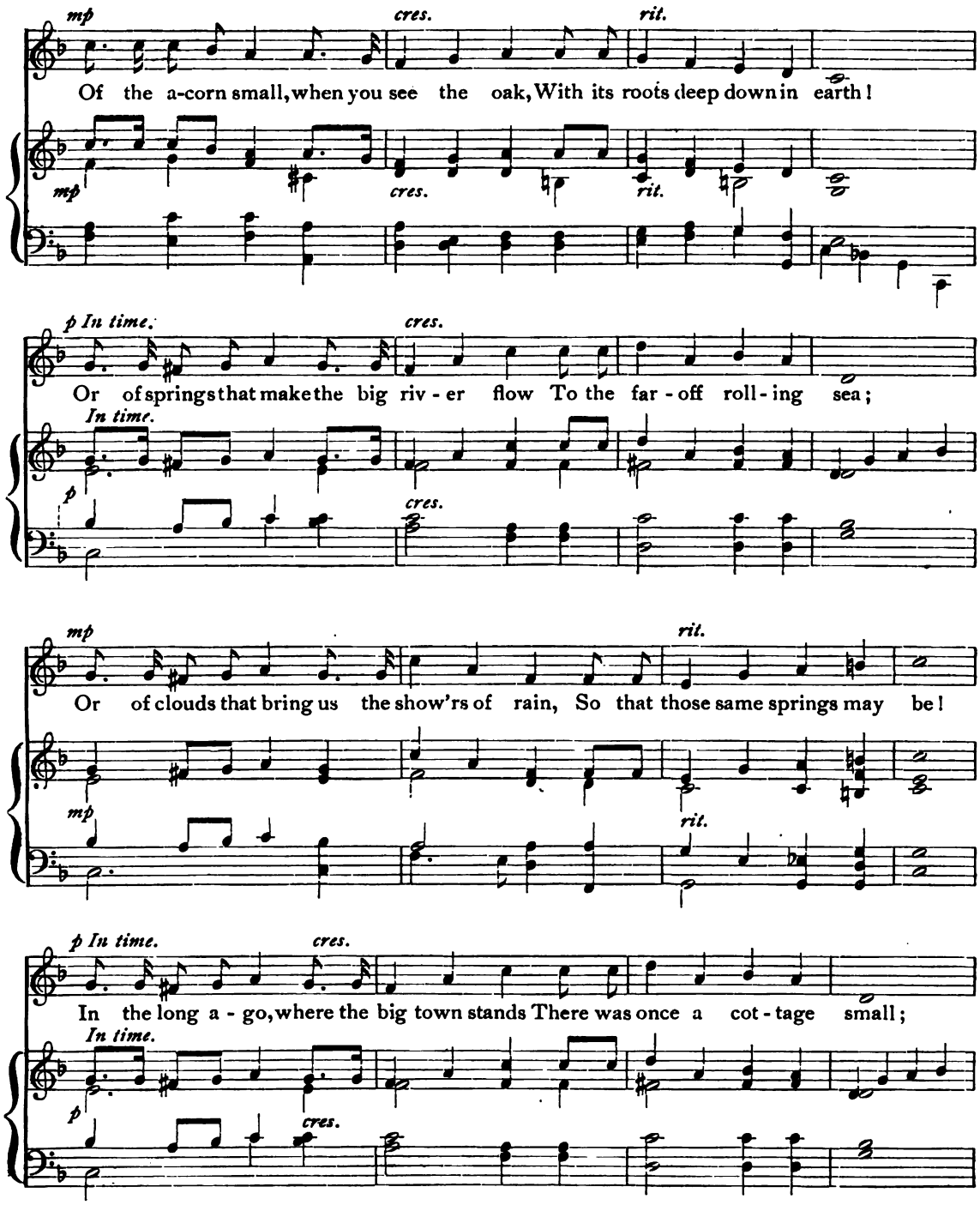
f *mp* *ff* *mp* *rit.*

mp *cres.*

Do you ev - er think, when you see a flow'r, Of the seed that gave it birth;

In time.

mp *cres.*


mp
cres.
rit.
Of the a-corn small, when you see the oak, With its roots deep down in earth!
mp
cres.
rit.
p In time.
cres.
Or of springs that make the big riv - er flow To the far - off roll - ing sea;
In time.
p
cres.
mp
rit.
Or of clouds that bring us the show'rs of rain, So that those same springs may be!
mp
rit.
p In time.
cres.
In the long a - go, where the big town stands There was once a cot - tage small;
In time.
p
cres.

mp *rit.*

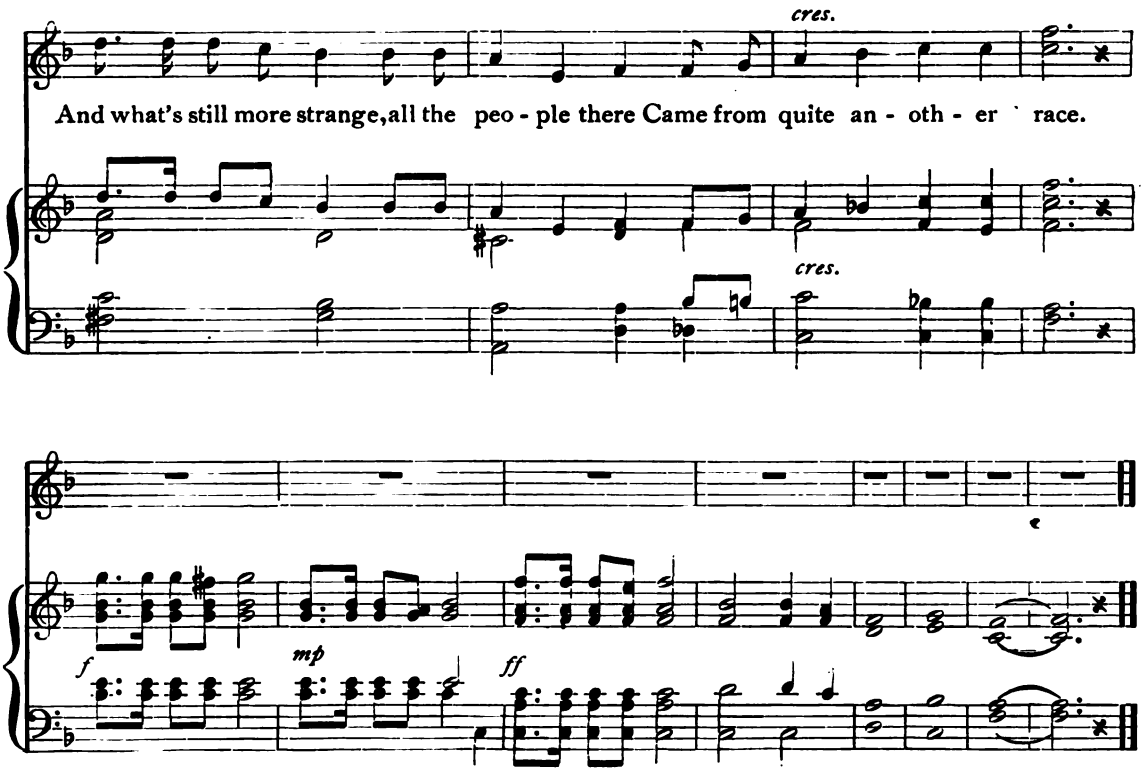
And from that small house of the pi - o - neer, Grew the town with chim-neys tall.

mp *rit.*

p

Ev - en big New York, with its bus-tling crowd, Was at first just such a place;

p


cres.
And what's still more strange, all the peo - ple there Came from quite an - oth - er race.
cres.
f
mp
ff

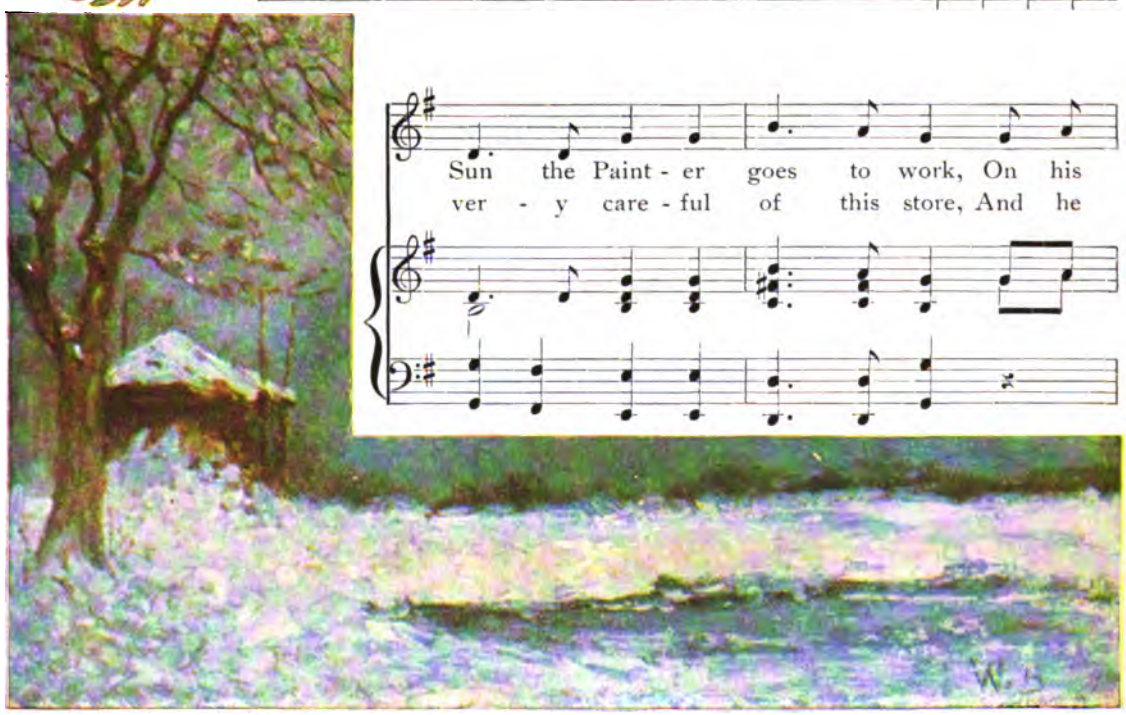
The Palette of Painter Sun.

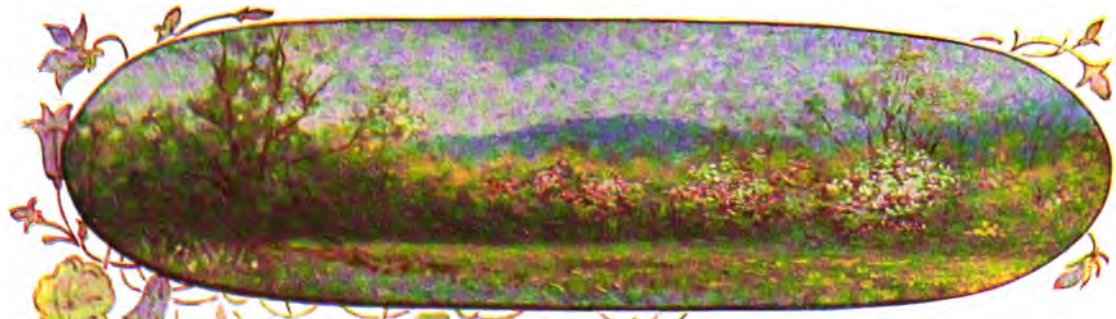
With dignity. *mp*

1. When
2. He's

f *mp*

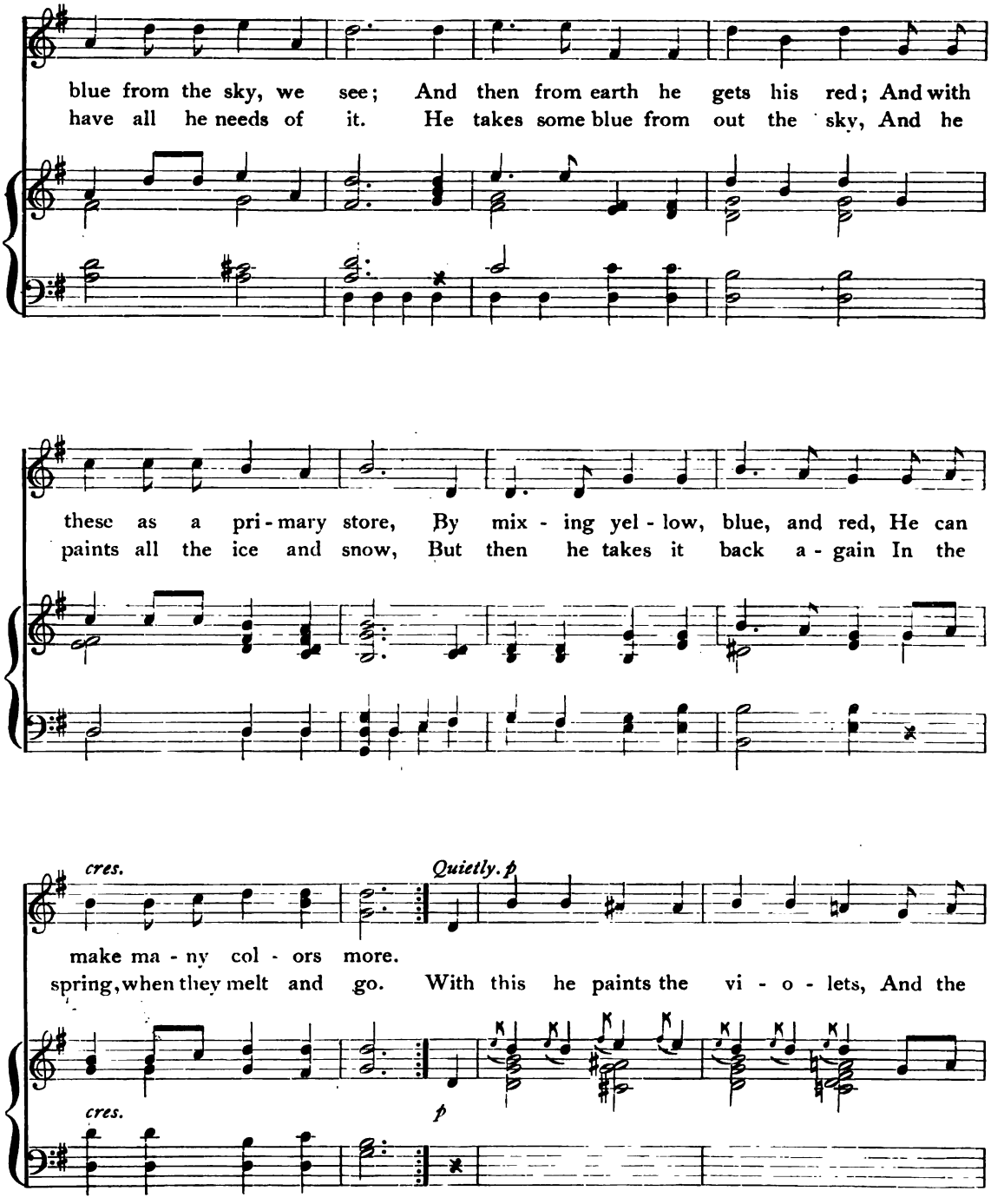
Sun the Paint - er goes to work, On his
ver - y care - ful of this store, And he

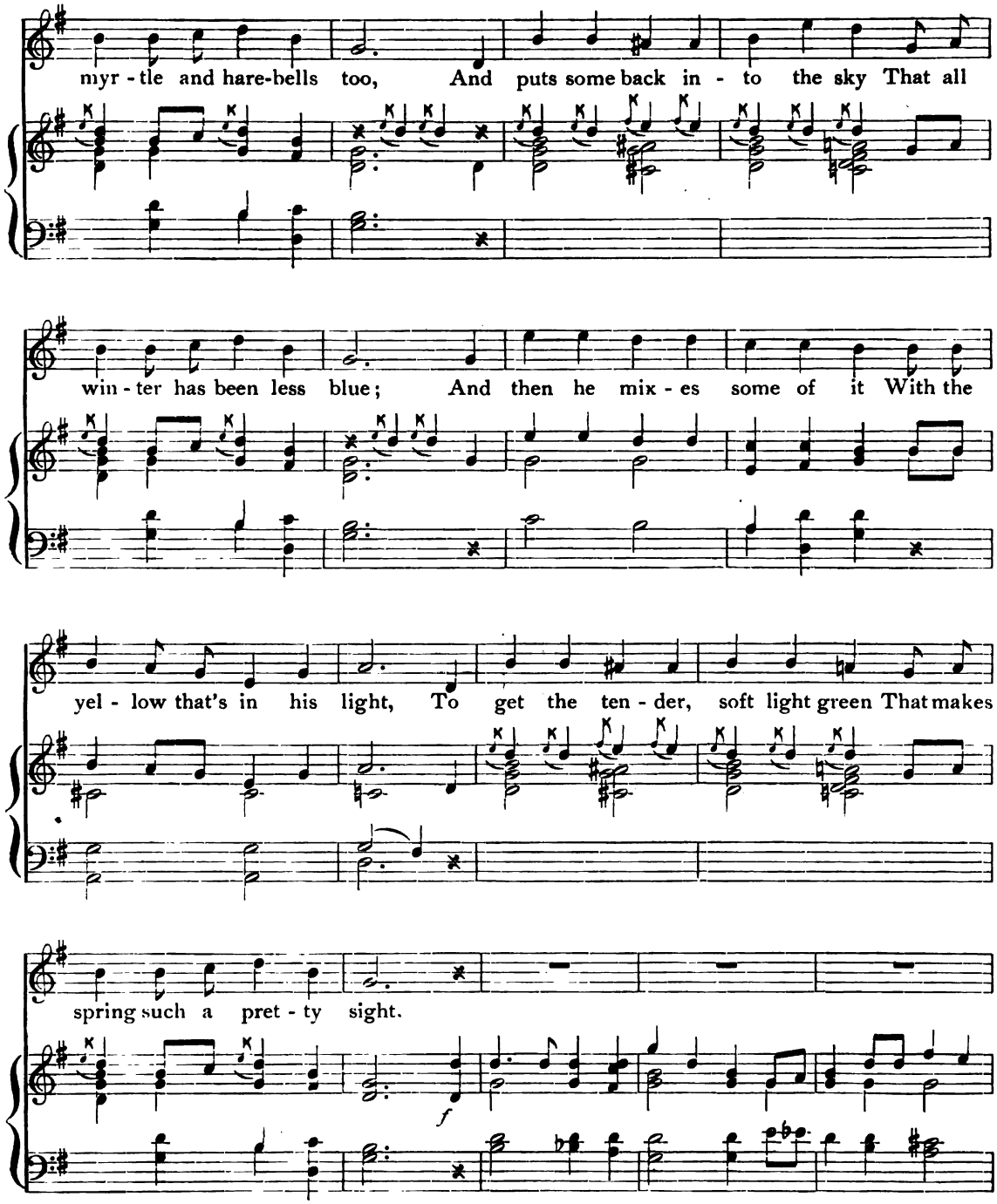




pal - ette are col - ors three;— He
nev - er will waste a bit; So

first gets yel - low from his light, And some
when of one he wants some more, He will


blue from the sky, we see; And then from earth he gets his red; And with
have all he needs of it. He takes some blue from out the sky, And he
these as a pri-mary store, By mix-ing yel-low, blue, and red, He can
paints all the ice and snow, But then he takes it back a-gain In the
cres.
Quietly. p
make ma-ny col-ors more.
spring, when they melt and go. With this he paints the vi-o-lets, And the
cres.
p

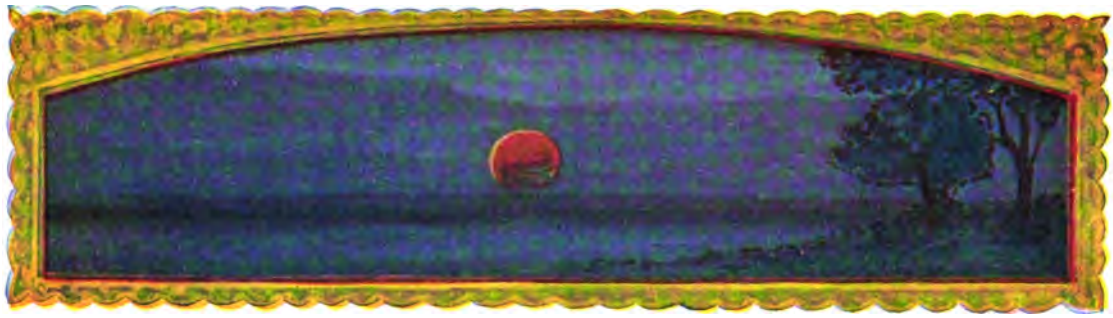

myr - tle and hare-bells too, And puts some back in - to the sky That all
win - ter has been less blue; And then he mix - es some of it With the
yel - low that's in his light, To get the ten - der, soft light green That makes
spring such a pret - ty sight.
f

And then from earth he

takes some red, Which he

mix - es with yel - low light, To

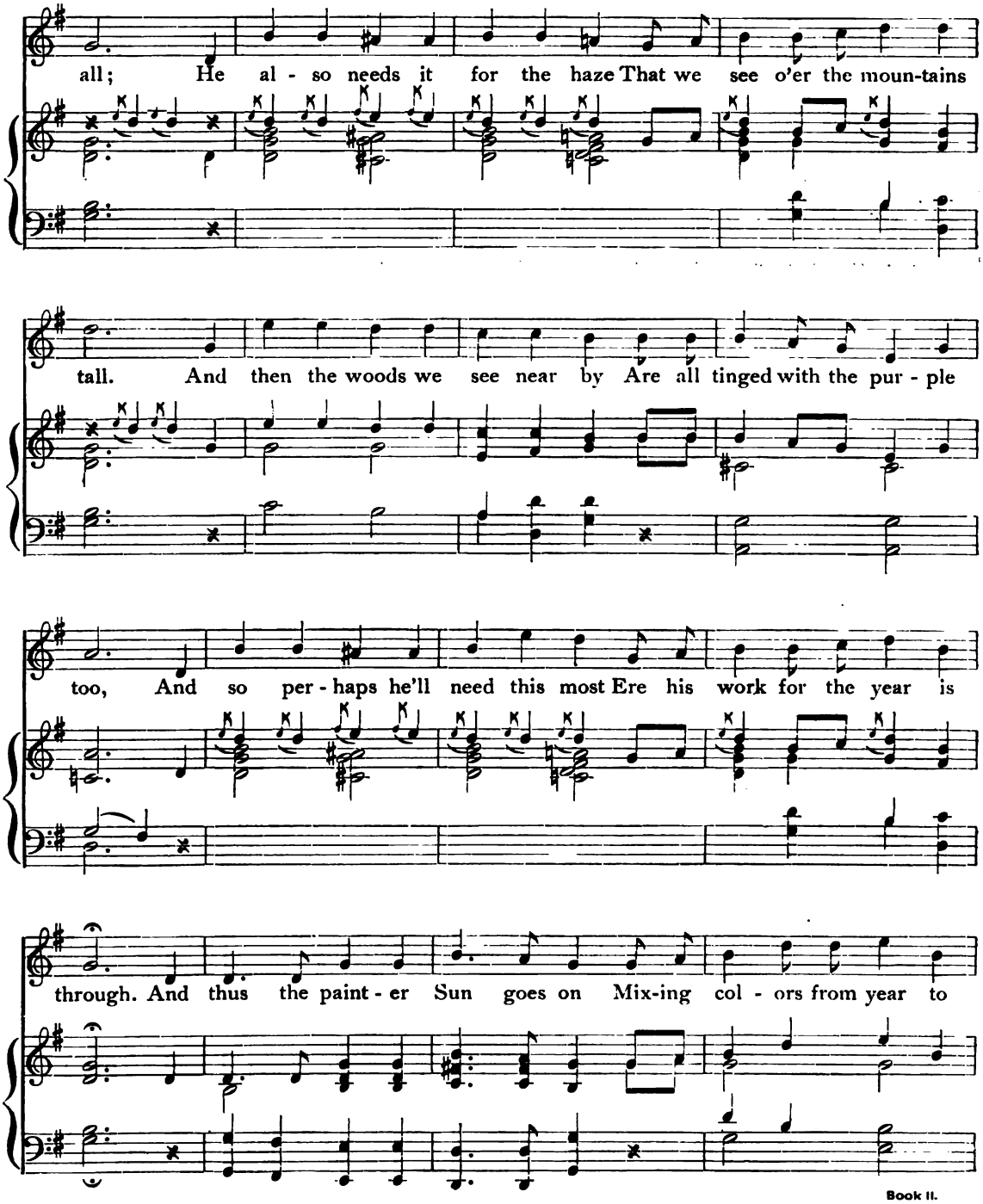
paint the or - an - ges and squash With an or - ange that's won-drous bright. But

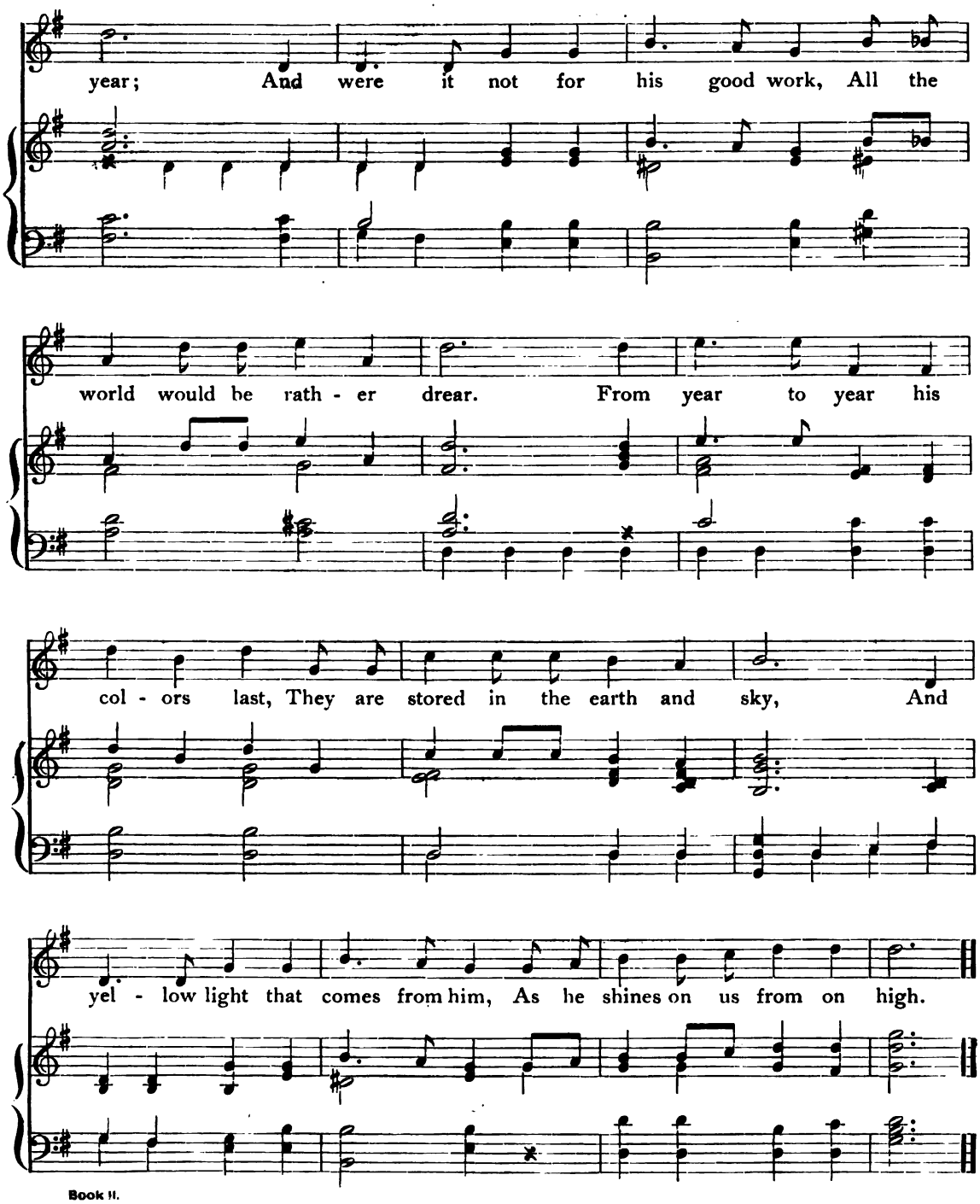


when he mix - es blue with red, He will then have a pur - ple

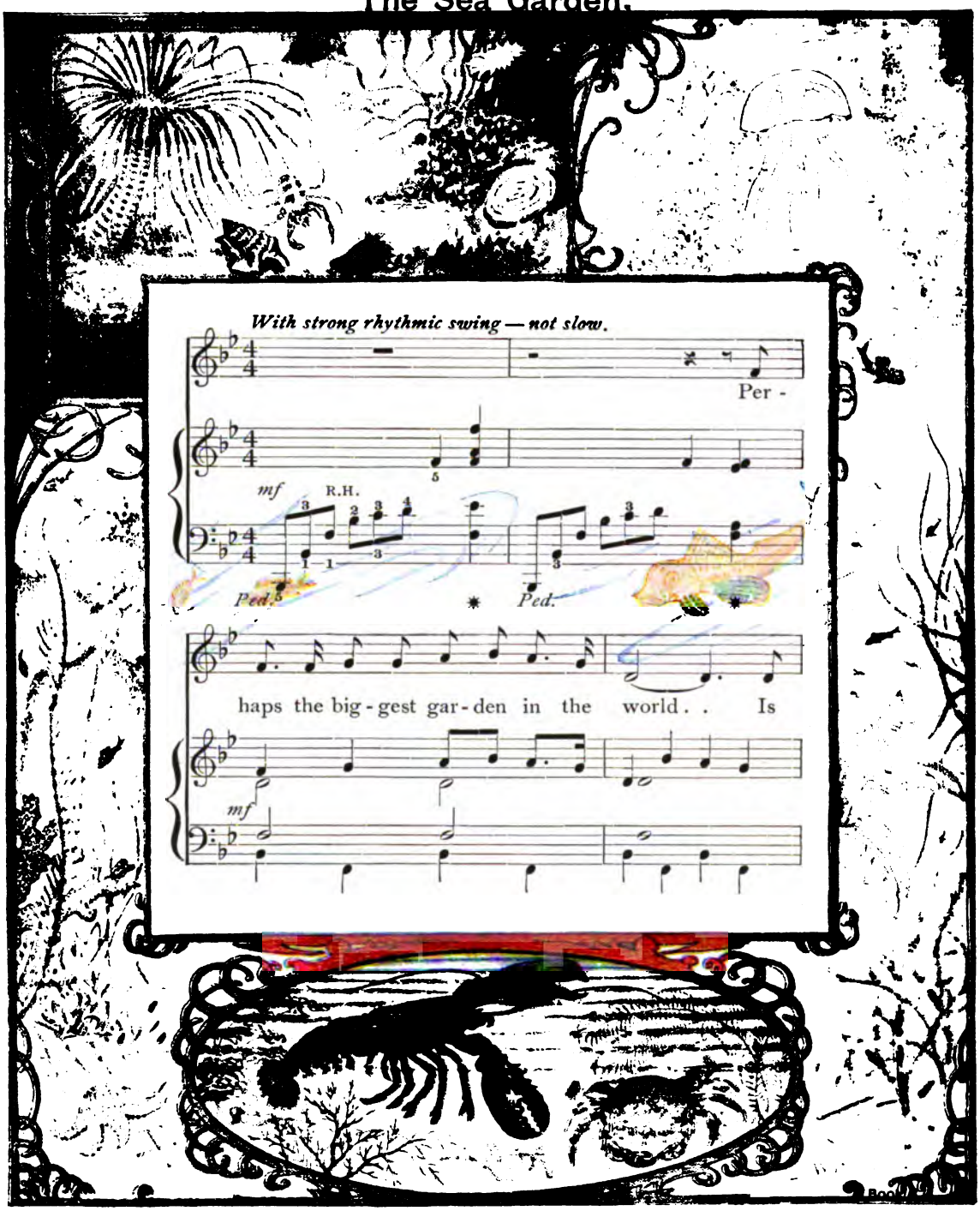
too, And this you see he real - ly needs, There is much that it has to

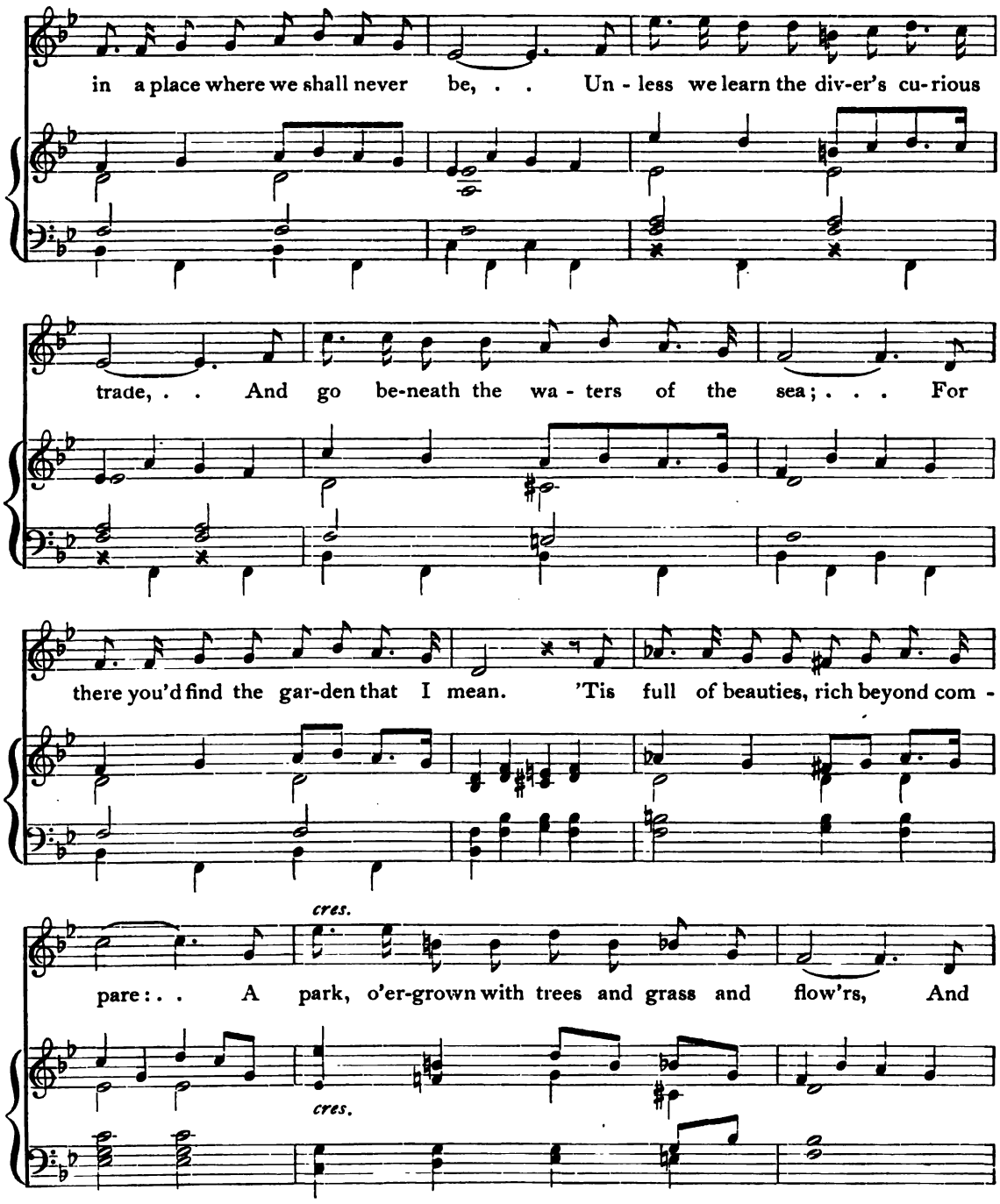
do. For there are grapes and plums to paint, And the pur - ple he needs for

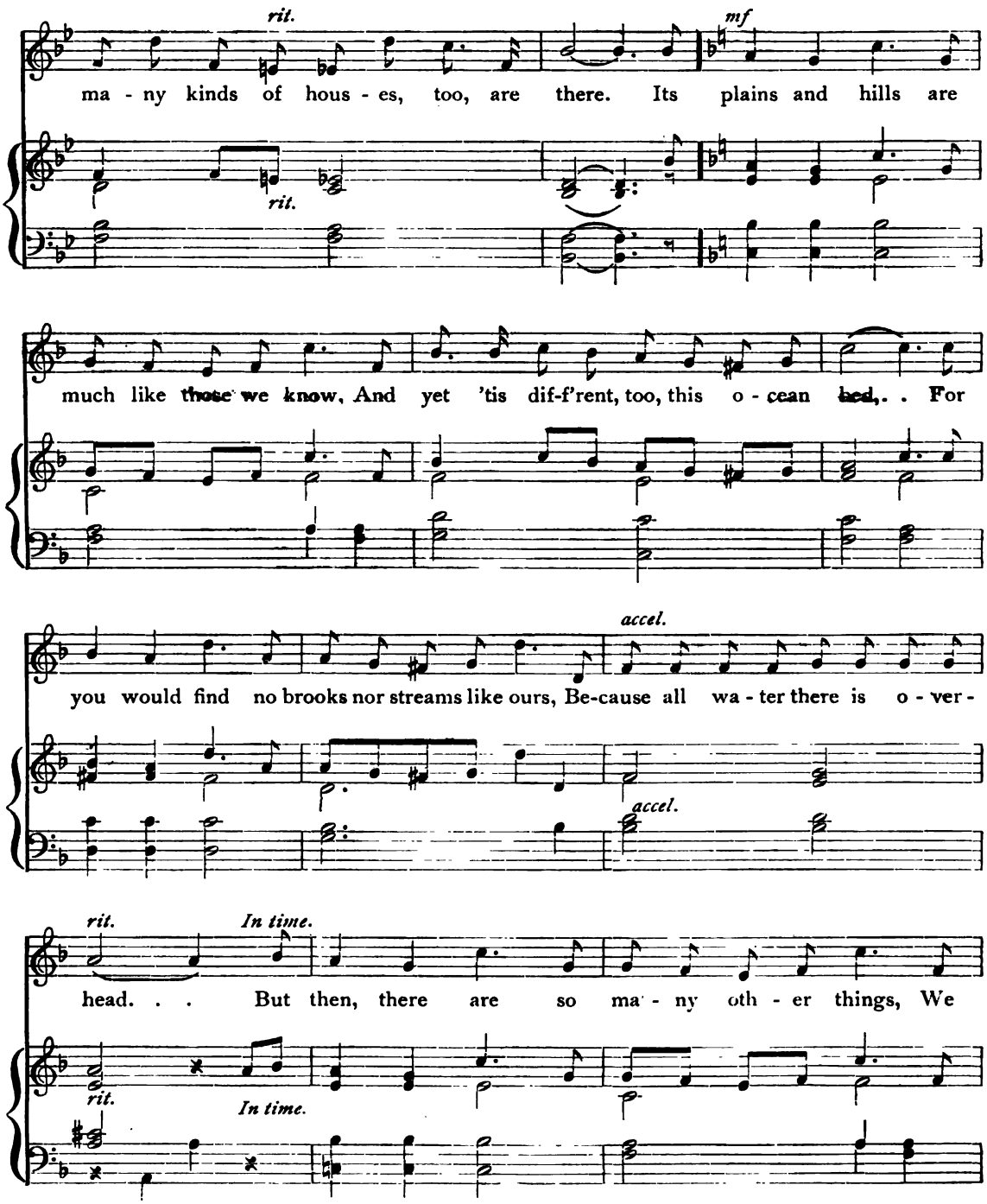

all; He al - so needs it for the haze That we see o'er the moun-tains
tall. And then the woods we see near by Are all tinged with the pur - ple
too, And so per - haps he'll need this most Ere his work for the year is
through. And thus the paint - er Sun goes on Mix-ing col - ors from year to

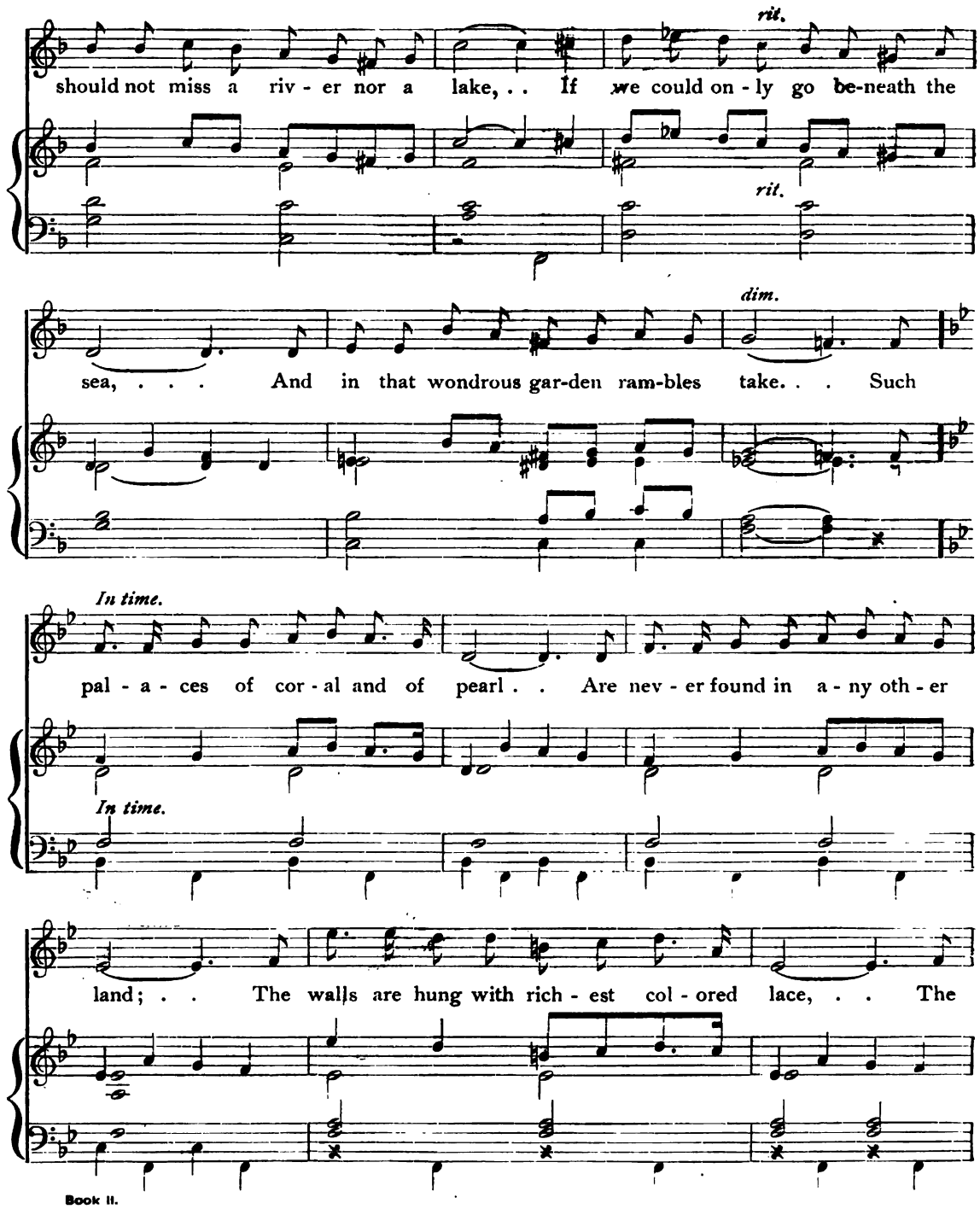

year; And were it not for his good work, All the
world would be rath - er drear. From year to year his
col - ors last, They are stored in the earth and sky, And
yel - low light that comes from him, As he shines on us from on high.

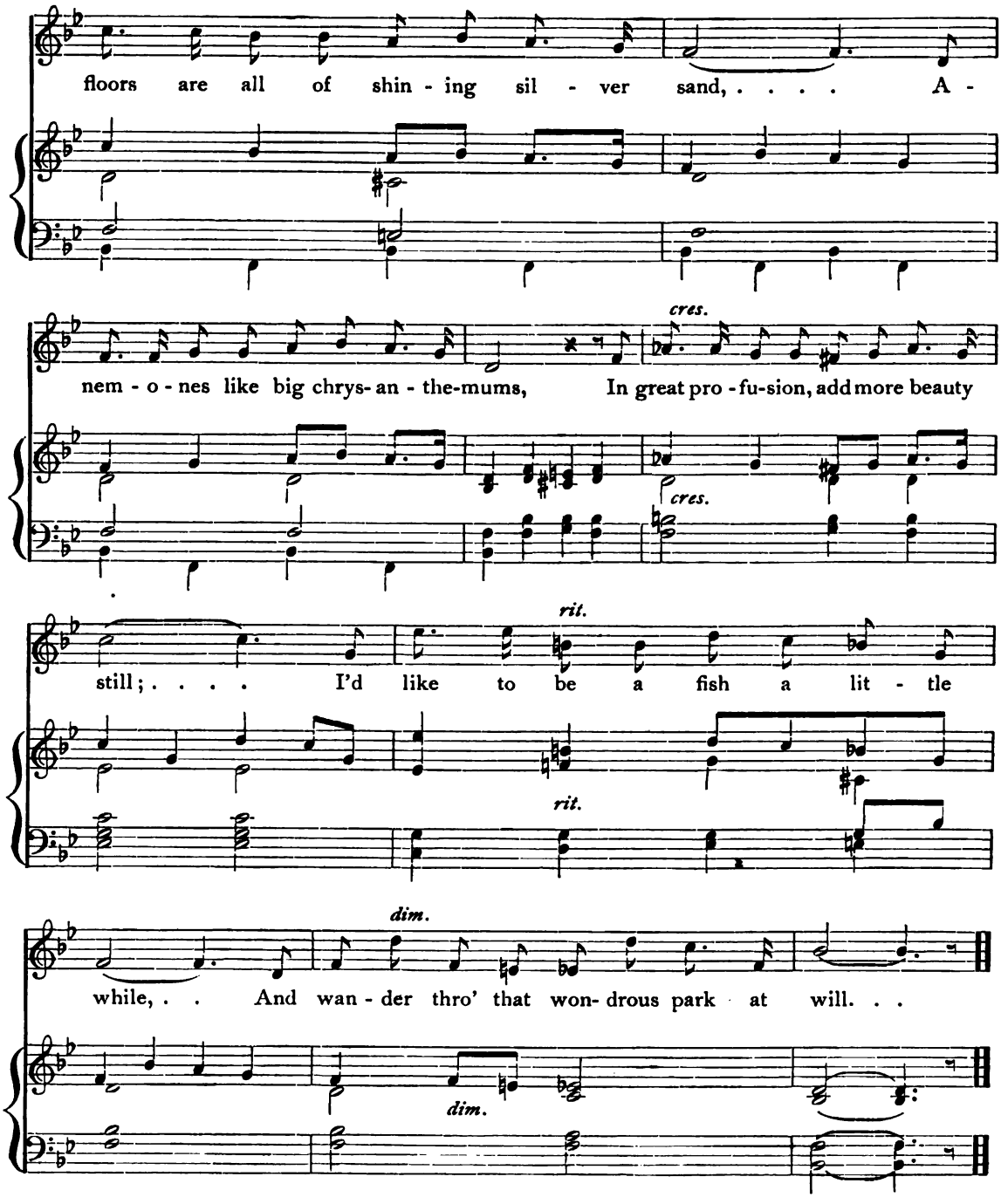
The Sea Garden.




in a place where we shall never be, . . Un - less we learn the div-er's cu-rious
trade, . . And go be-neath the wa - ters of the sea; . . . For
there you'd find the gar-den that I mean. 'Tis full of beauties, rich beyond com -
cres.
pare: . . A park, o'er-grown with trees and grass and flow'rs, And
cres.


rit.
mf
ma - ny kinds of hous - es, too, are there. Its plains and hills are
rit.
much like those we know, And yet 'tis dif-f'rent, too, this o - cean bed, . . For
accel.
you would find no brooks nor streams like ours, Be-cause all wa - ter there is o - ver -
accel.
rit.
In time.
head. . . But then, there are so ma - ny oth - er things, We
rit.
In time.


rit.
should not miss a riv - er nor a lake, . . If we could on - ly go be-neath the
rit.
dim.
sea, . . . And in that wondrous gar-den ram-bles take. . . Such
In time.
pal - a - ces of cor - al and of pearl . . Are nev - er found in a - ny oth - er
In time.
land; . . The walls are hung with rich - est col - ored lace, . . The

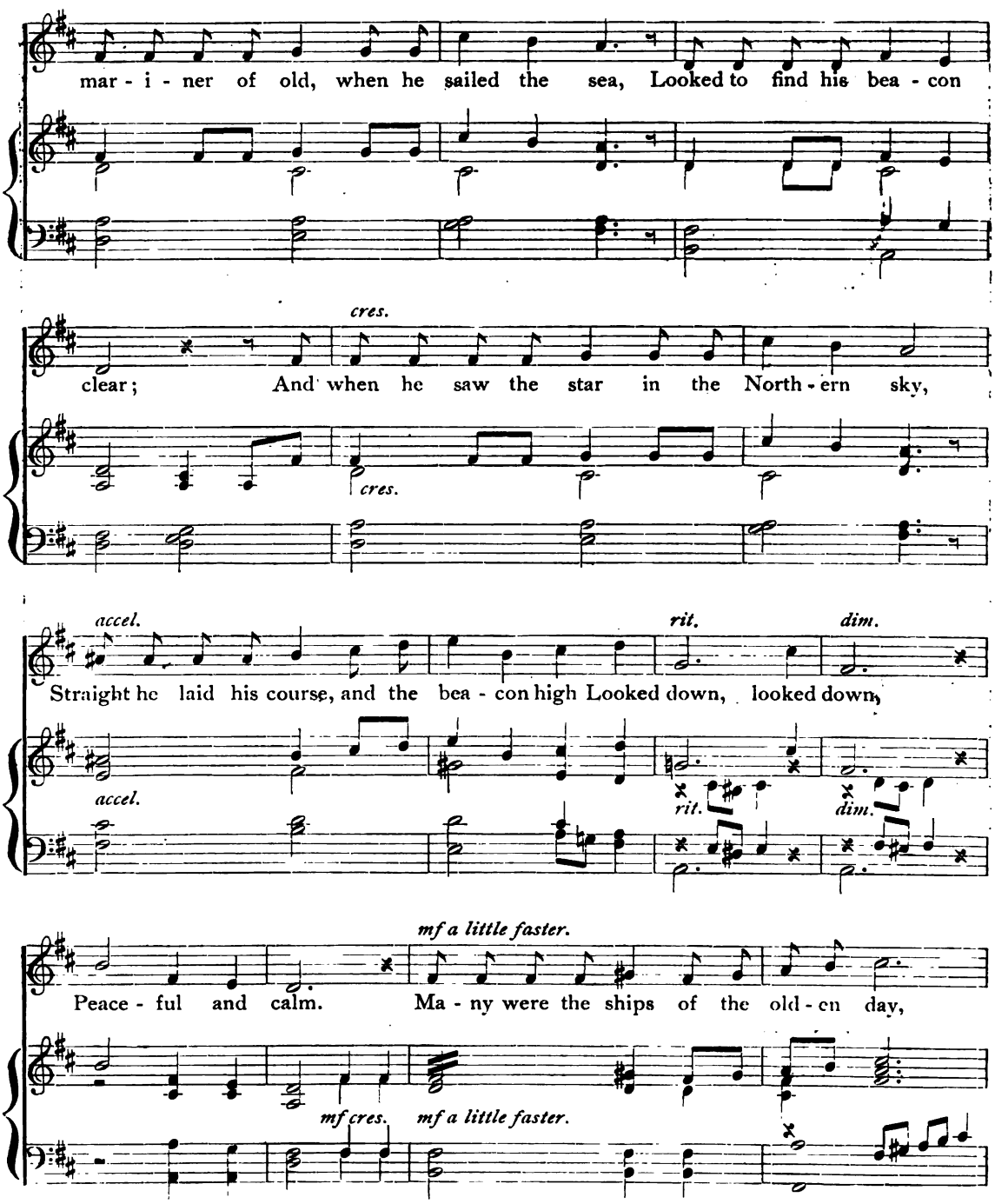

floors are all of shin - ing sil - ver sand, ... A -
cres.
nem - o - nes like big chrys- an - the-mums, In great pro - fu-sion, add more beauty
cres.
rit.
still; . . . . I'd like to be a fish a lit - tle
rit.
dim.
while, . . And wan - der thro' that won- drous park at will. . .
dim.

The Beacon of Long Ago.

Quietly. *mp*

The

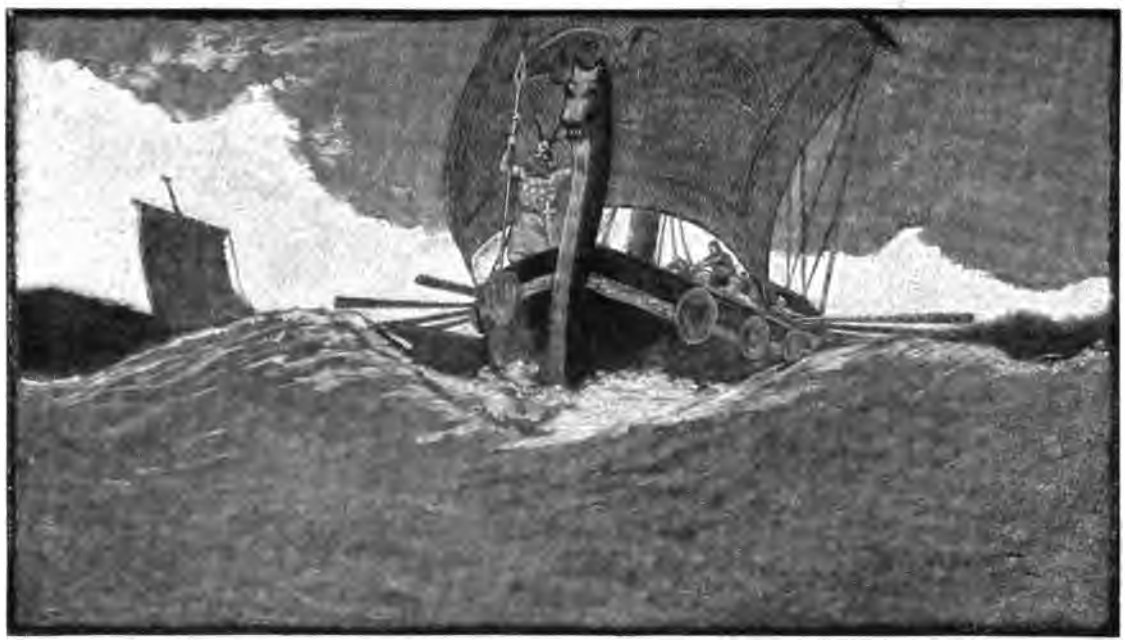
mp *mp*


mar - i - ner of old, when he sailed the sea, Looked to find his bea - con
cres.
clear; And when he saw the star in the North - ern sky,
cres.
accel.
rit.
dim.
Straight he laid his course, and the bea - con high Looked down, looked down,
accel.
rit.
dim.
mf a little faster.
Peace - ful and calm. Ma - ny were the ships of the old - en day,
mf cres.
mf a little faster.

rit.

Toss-ing in the storm when they'd lost their way, Which were saved at night, When with

rit.



dim.

stead-y light The star looked down, The star looked down,

dim.

p

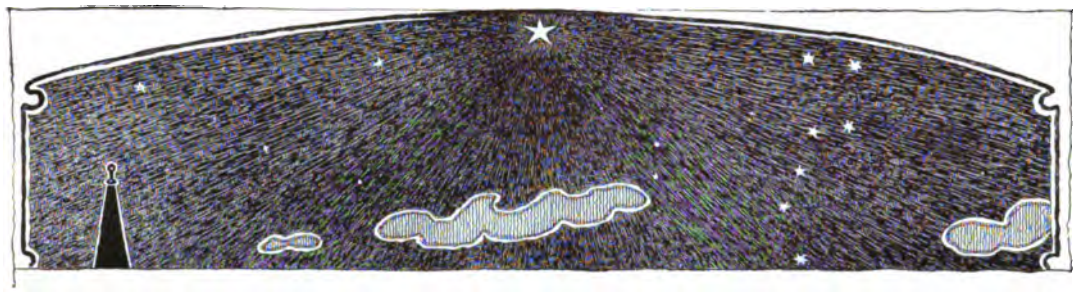
Looked down, looked down, Peace-ful and calm. So

p

In time.

when you gaze at night on the star-ry sky, Look to see the bea-con clear;

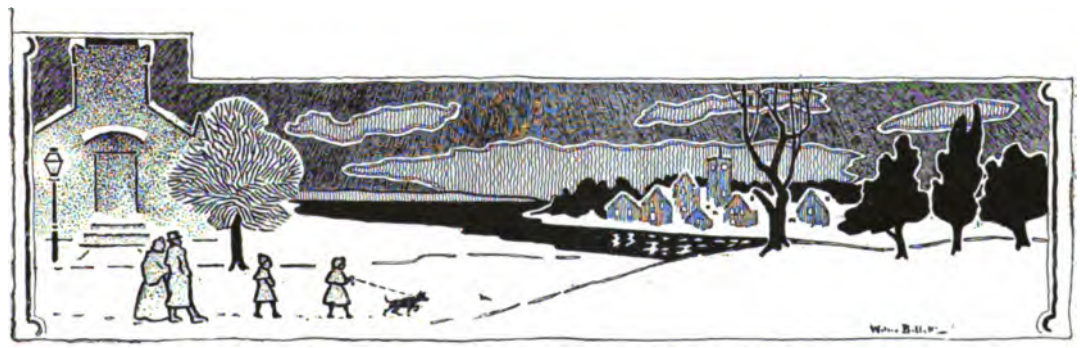
In time.



cres. *accel.*

Just be - yond the stars of the bright Great Bear You may see it still, as it

cres. *accel.*

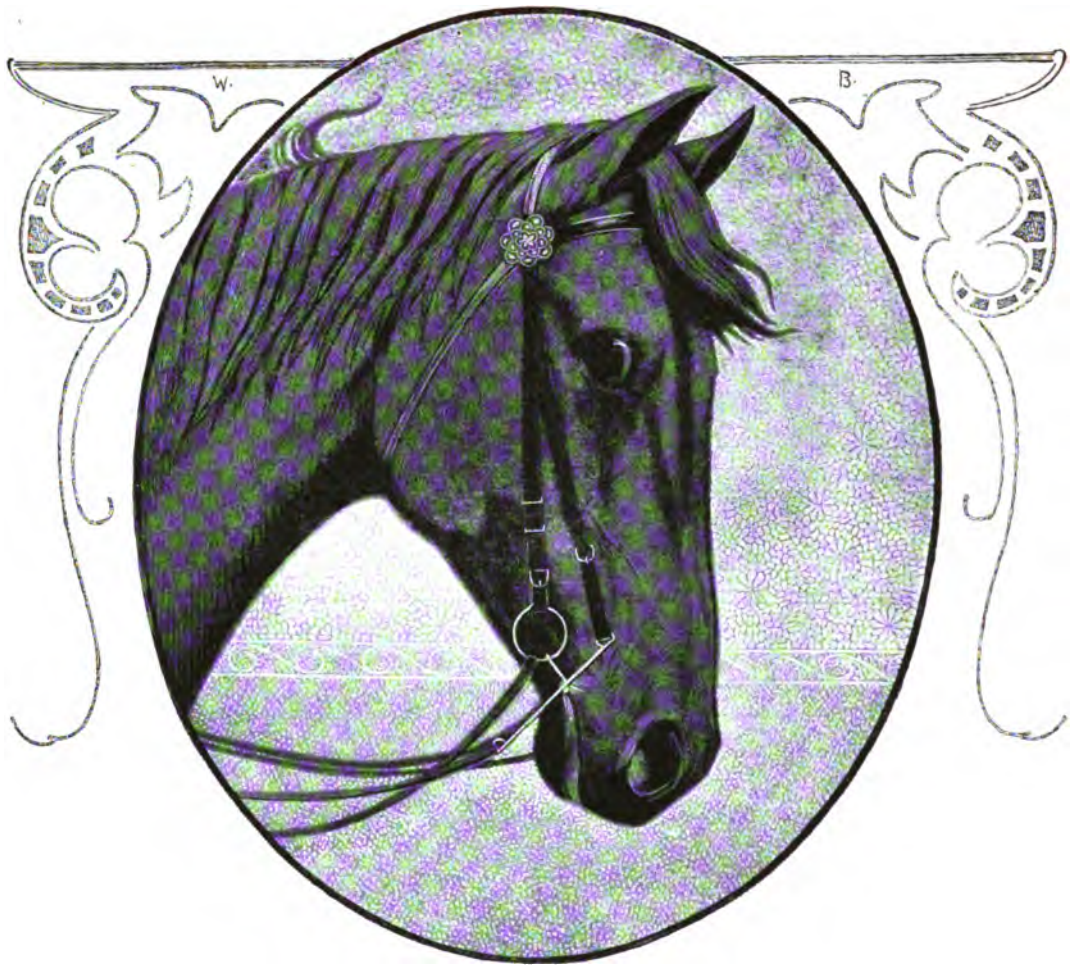


rit. dim.

sails up there, Look down, look down, Peace - ful and calm.

rit. dim.

The Horse.



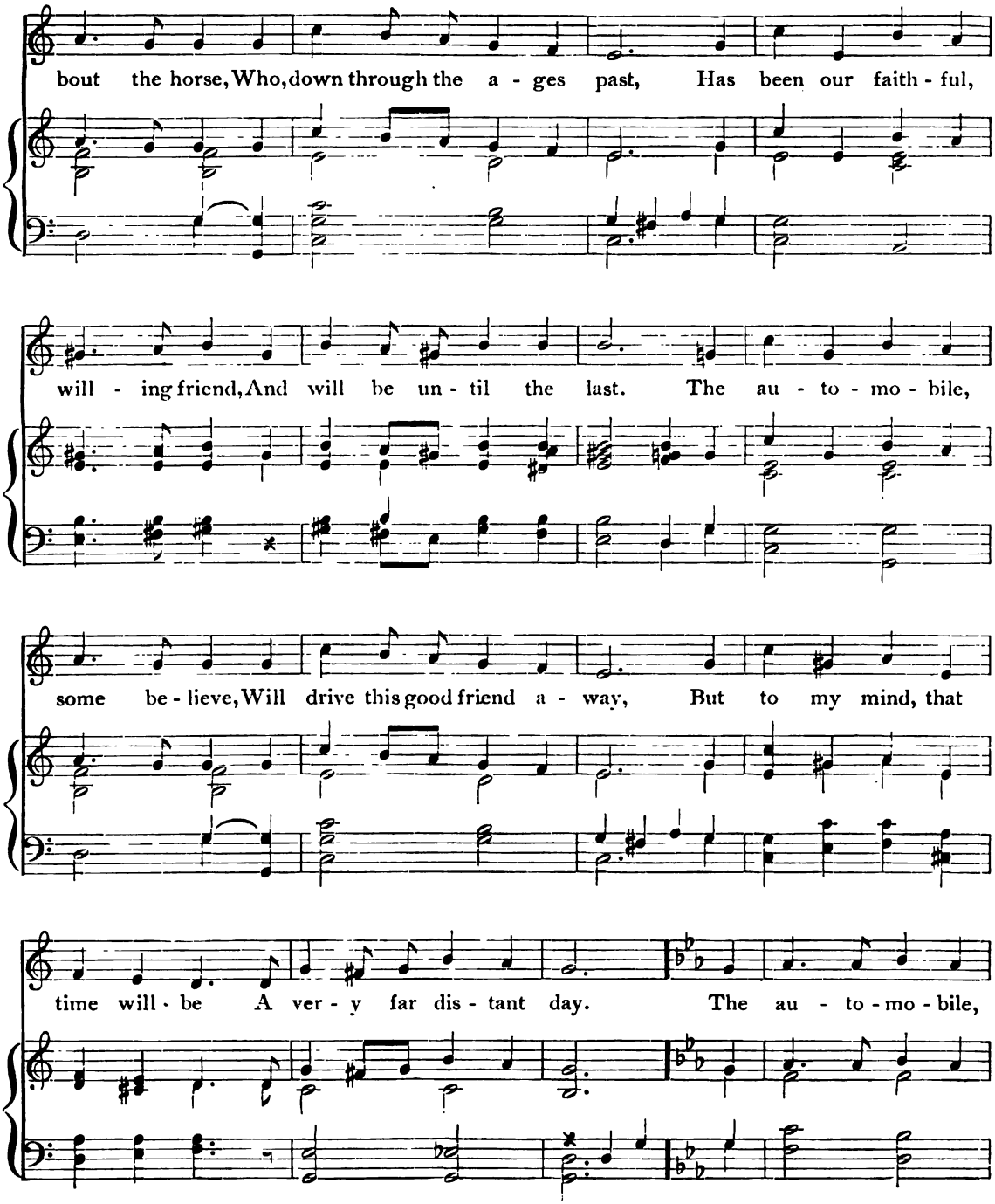
Cheerfully.

mf

Let's sing a song a -

f

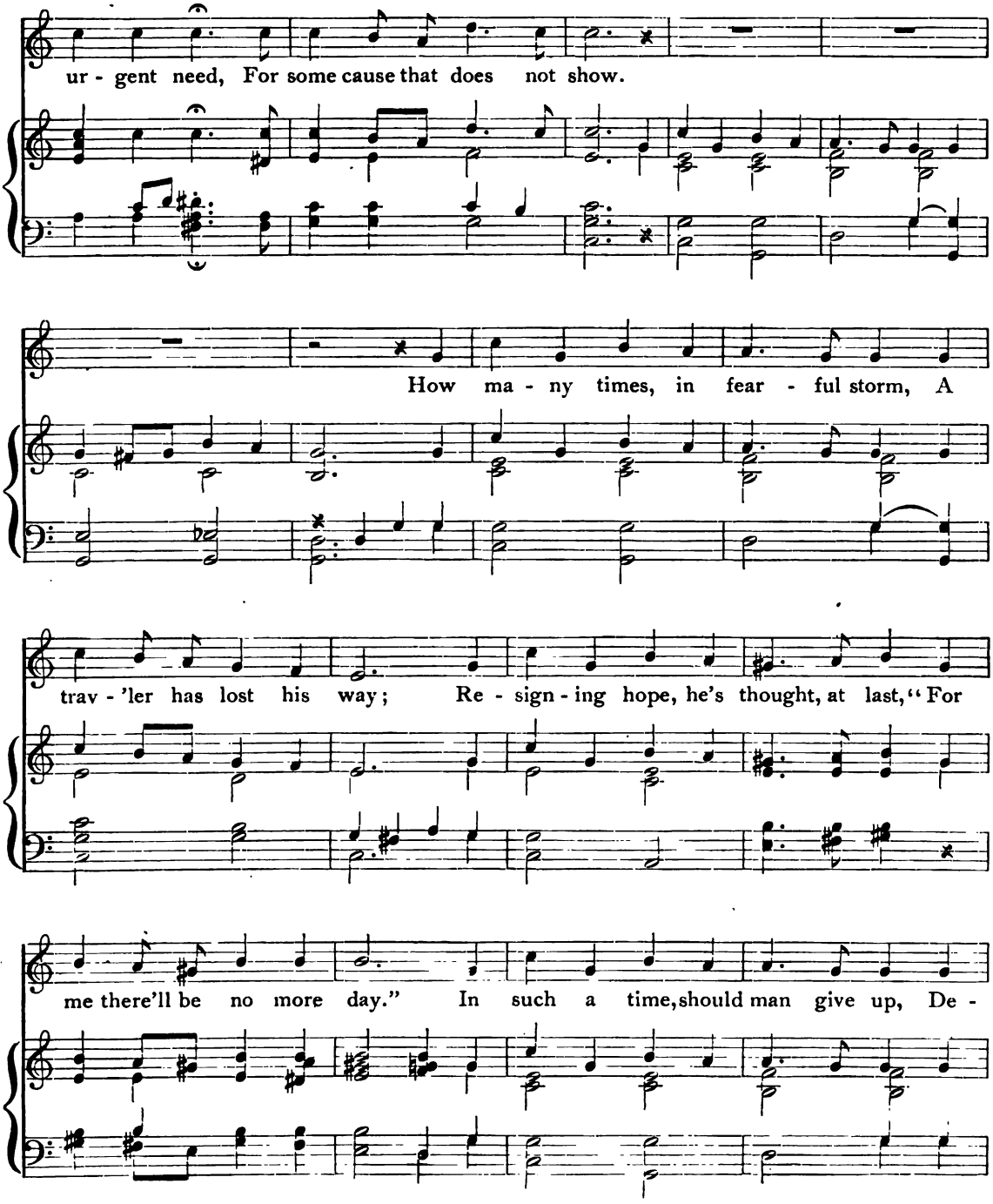
mf

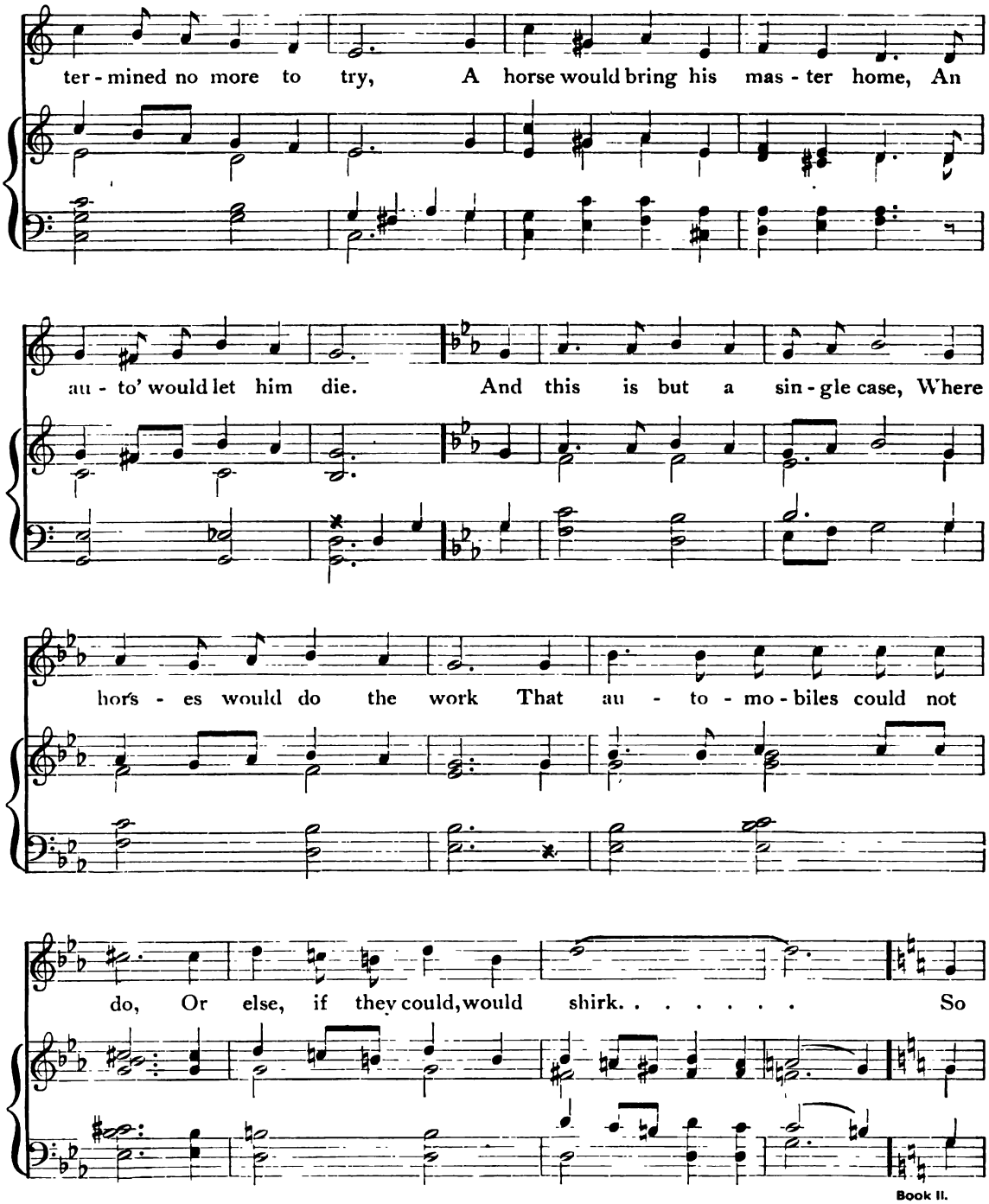

bout the horse, Who, down through the a - ges past, Has been our faith - ful,
will - ing friend, And will be un - til the last. The au - to - mo - bile,
some be - lieve, Will drive this good friend a - way, But to my mind, that
time will - be A ver - y far dis - tant day. The au - to - mo - bile,

to be sure, In ra - cing might win the cup, But aft - er all is said and

done, 'Tis on - ly a toy grown up, ... And like a toy will

some-times break, Or flat - ly re - fuse to go, At mo - ments of most

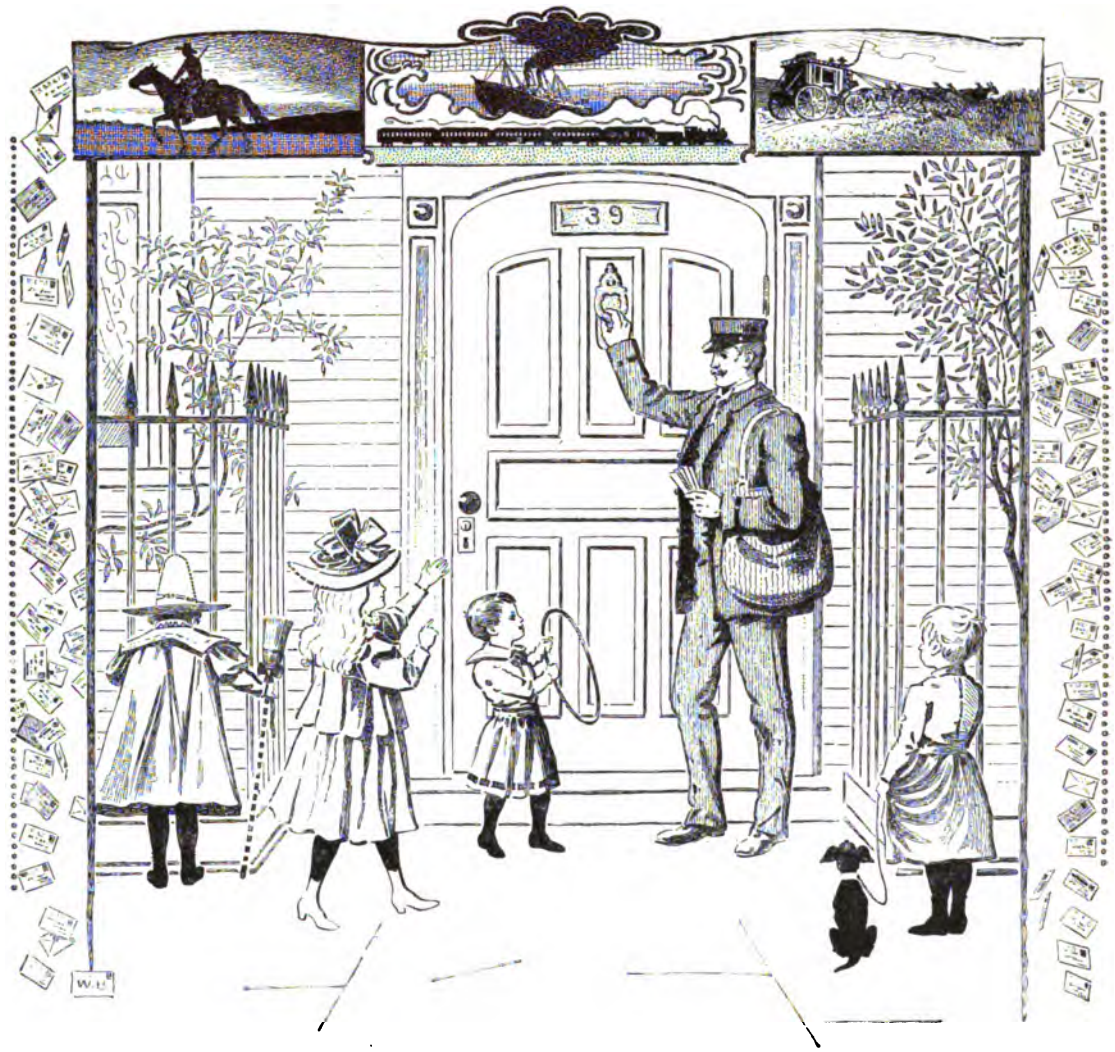

ur - gent need, For some cause that does not show.
How ma - ny times, in fear - ful storm, A
trav - 'ler has lost his way; Re - sign - ing hope, he's thought, at last, "For
me there'll be no more day." In such a time, should man give up, De -


ter - mined no more to try, A horse would bring his mas - ter home, An
au - to' would let him die. And this is but a sin - gle case, Where
hors - es would do the work That au - to - mo - biles could not
do, Or else, if they could, would shirk. . . . . So

let us sing, with grate - ful hearts, A song in the horse's praise, For

next to man he holds his place, And will to the end of days.

The Letters.



Tell the story.

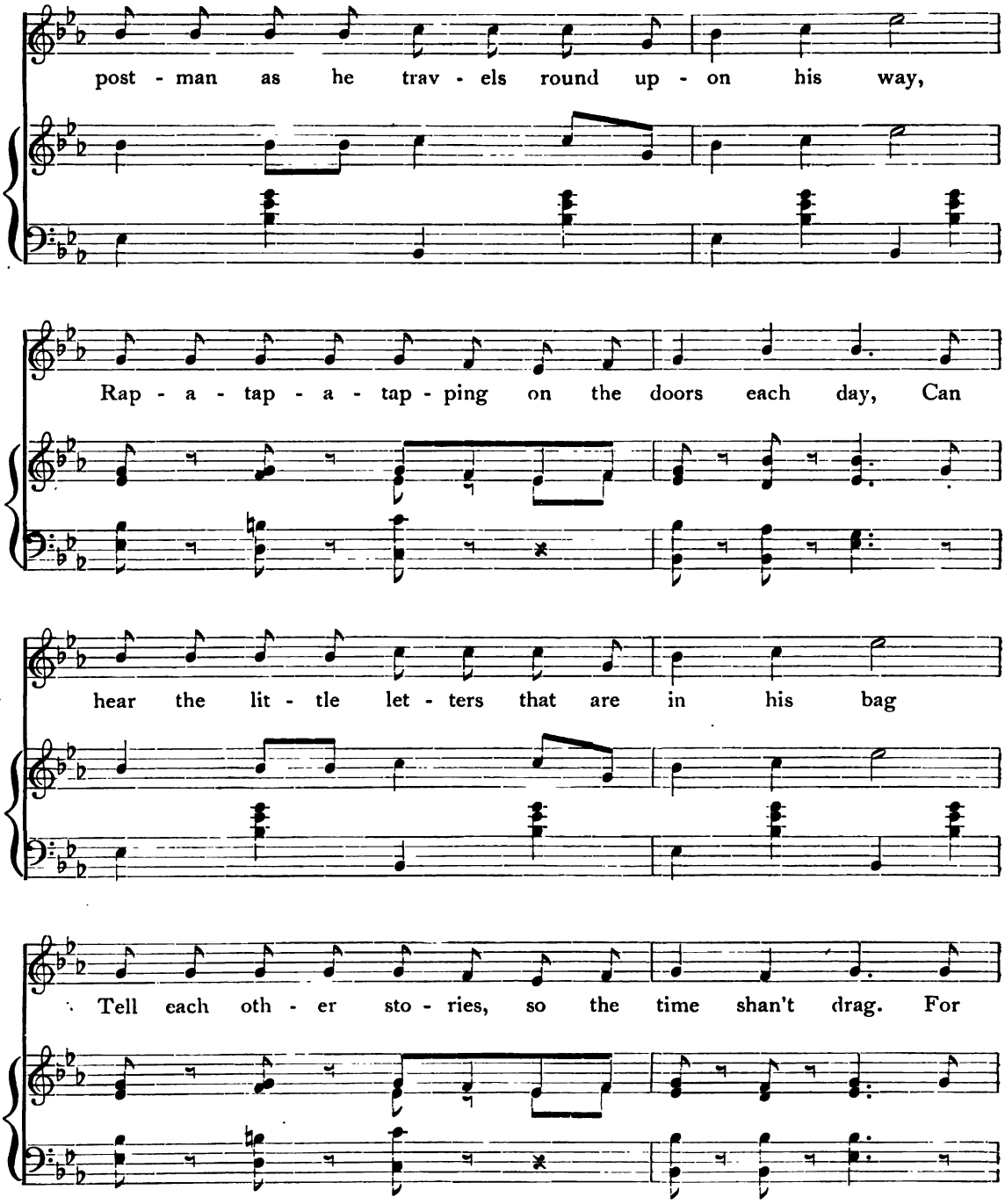
mp

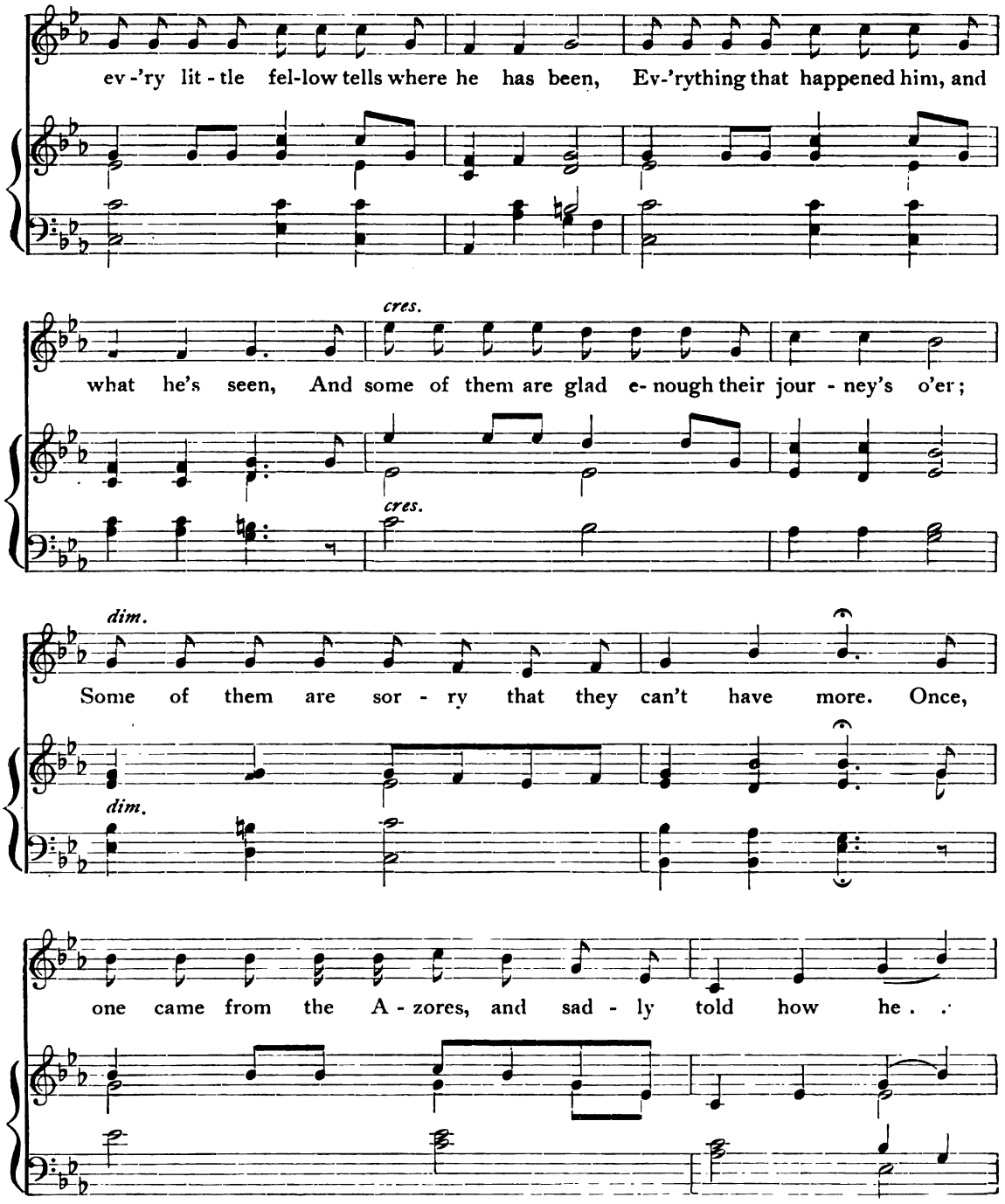
The

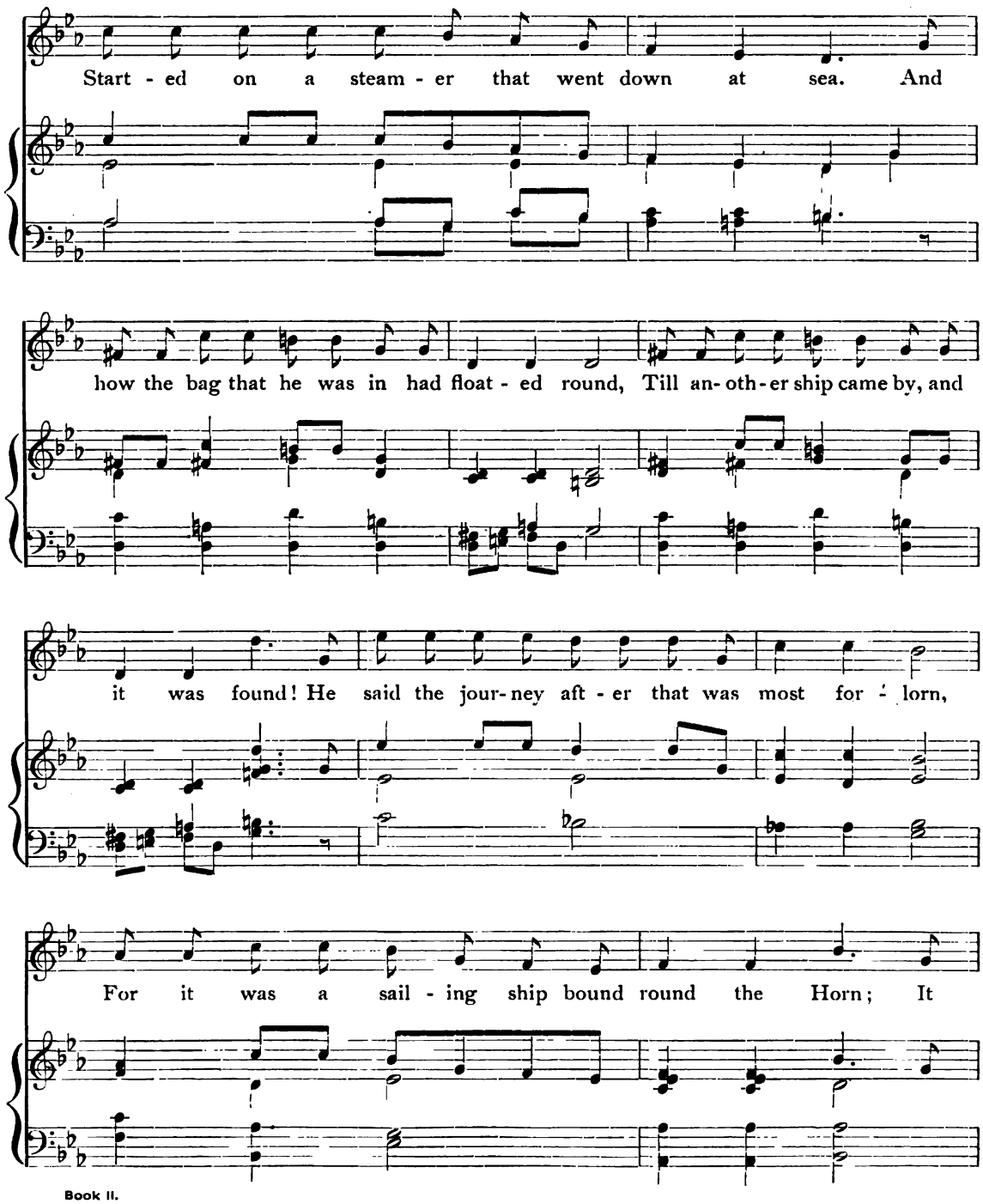
staccato.

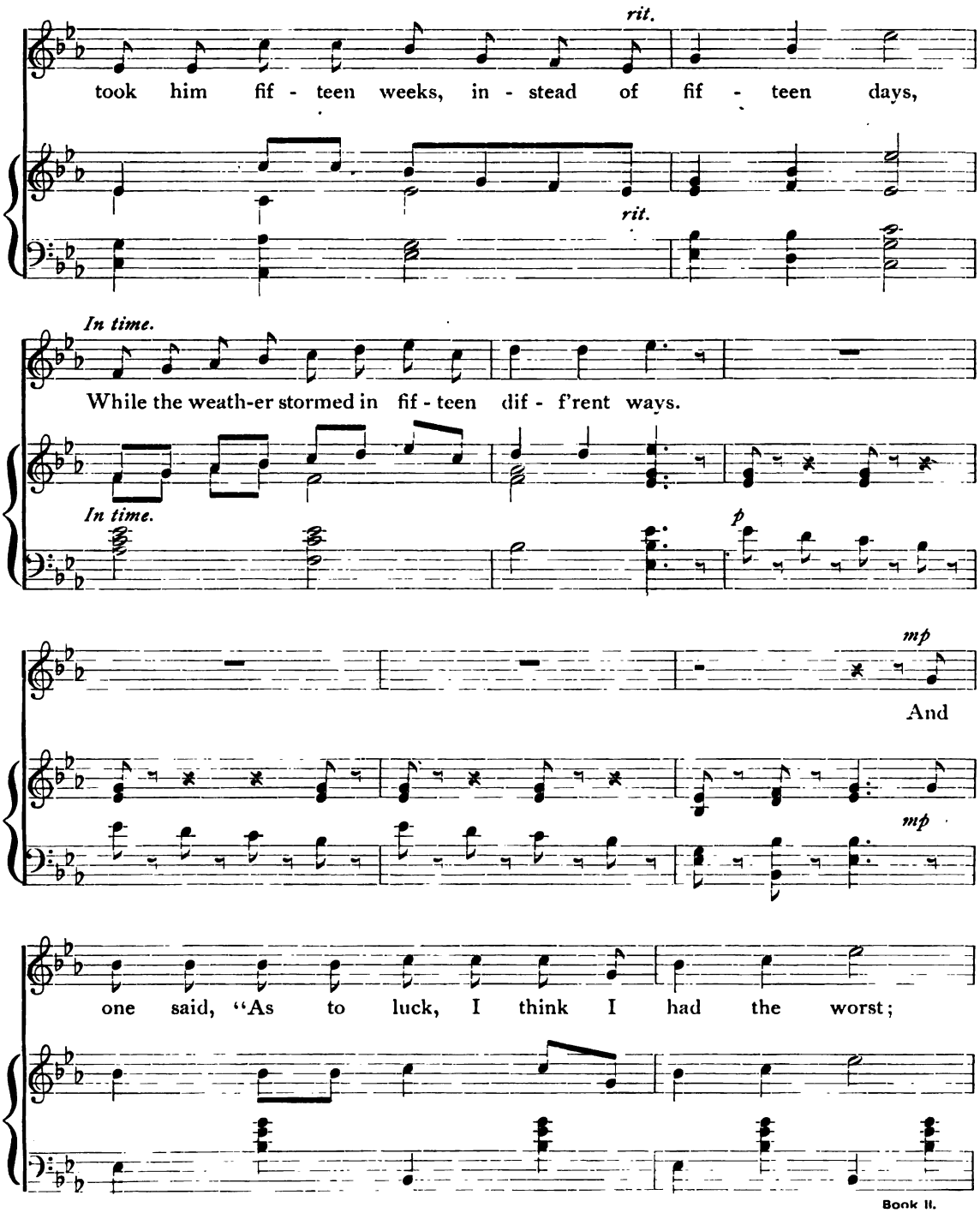
p

mp

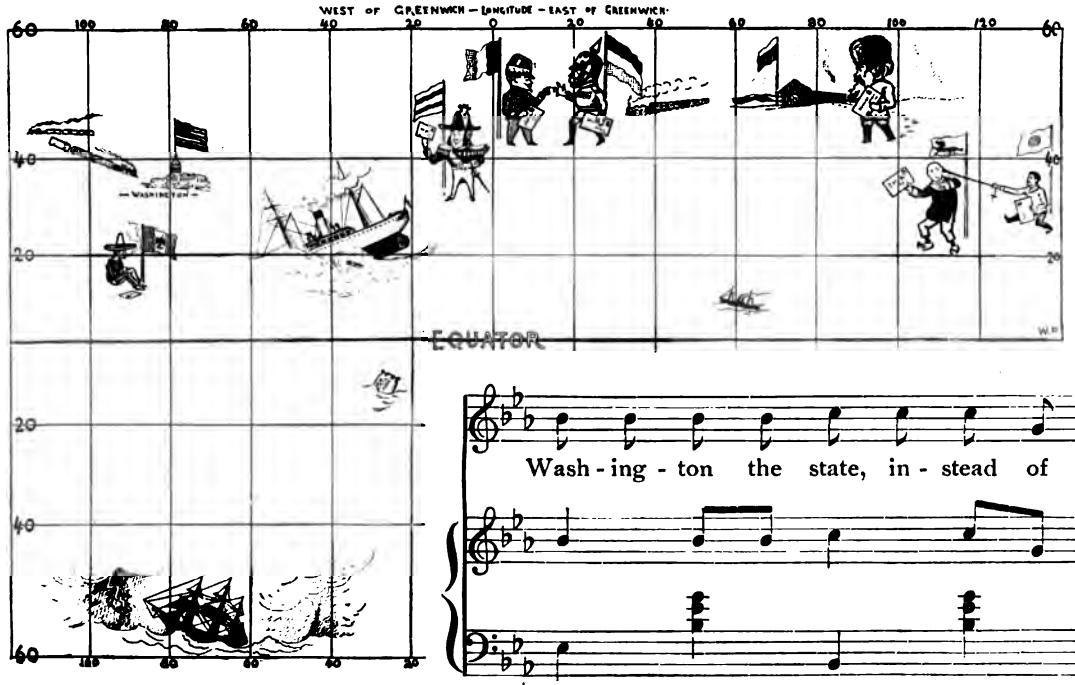

post - man as he trav - els round up - on his way,
Rap - a - tap - a - tap - ping on the doors each day, Can
hear the lit - tle let - ters that are in his bag
Tell each oth - er sto - ries, so the time shan't drag. For


ev-'ry lit-tle fel-low tells where he has been, Ev-'rything that happened him, and
cres.
what he's seen, And some of them are glad e-nough their jour-ney's o'er;
cres.
dim.
Some of them are sor-ry that they can't have more. Once,
dim.
one came from the A-zores, and sad-ly told how he . .


Start - ed on a steam - er that went down at sea. And
how the bag that he was in had float - ed round, Till an- oth - er ship came by, and
it was found! He said the jour- ney aft - er that was most for - lorn,
For it was a sail - ing ship bound round the Horn; It

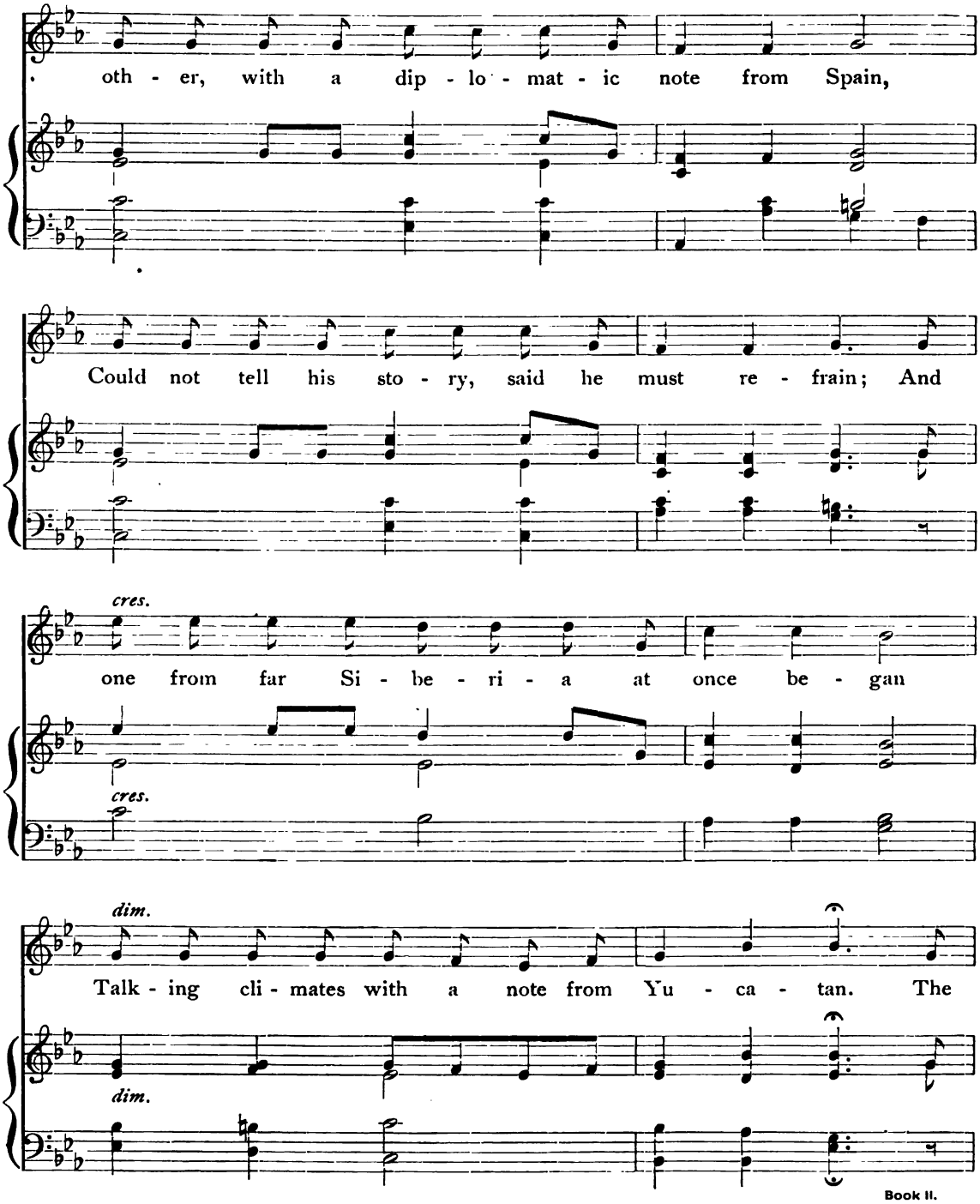

rit.
took him fif - teen weeks, in - stead of fif - teen days,
rit.
In time.
While the weath-er stormed in fif - teen dif - f'rent ways.
In time.
p
mp
And
mp
one said, "As to luck, I think I had the worst;

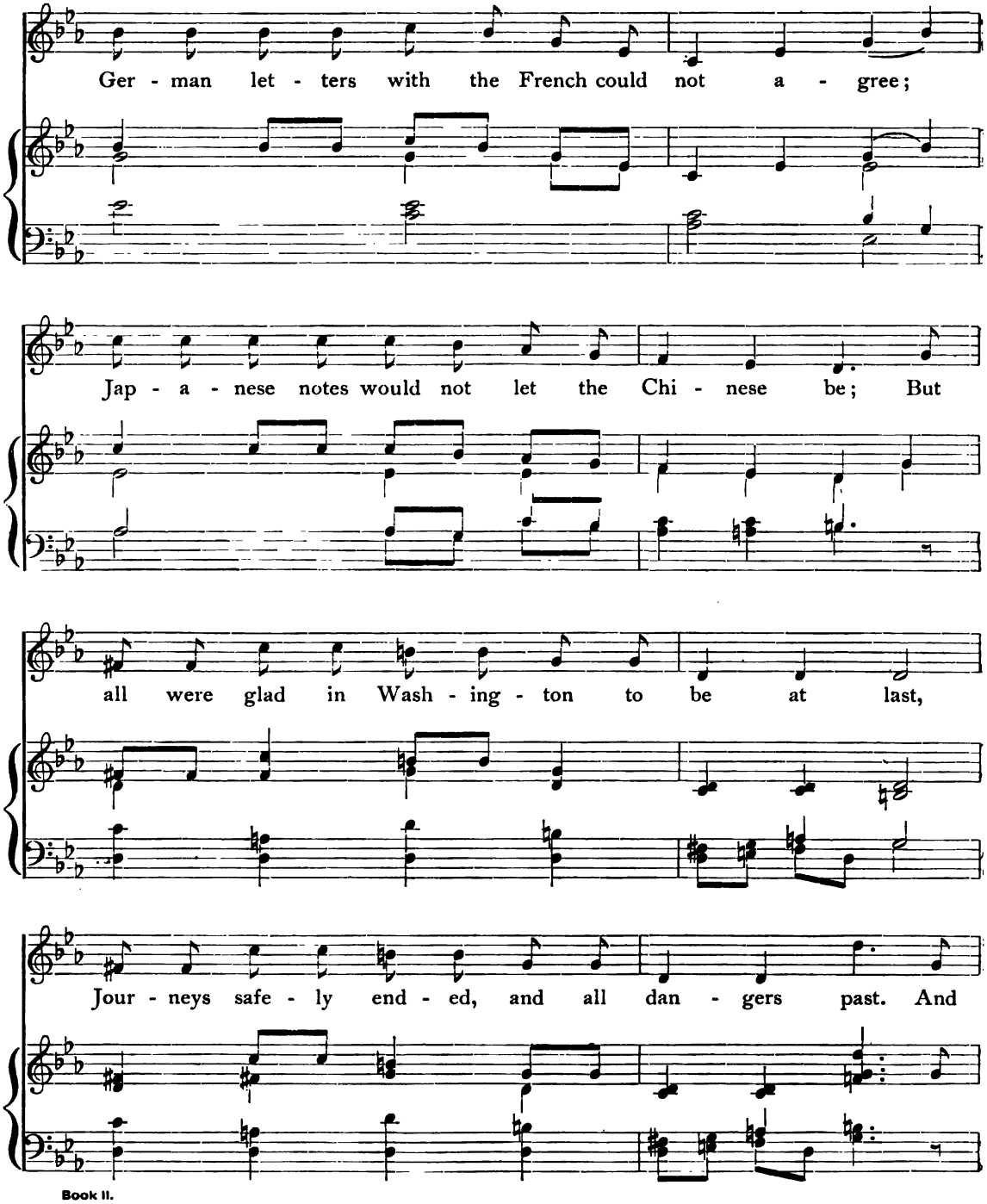
From New York I start - ed, but they sent me first To

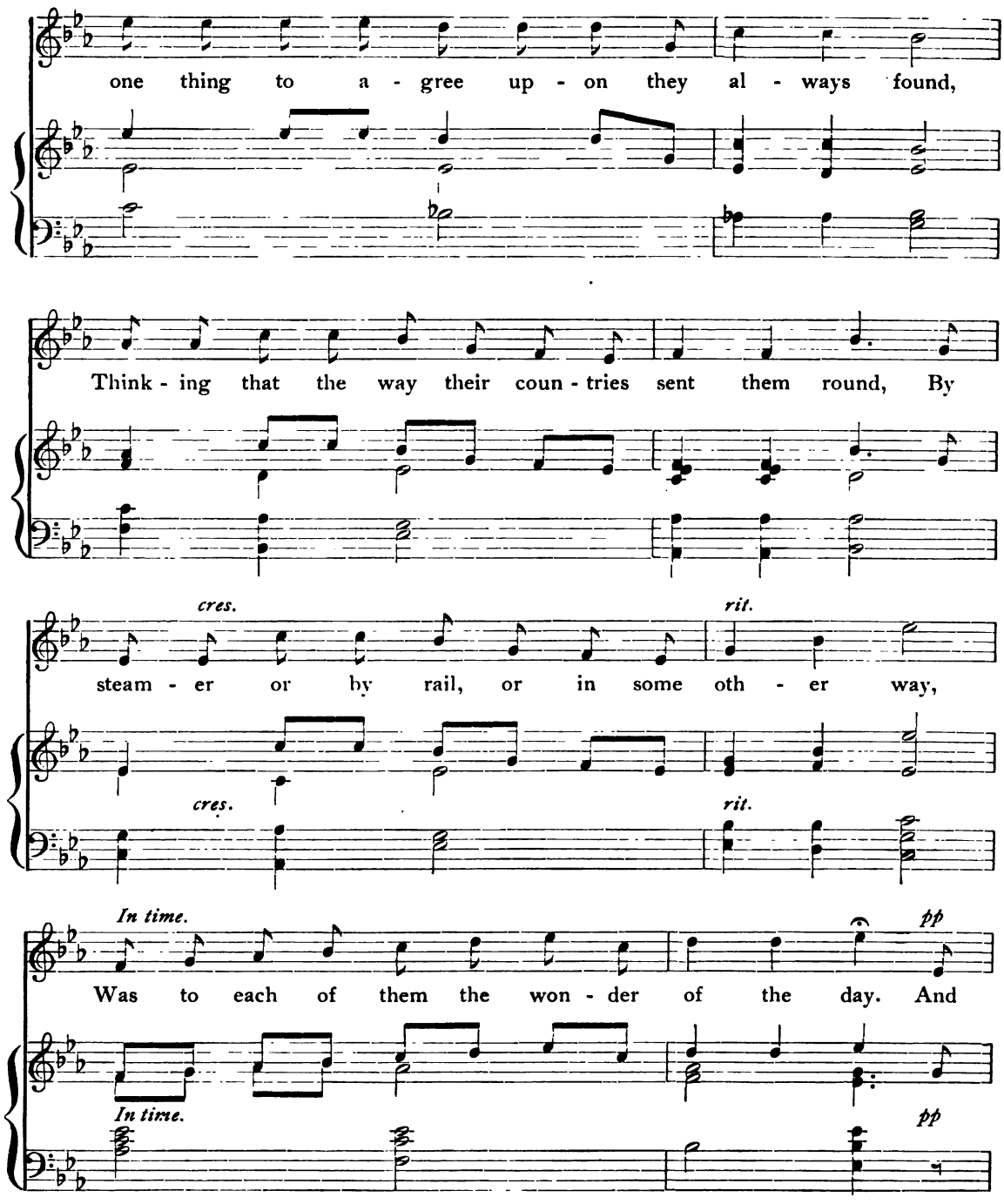


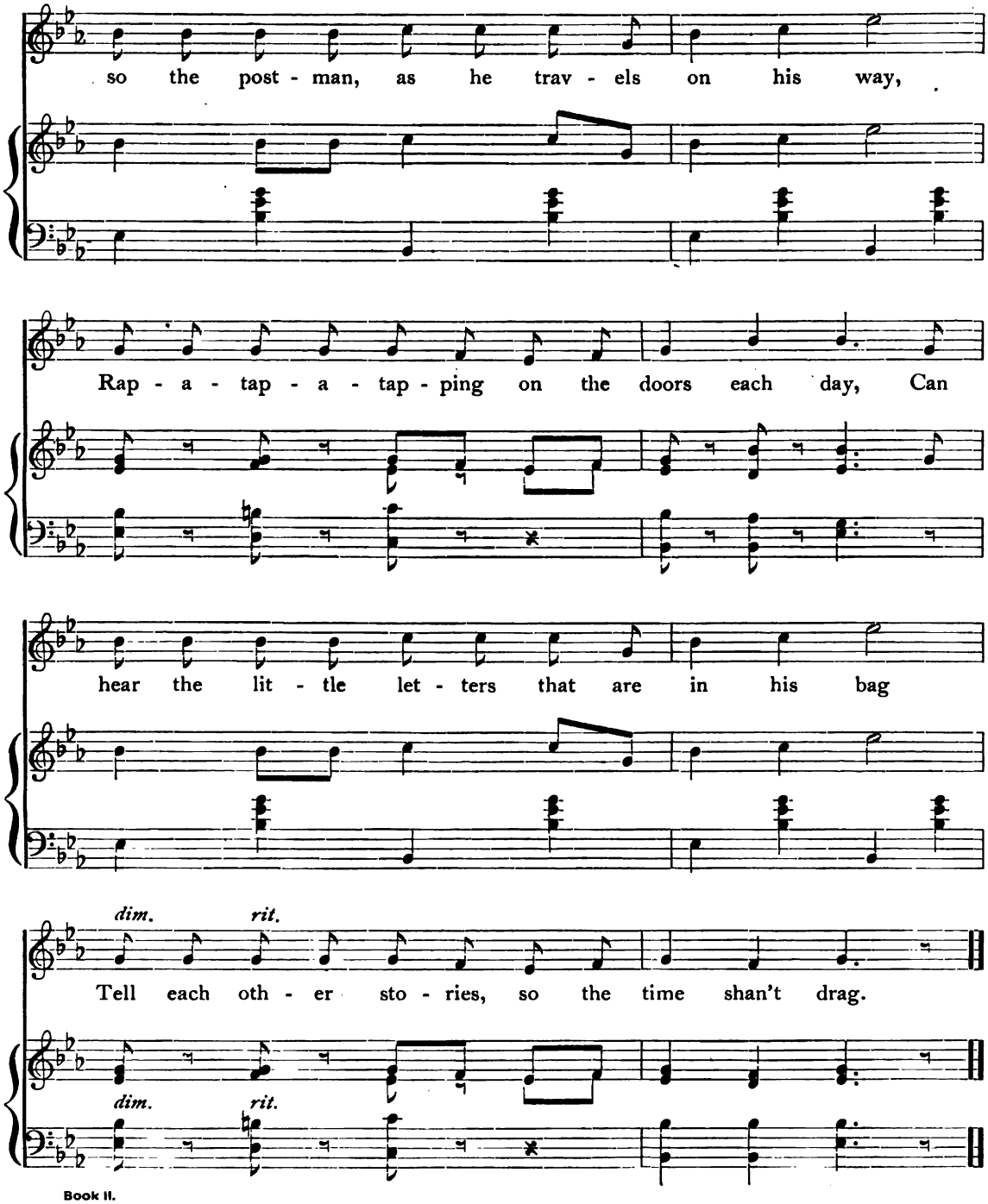
Wash - ing - ton the state, in - stead of

cit - y here, For the man who wrote me did not write it clear." An -

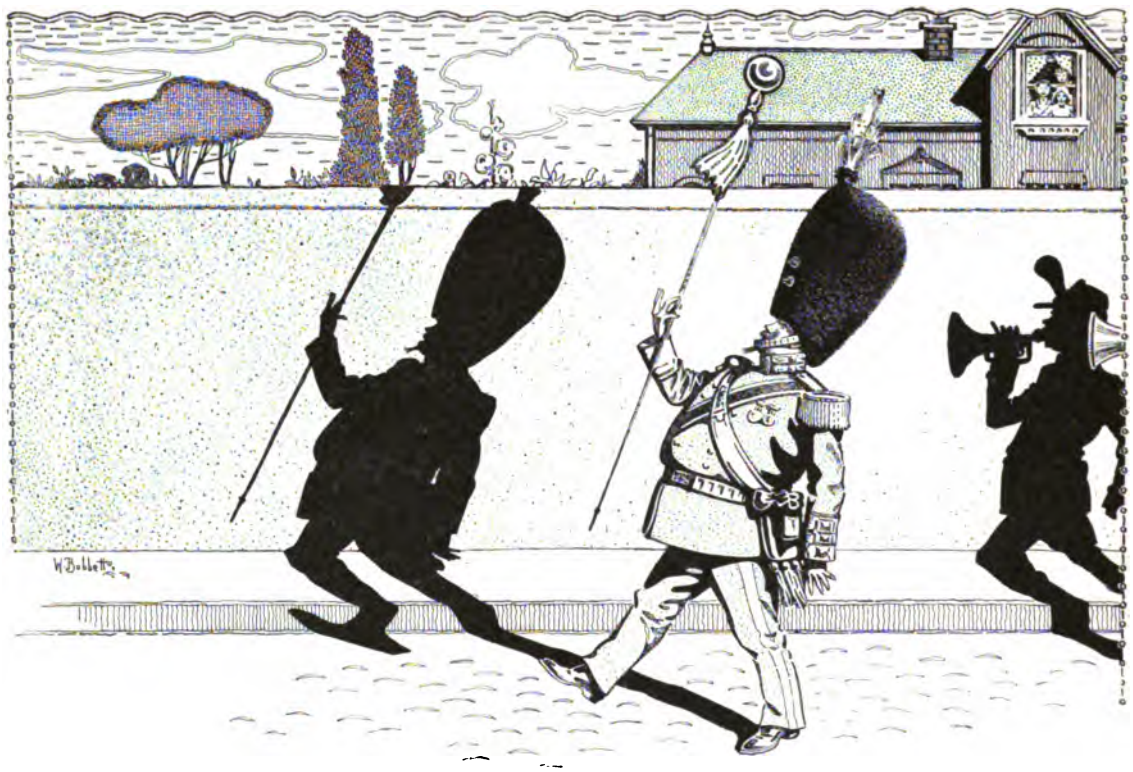

oth - er, with a dip - lo - mat - ic note from Spain,
Could not tell his sto - ry, said he must re - frain; And
cres.
one from far Si - be - ri - a at once be - gan
cres.
dim.
Talk - ing cli - mates with a note from Yu - ca - tan. The
dim.


Ger - man let - ters with the French could not a - gree;
Jap - a - nese notes would not let the Chi - nese be; But
all were glad in Wash - ing - ton to be at last,
Jour - neys safe - ly end - ed, and all dan - gers past. And


one thing to a - gree up - on they al - ways found,
Think - ing that the way their coun - tries sent them round, By
cres.
rit.
steam - er or by rail, or in some oth - er way,
cres.
rit.
In time.
pp
Was to each of them the won - der of the day. And
In time.
pp


so the post - man, as he trav - els on his way,
Rap - a - tap - a - tap - ping on the doors each day, Can
hear the lit - tle let - ters that are in his bag
dim. rit.
Tell each oth - er sto - ries, so the time shan't drag.
dim. rit.

Shadows.



Simply.

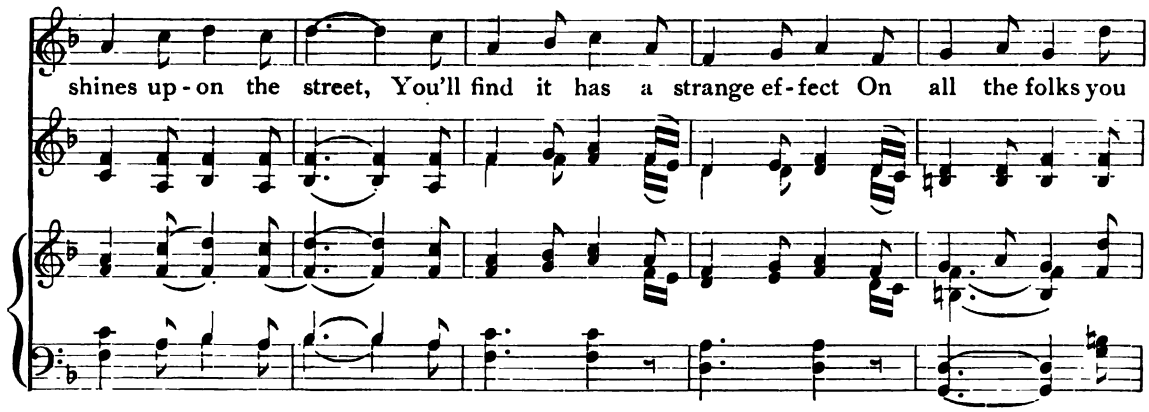
mp

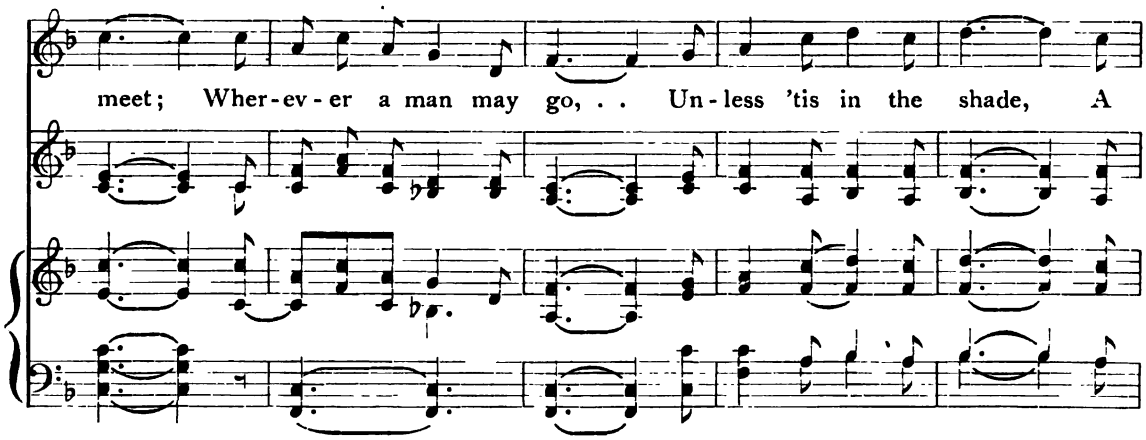
When-ev - er the sun comes out, And

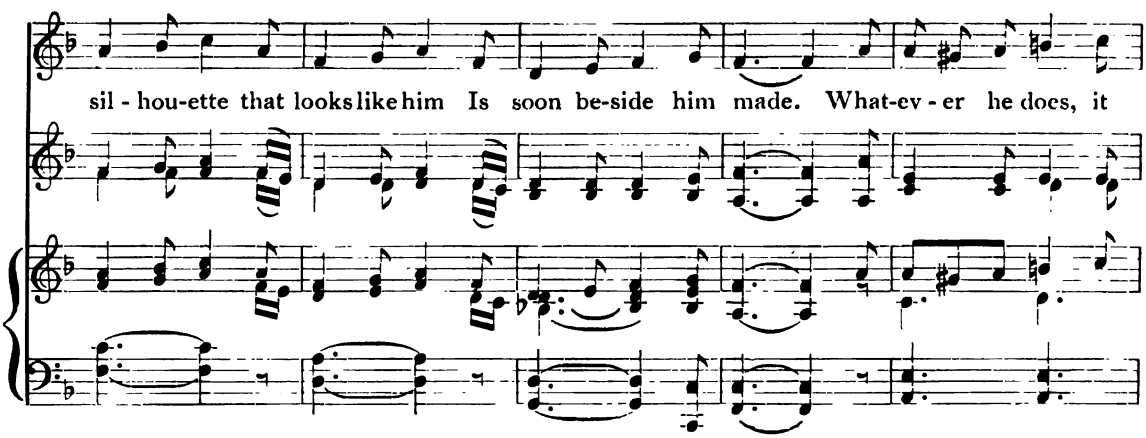
mp

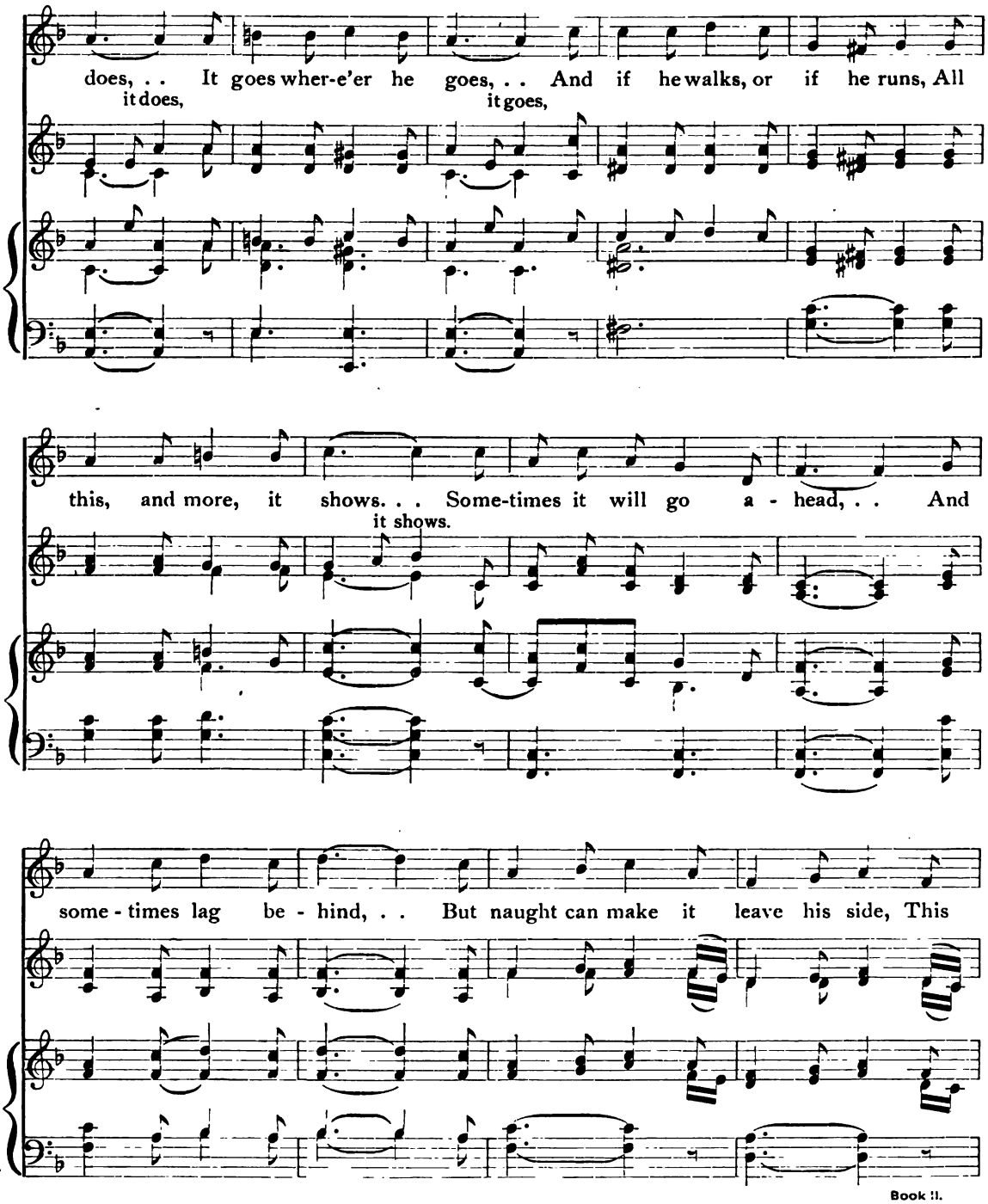
p

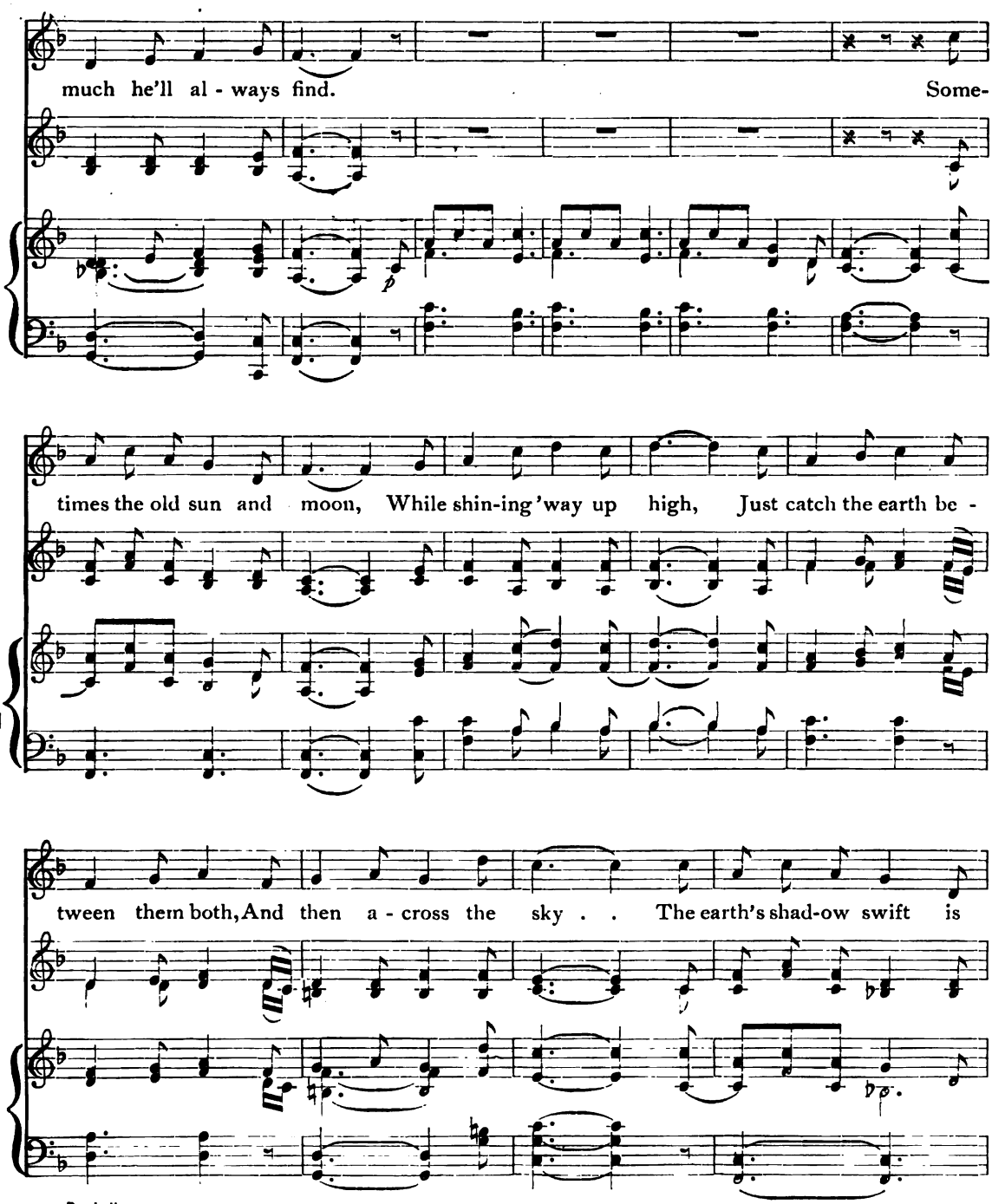
mp

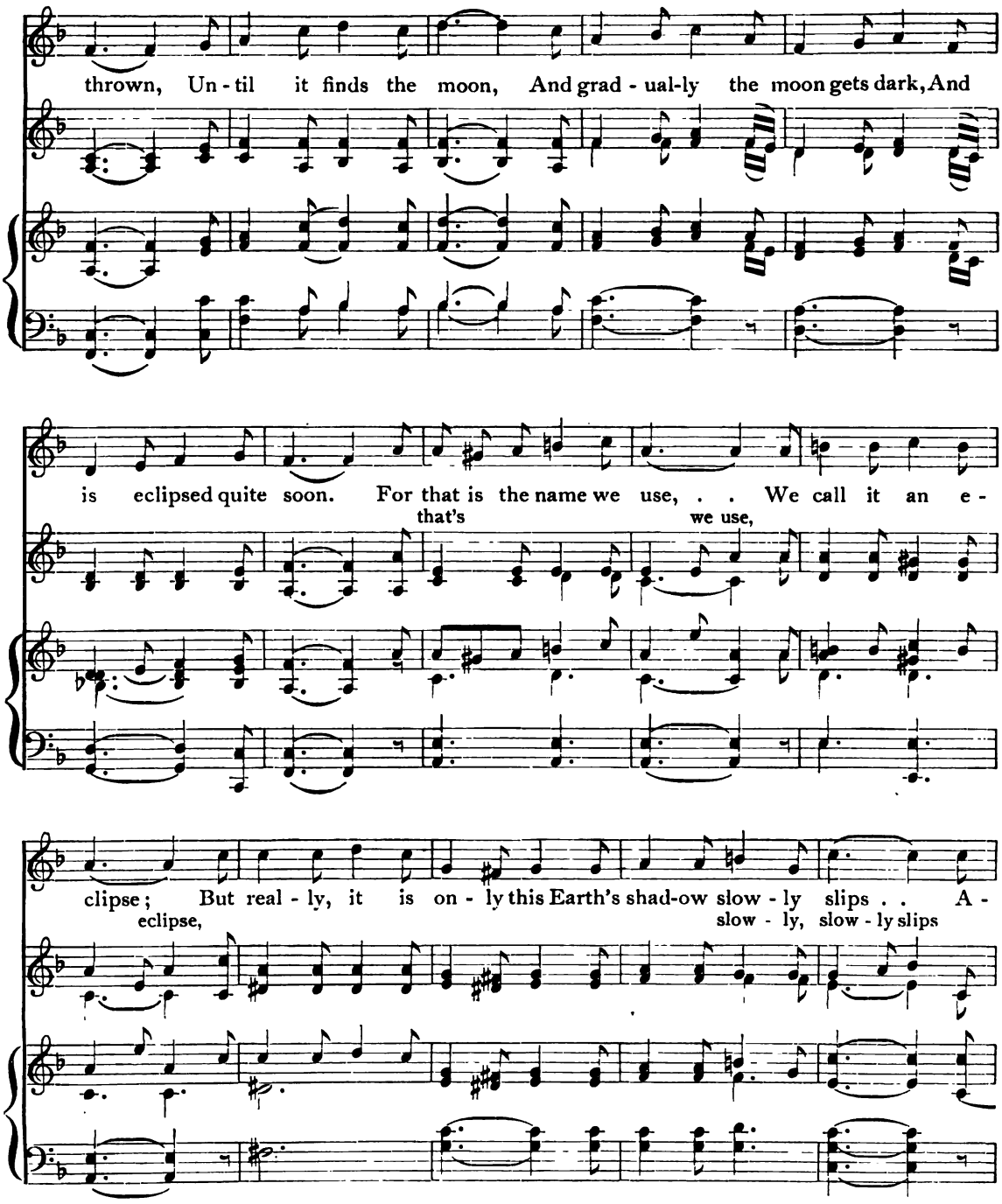

shines up - on the street, You'll find it has a strange ef - fect On all the folks you


meet; Wher - ev - er a man may go, . . Un - less 'tis in the shade, A


sil - hou-ette that looks like him Is soon be-side him made. What-ev - er he does, it

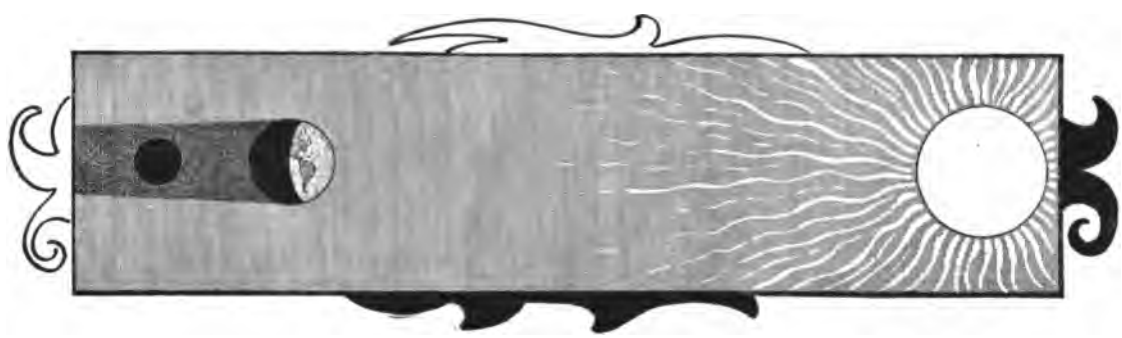

does, . . It goes wher-e'er he goes, . . And if he walks, or if he runs, All
it does,
it goes,
this, and more, it shows. . . Some-times it will go a - head, . . And
it shows.
some - times lag be - hind, . . But naught can make it leave his side, This


much he'll al - ways find. Some-
times the old sun and moon, While shin-ing 'way up high, Just catch the earth be -
tween them both, And then a - cross the sky . . The earth's shad-ow swift is

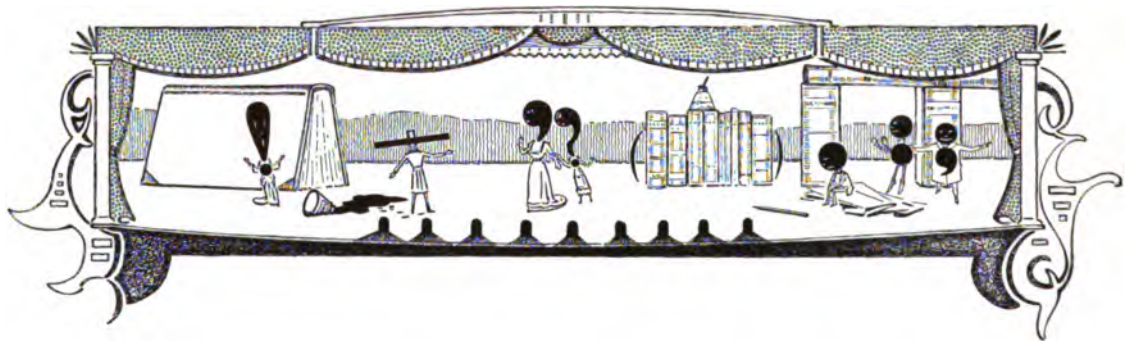

thrown, Un - til it finds the moon, And grad - ual-ly the moon gets dark, And
is eclipsed quite soon. For that is the name we use, . . We call it an e -
that's
we use,
clipse; But real - ly, it is on - ly this Earth's shad-ow slow - ly slips . . A -
eclipse,
slow - ly, slow - ly slips

cross the bright shin - ing moon, And makes it all look dark, . . Ex -

act - ly as on sun - ny days We leave a shad - ow mark.



Mr. Period and his Friends.



Brightly, as rapidly as possible.

When

mf

we would talk a - bout things to our friends, Our hands and eyes to words ex-pres-sion

bring; But when we have to put our thoughts in ink, We

find that it is quite an-oth-er thing. We have to call up-on some friends of

ours To make our writ-ten words read more like speech; And

of these friends I want to talk a-while, And tell a few good things I know of

each. First, Mis-ter Pe-ri-od de-serves a word; He

sits down where the read - er needs to stop, And as this is a most im -

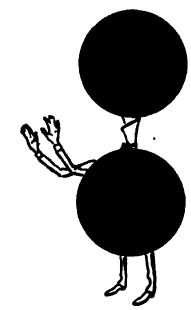
por - tant fact, I've placed him in the list right at the top. An -

oth - er one who helps us quite as much, Is Mis-tress Com-ma, Mis - ter Pe-riod's

wife; She em - pha - si - zes sep-'rate points, and says, "Now

hold your voice up, give the sen - tence life!" Then

Mis - ter Co - lon, too, is ver - y good, He's



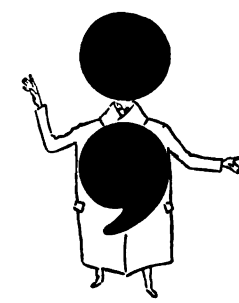
sure - ly an ac - com-mo - da - ting chap; He tells the read - er, "Wait, but you're not

through; You pause here, but you must not take a nap." And

when sometimes connec-tions are more close, The read-er must be told to make them

clear, So when we want to pause and yet con - nect, We

use his broth - er, Sem - i - co - lon, here.



Then

tall Miss Ex - cla - ma - tion is most kind; When

read-ers see her, they must em - pha - size The word or sen-tence that she stands be -

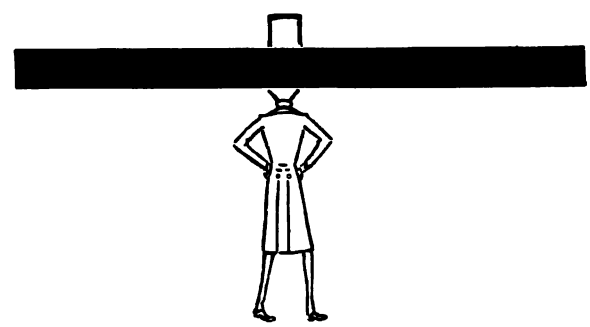
side, Ex - press-ing joy or pain, or else sur - prise. Her

friend Miss Ques - tion, at our serv - ice too, Says

to the read - er, "This de - mands re - ply"; Then

we may leave the answering words to them, Or else to an-swer it ourselves may

try. Next, Mis-ter Dash, who's useful



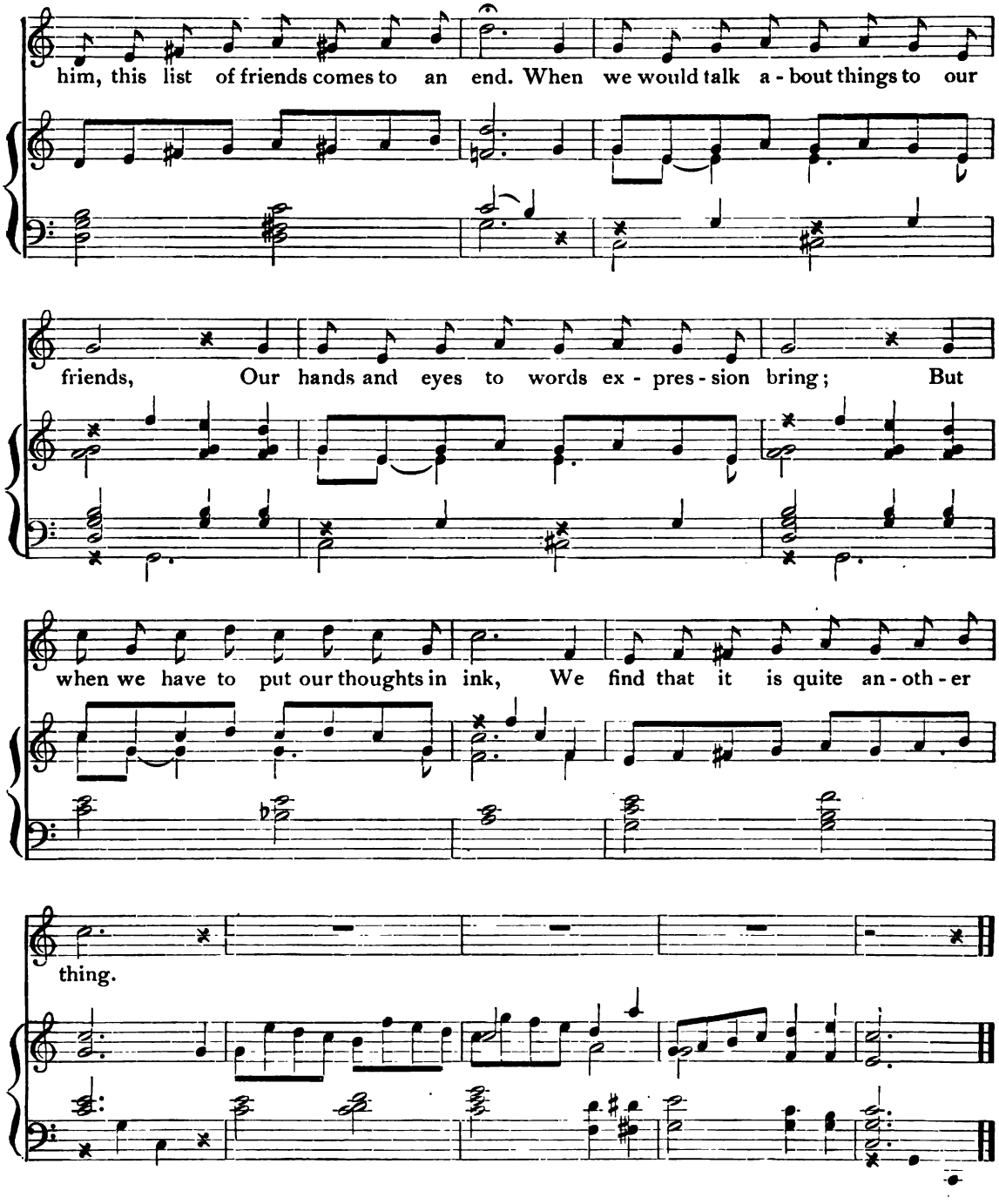
more and more,— In fact, I think in fa - vor dai - ly grows,— At

once con - nects and dis - con-nects, and stands In - dic - a - tive of things the read - er

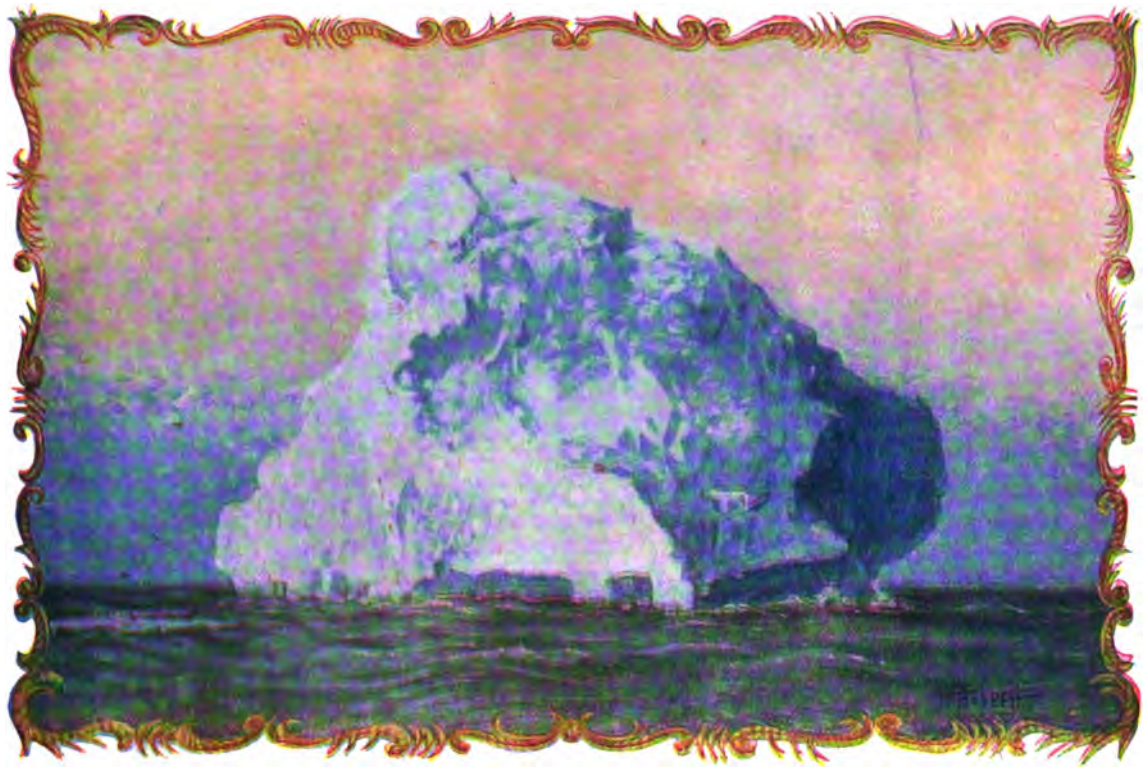
knows. To show a thing a - part from all the rest, Our

friend Pa - ren - the - sis his help will

lend; He holds the word or phrase with - in his arms. With


him, this list of friends comes to an end. When we would talk a - bout things to our
friends, Our hands and eyes to words ex - pres - sion bring; But
when we have to put our thoughts in ink, We find that it is quite an - oth - er
thing.

About Boats.



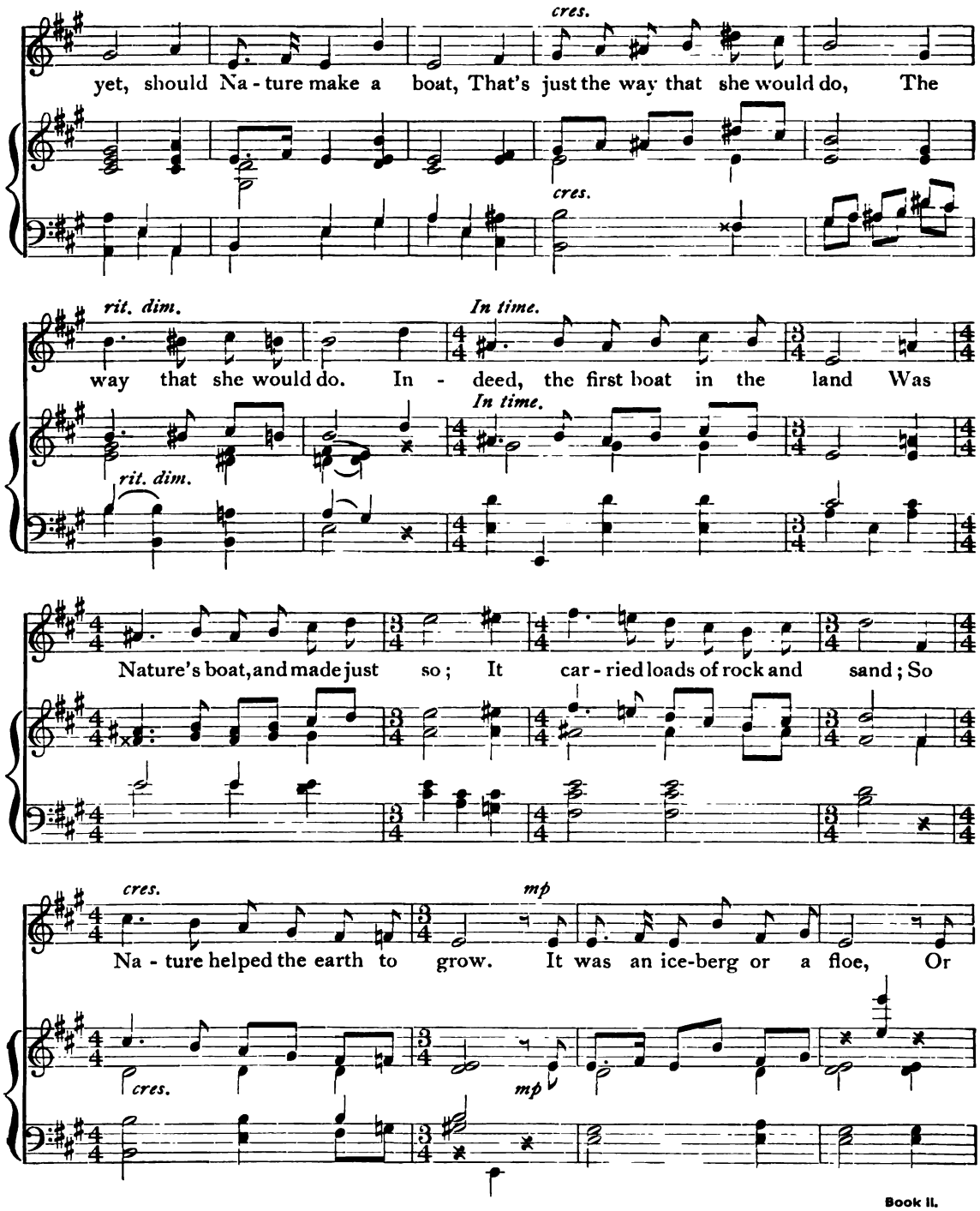
With spirit.

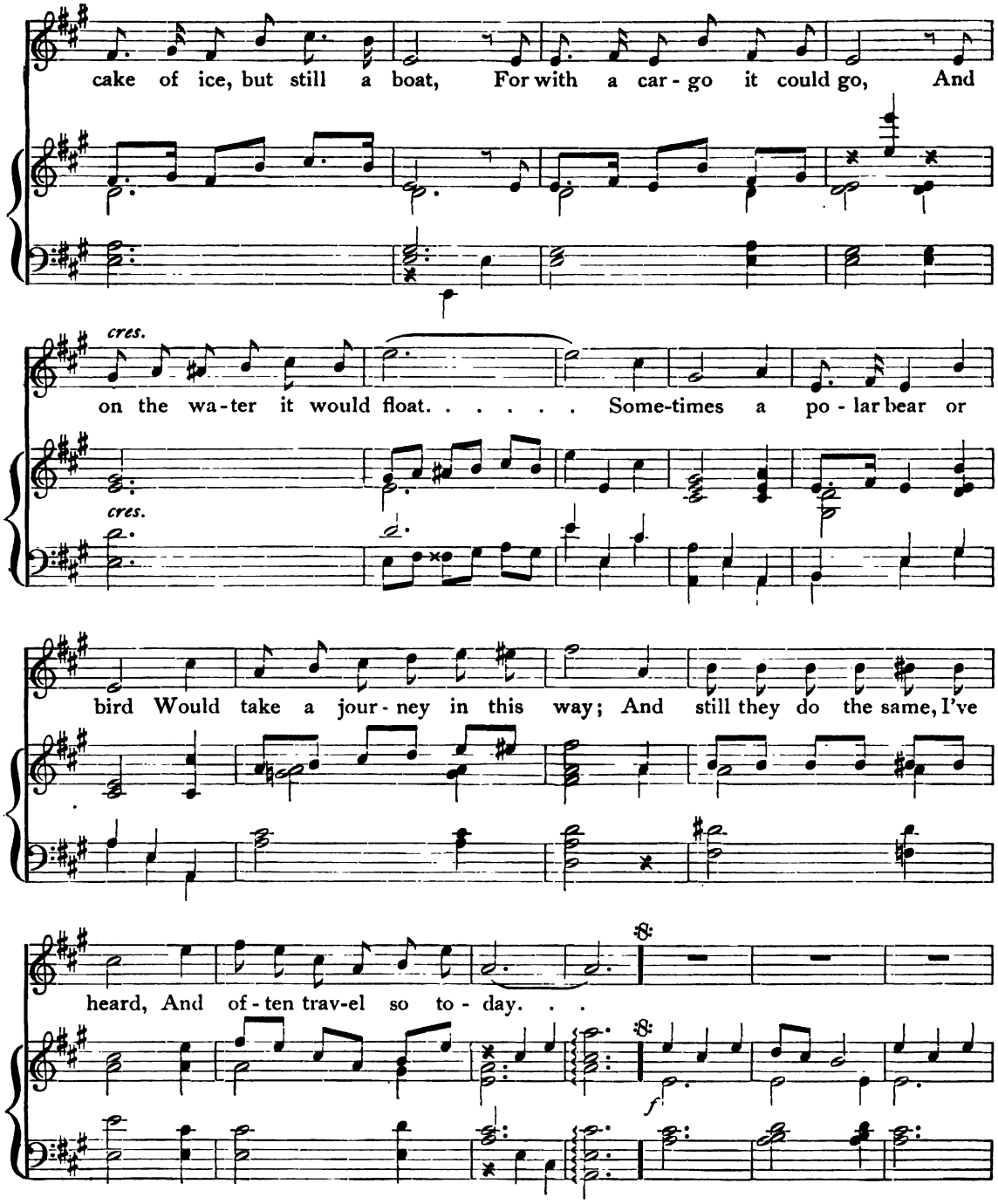
f

mp

How strange to make a thing to float, And make it out of wa-ter too! And

mp


cres.
yet, should Na - ture make a boat, That's just the way that she would do, The
cres.
rit. dim.
In time.
way that she would do. In - deed, the first boat in the land Was
In time.
rit. dim.
Nature's boat, and made just so; It car - ried loads of rock and sand; So
cres.
mp
Na - ture helped the earth to grow. It was an ice-berg or a floe, Or
cres.
mp

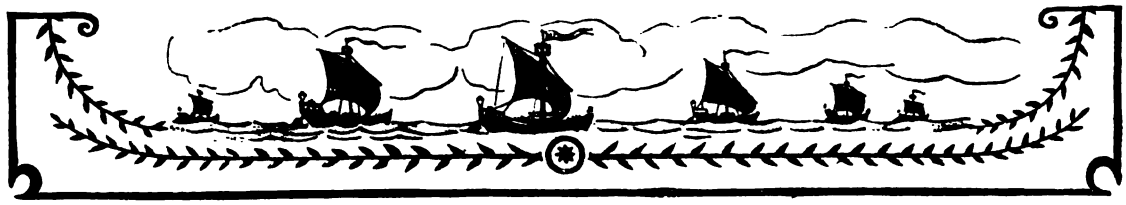

cake of ice, but still a boat, For with a car - go it could go, And
cres.
on the wa - ter it would float. . . . . Some-times a po - lar bear or
cres.
bird Would take a jour - ney in this way; And still they do the same, I've
heard, And of - ten trav-el so to - day. . .
f

mp

2. Some is-lands thus would slowly grow, And
3. So, bit by bit, as men ob-served, They

mp

Na - ture then a log would use, To car - ry seeds she wished to sow, On
saw that Na-ture showed the way, That she their pur-pose al - ways served, If



cres. *rit. dim.*

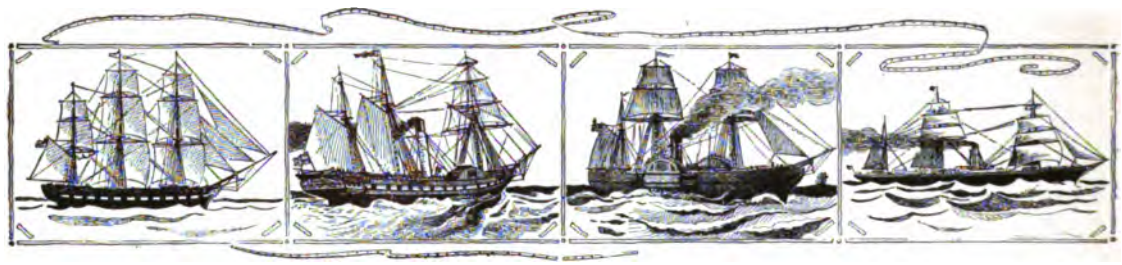
a - ny is - land she might choose, On a - ny she might choose. Man
they would watch her ev - 'ry day, Would watch her ev - 'ry day. They

cres. *rit. dim.*

In time.

saw this boat, and gave a shout; He saw that he could trav - el so, Then
looked up - on the sea from land, And saw the wind blow things a - long, And

In time.

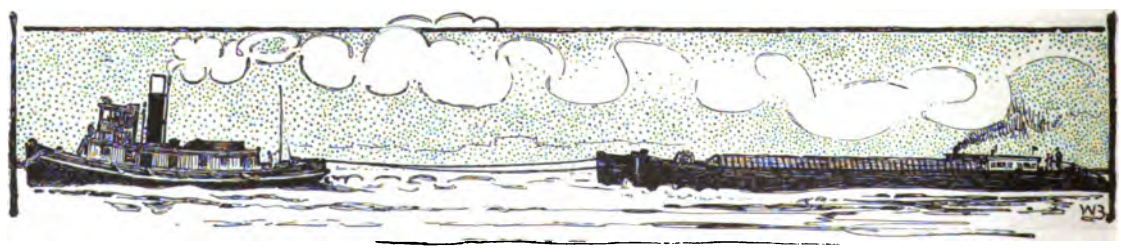


cres. *rit.* *mp*

quick a log he hollowed out, And float - ed round, but ver - y slow. And
soon be-gan to un - der - stand It had a force that was quite strong. They

cres. *rit.* *mp*

then he had a thought quite bright, Up - on a new i - dea he hit; The
did not mere-ly hear its wail, But saw that it was made for good. They

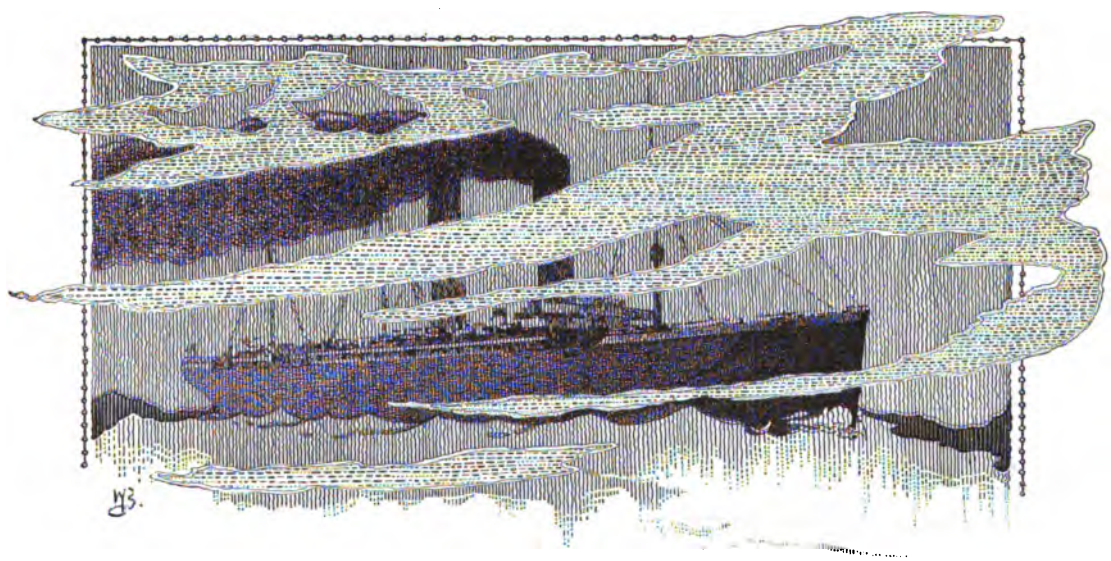


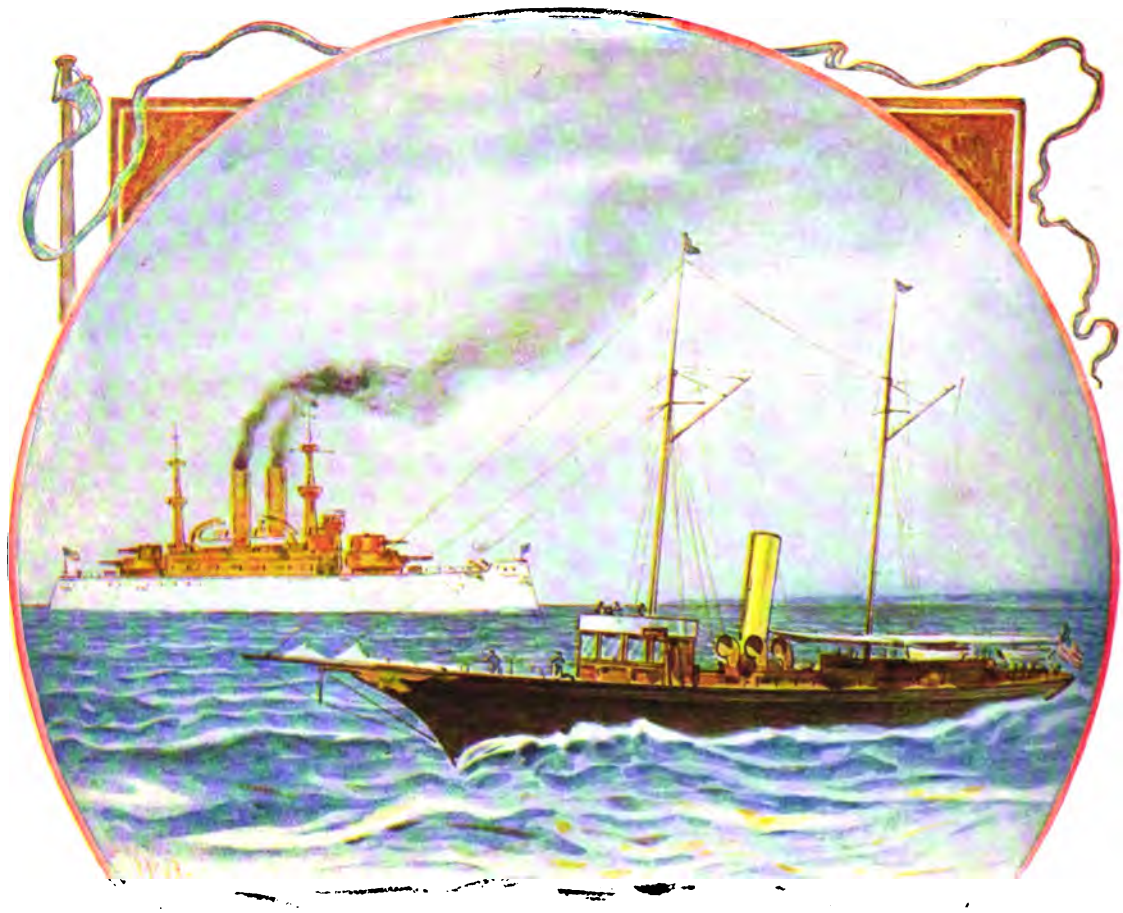
cres.

log not be - ing ver - y light, He on - ly used the bark of it. . . . . But
soon learned how to make the sail, And then new things they under-stood. . . . . They

cres.

when he saw a duck, one day, Just pad - dle round in joy - ous mood, He
built new boats, each best when new, And ev - er fol-lowed Na-ture's lead; The





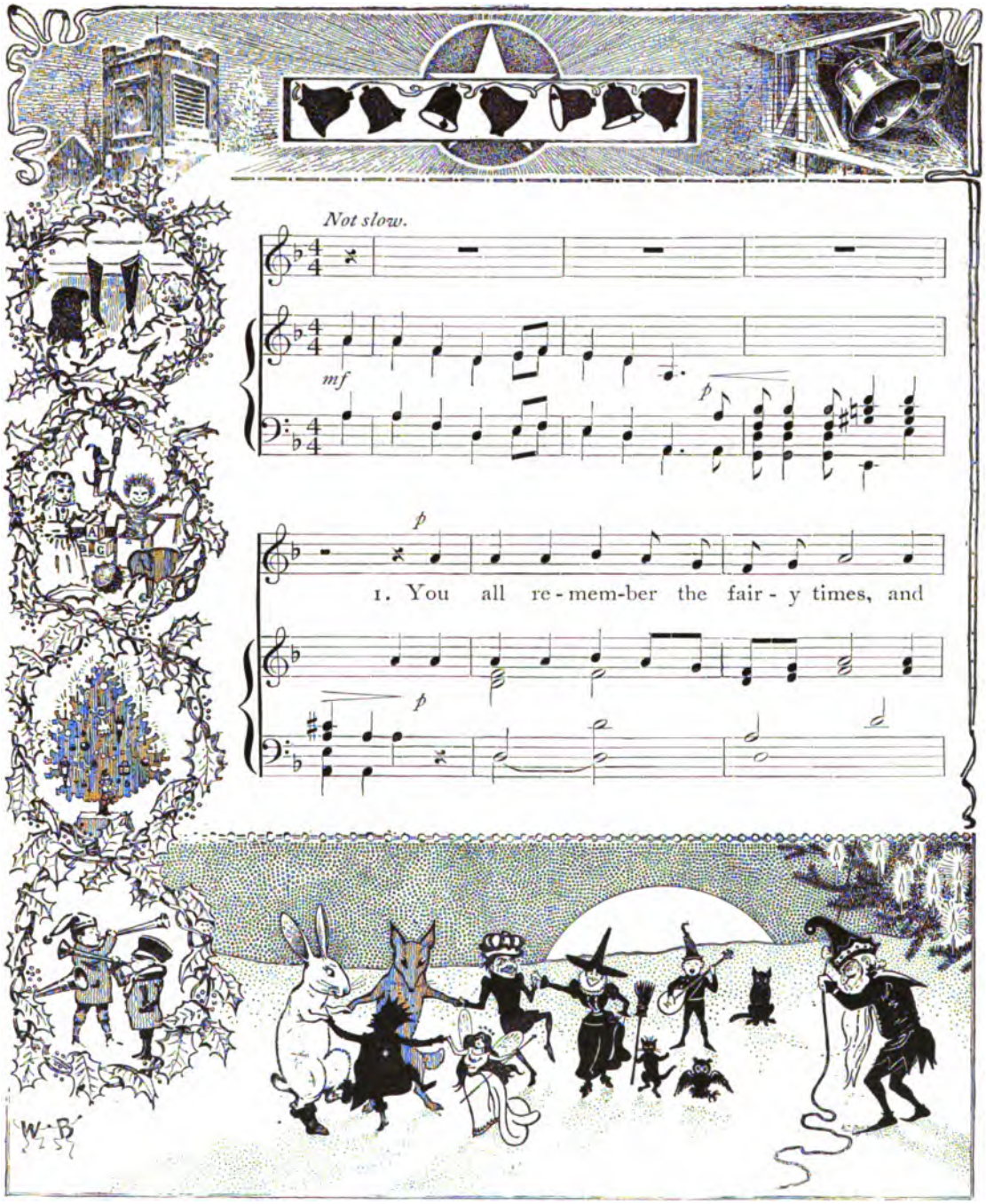
D.S.

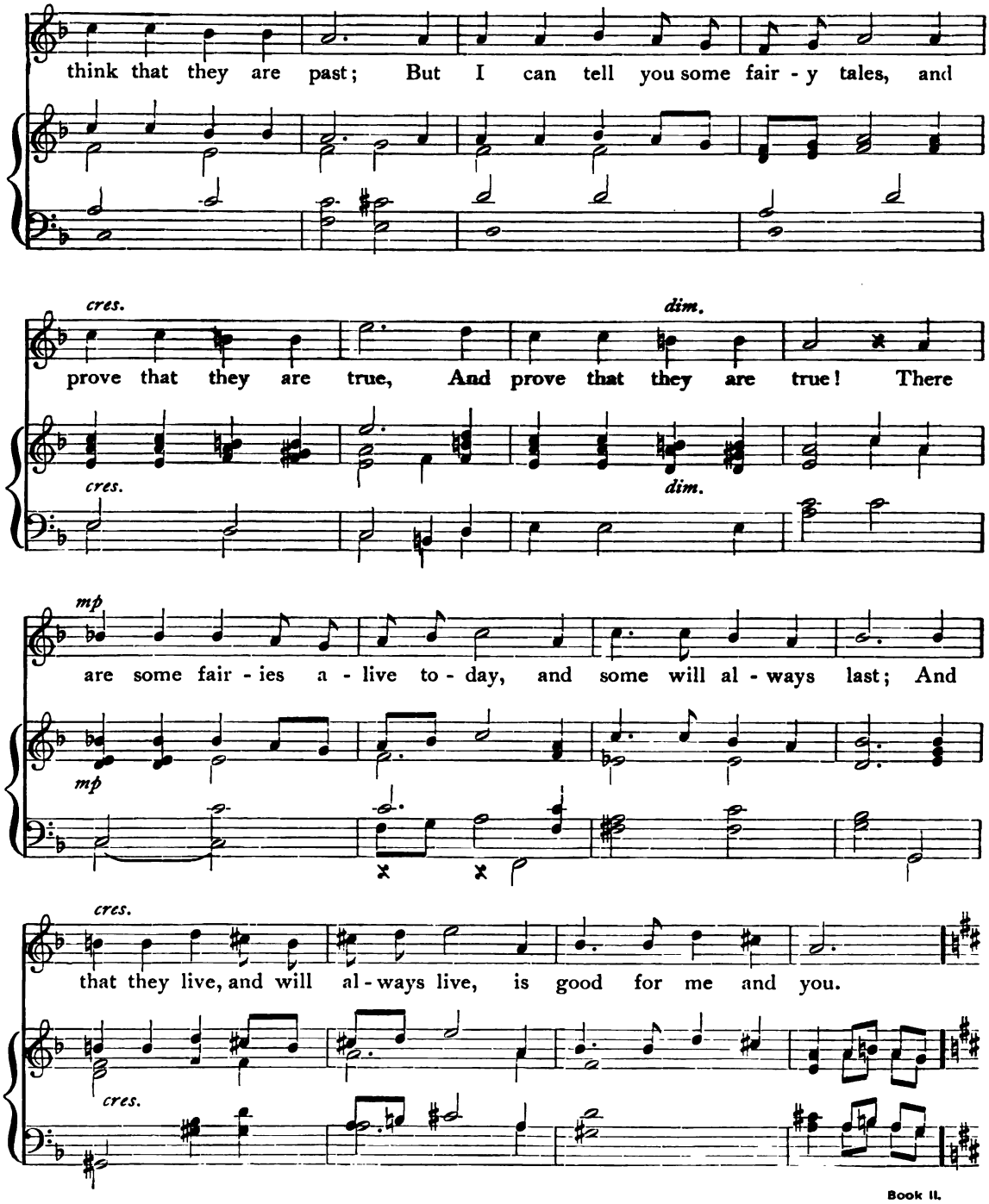
watched its feet, and saw the way To make a pad - dle out of wood. . .

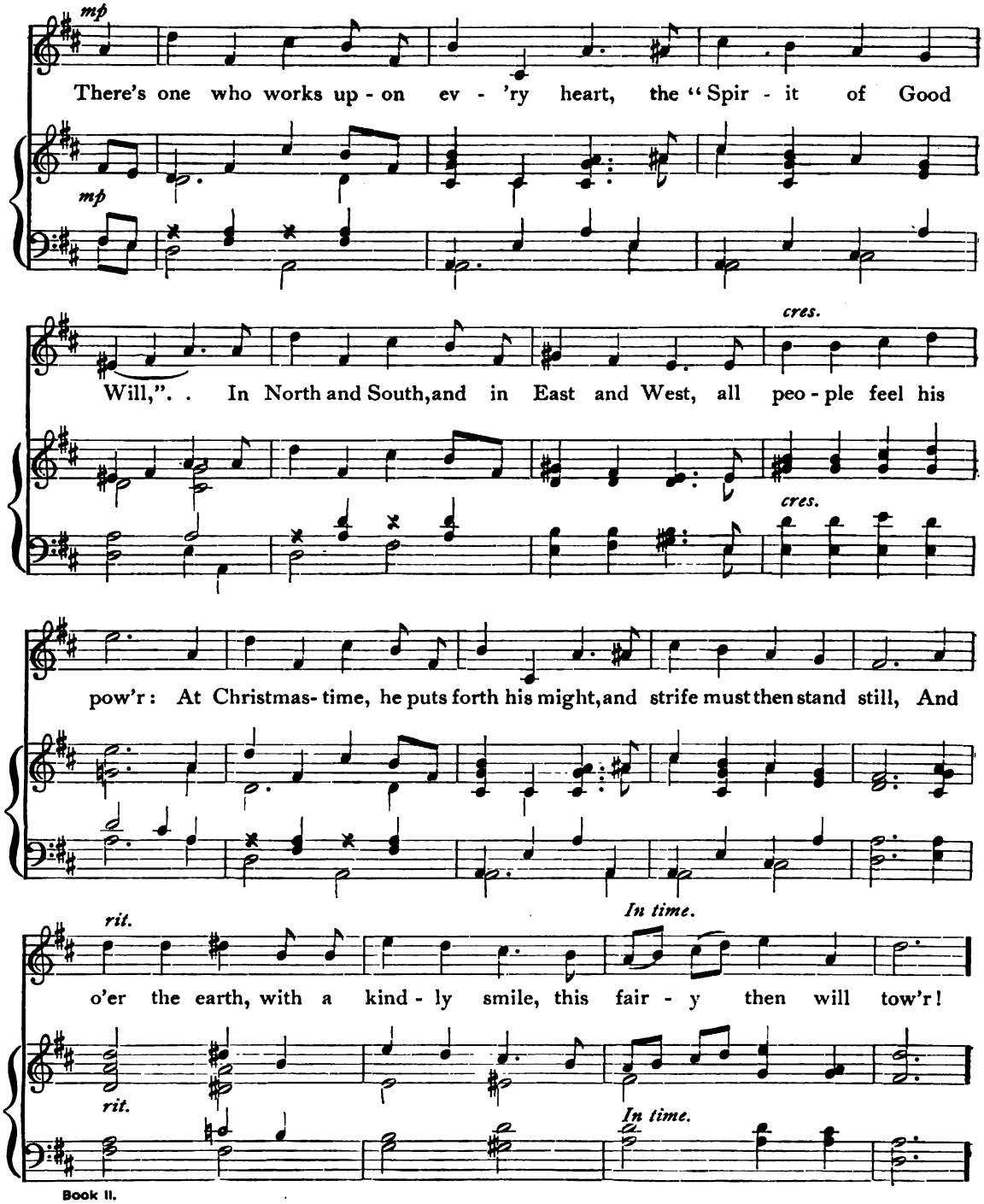
pad-dle soon be - came the screw, And oth - er things came with the need. .

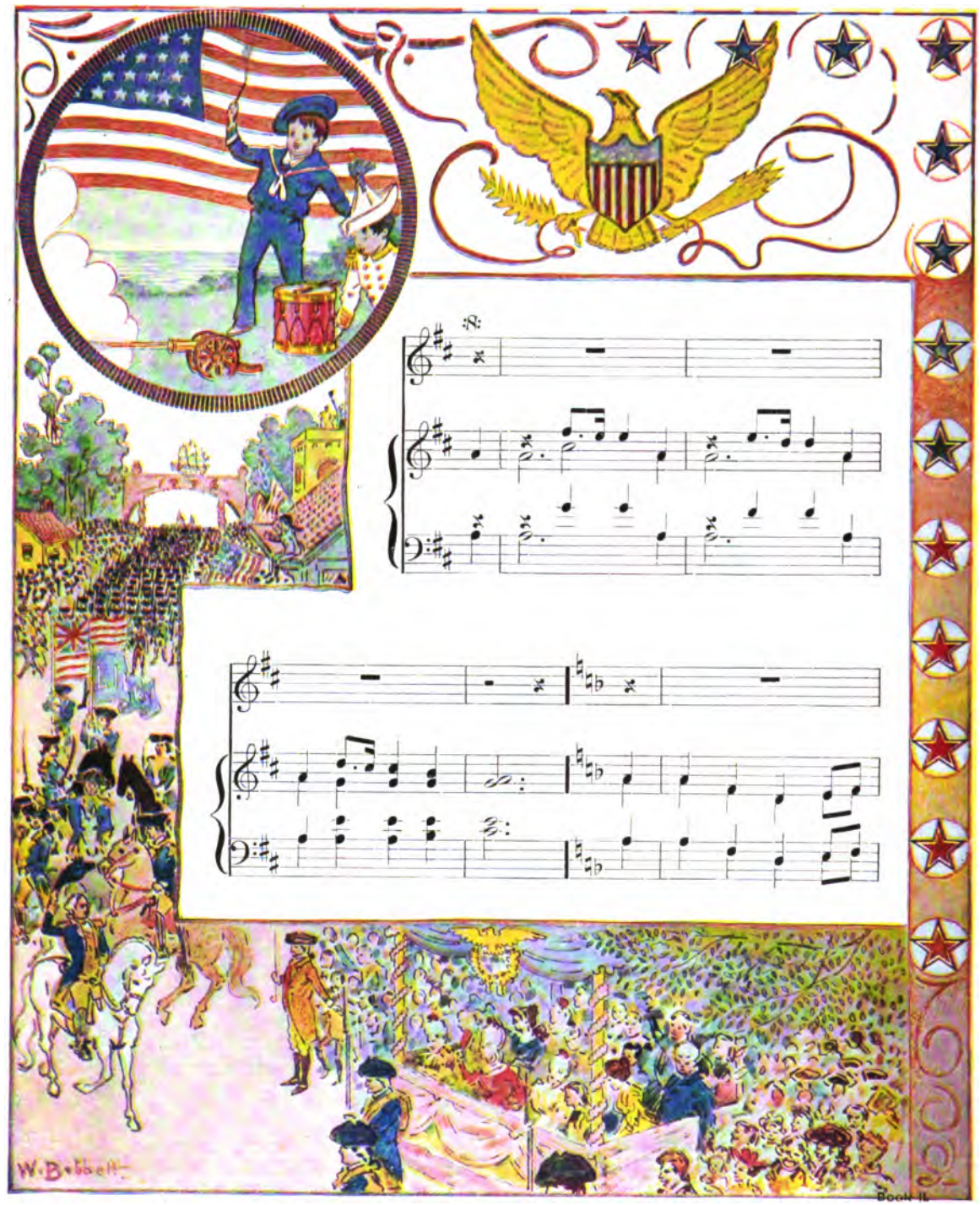
D.S.

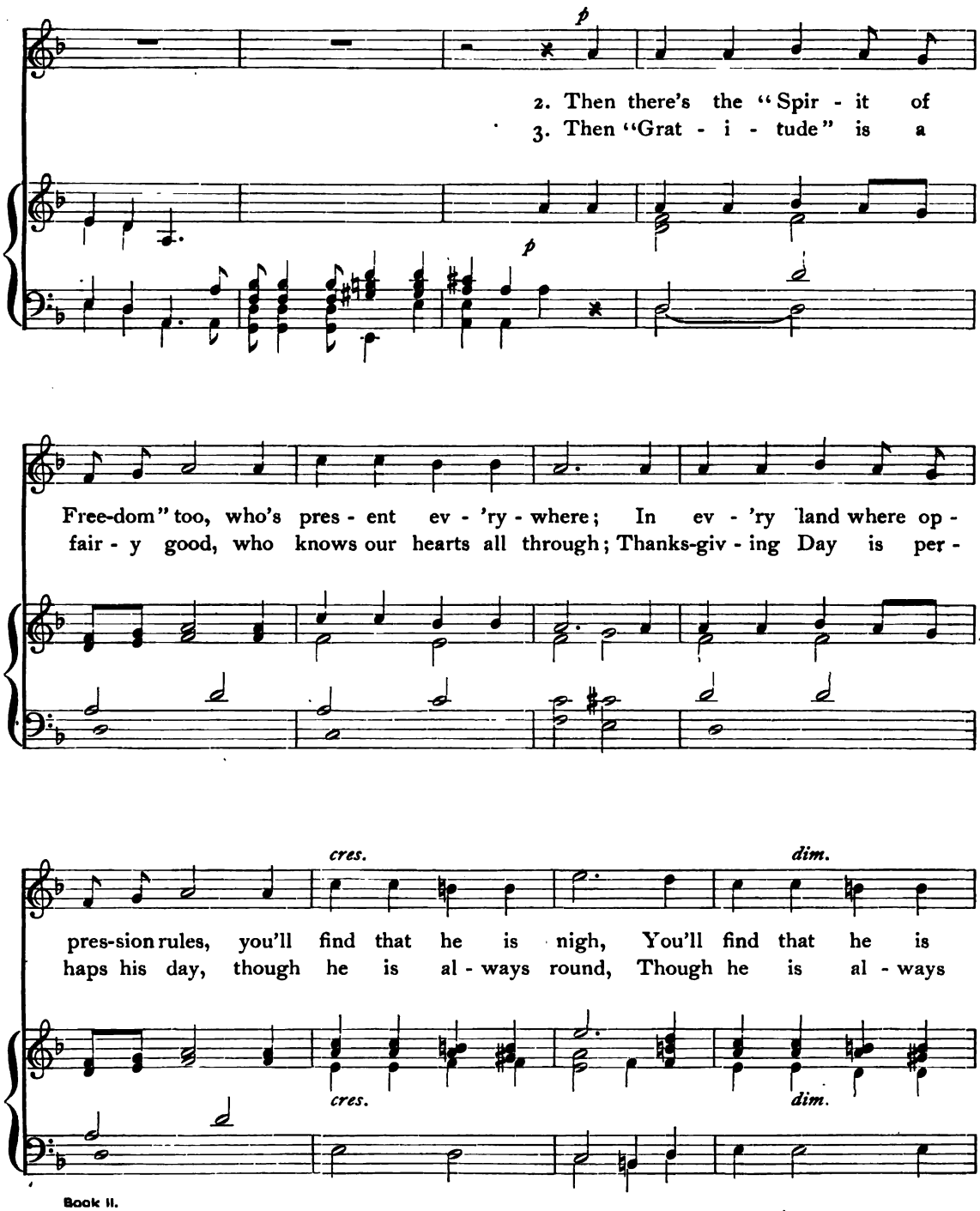
Fairies.

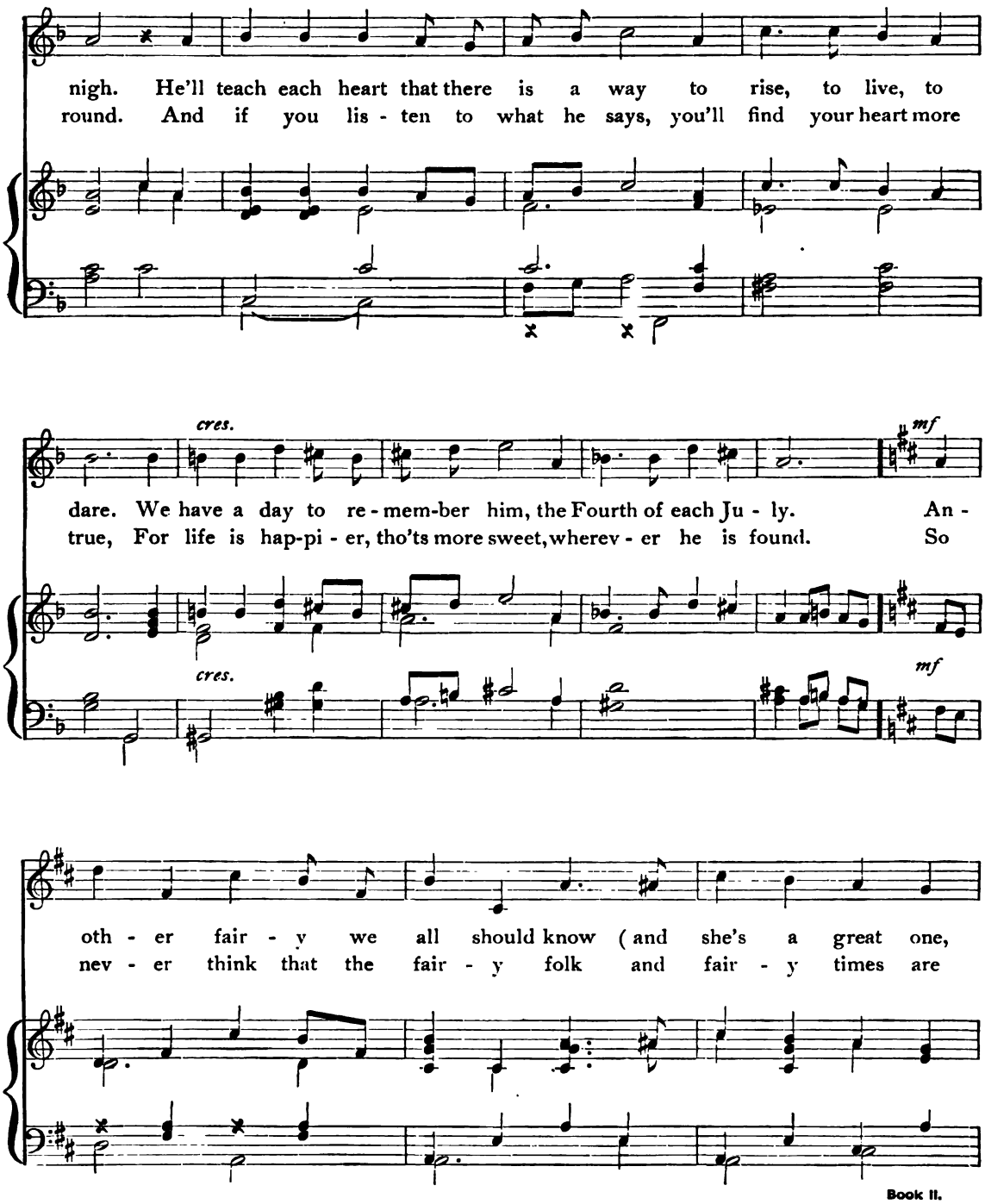


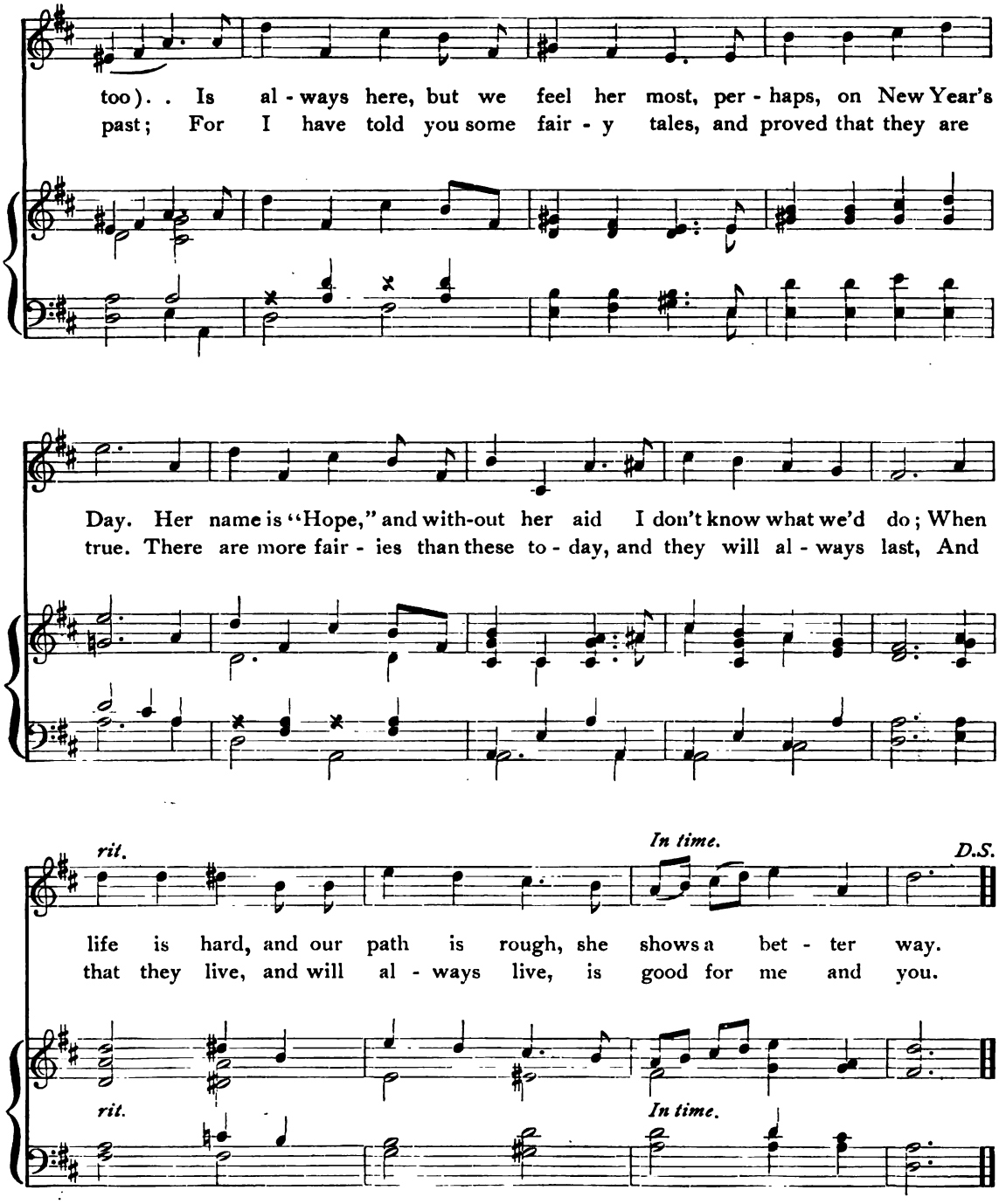

think that they are past; But I can tell you some fair - y tales, and
cres.
dim.
prove that they are true, And prove that they are true! There
cres.
dim.
mp
are some fair - ies a - live to - day, and some will al - ways last; And
mp
cres.
that they live, and will al - ways live, is good for me and you.
cres.


mp
There's one who works up - on ev - 'ry heart, the "Spir - it of Good
mp
cres.
Will,". . In North and South, and in East and West, all peo - ple feel his
cres.
pow'r: At Christmas-time, he puts forth his might, and strife must then stand still, And
rit.
In time.
o'er the earth, with a kind - ly smile, this fair - y then will tow'r!
rit.
In time.

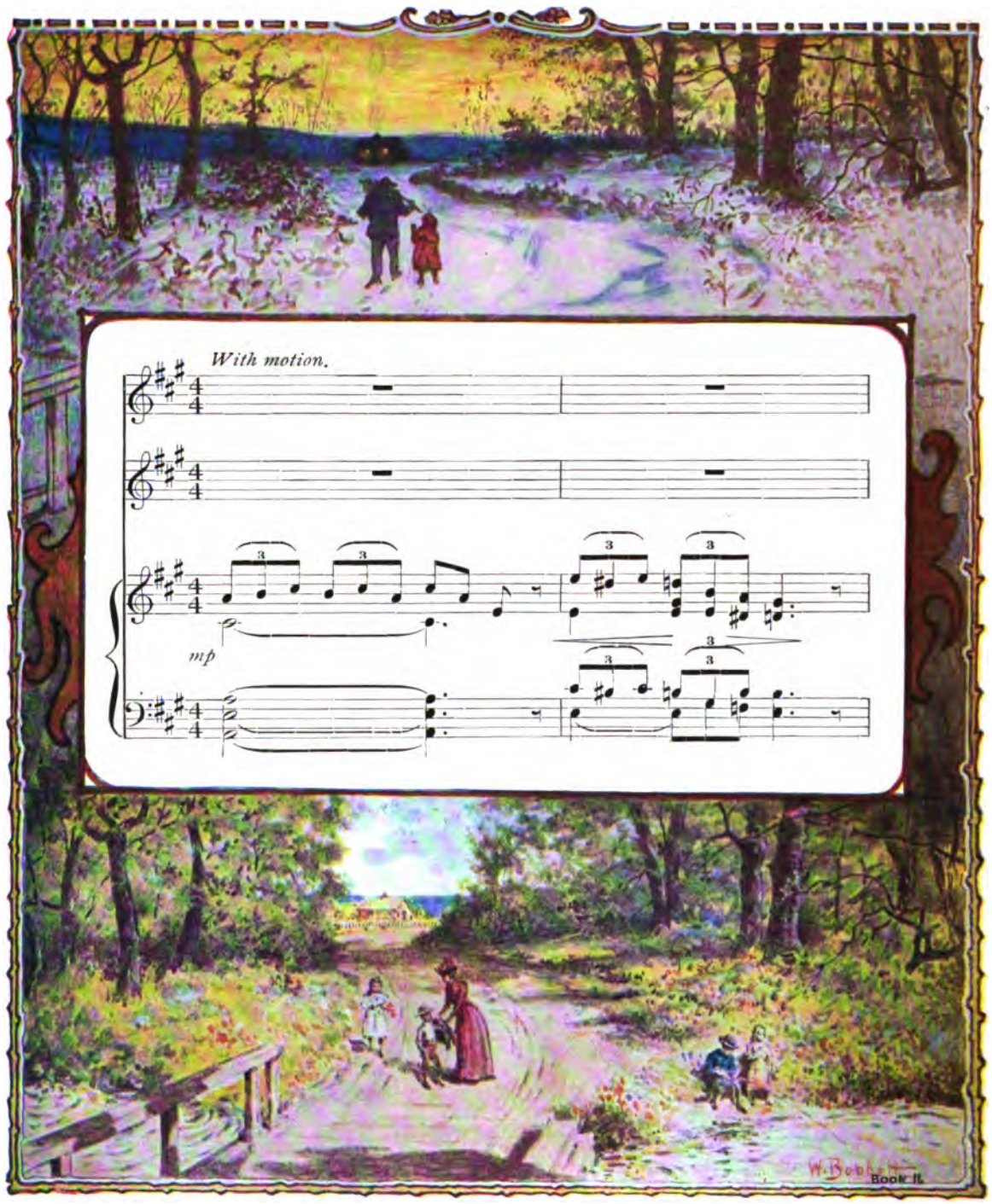

W. Bobbett

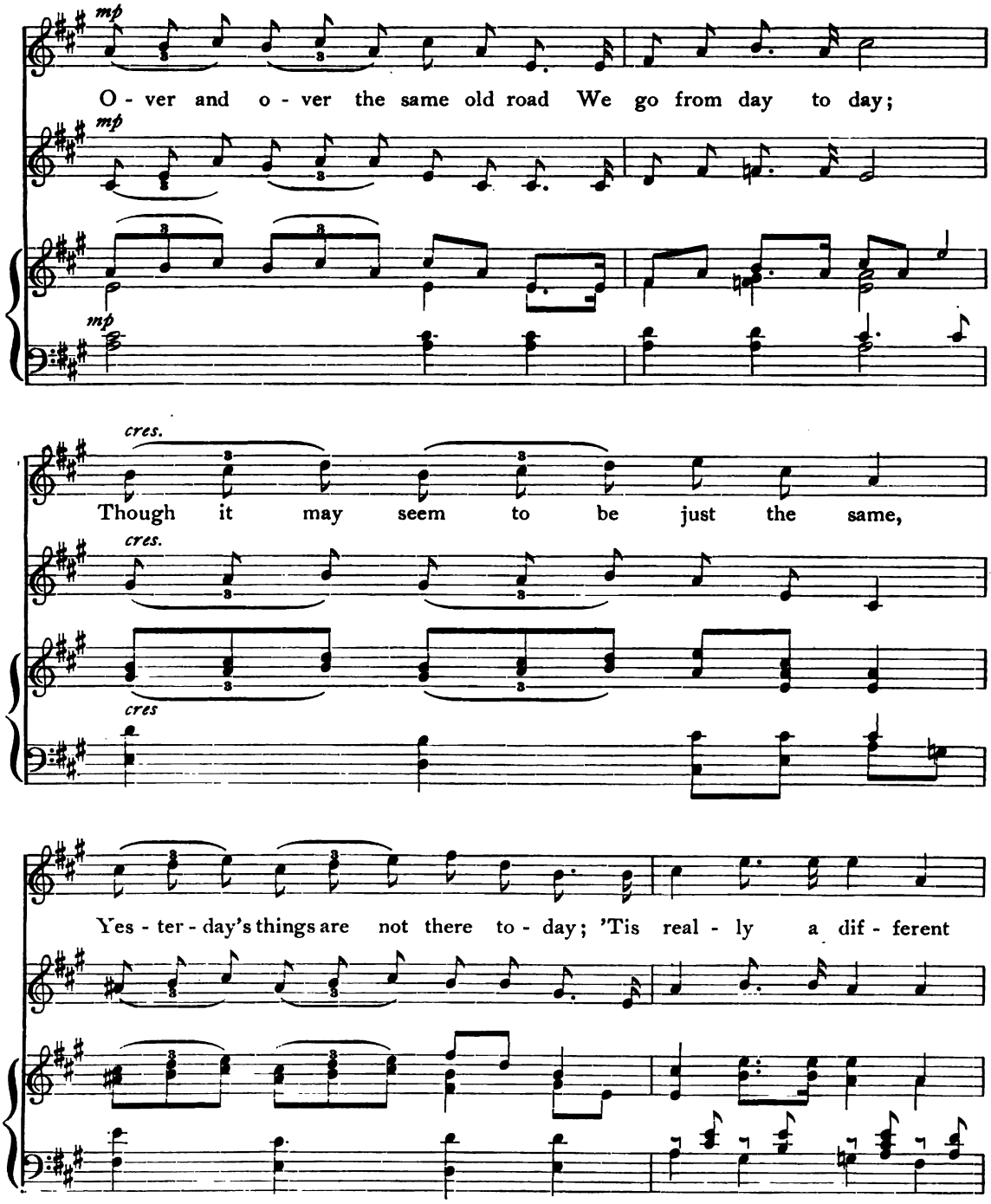

p
2. Then there's the "Spir - it of
3. Then "Grat - i - tude" is a
p
Free-dom" too, who's pres - ent ev - 'ry - where; In ev - 'ry land where op -
fair - y good, who knows our hearts all through; Thanks-giv - ing Day is per -
cres.
dim.
pres-sion rules, you'll find that he is nigh, You'll find that he is
haps his day, though he is al - ways round, Though he is al - ways
cres.
dim.

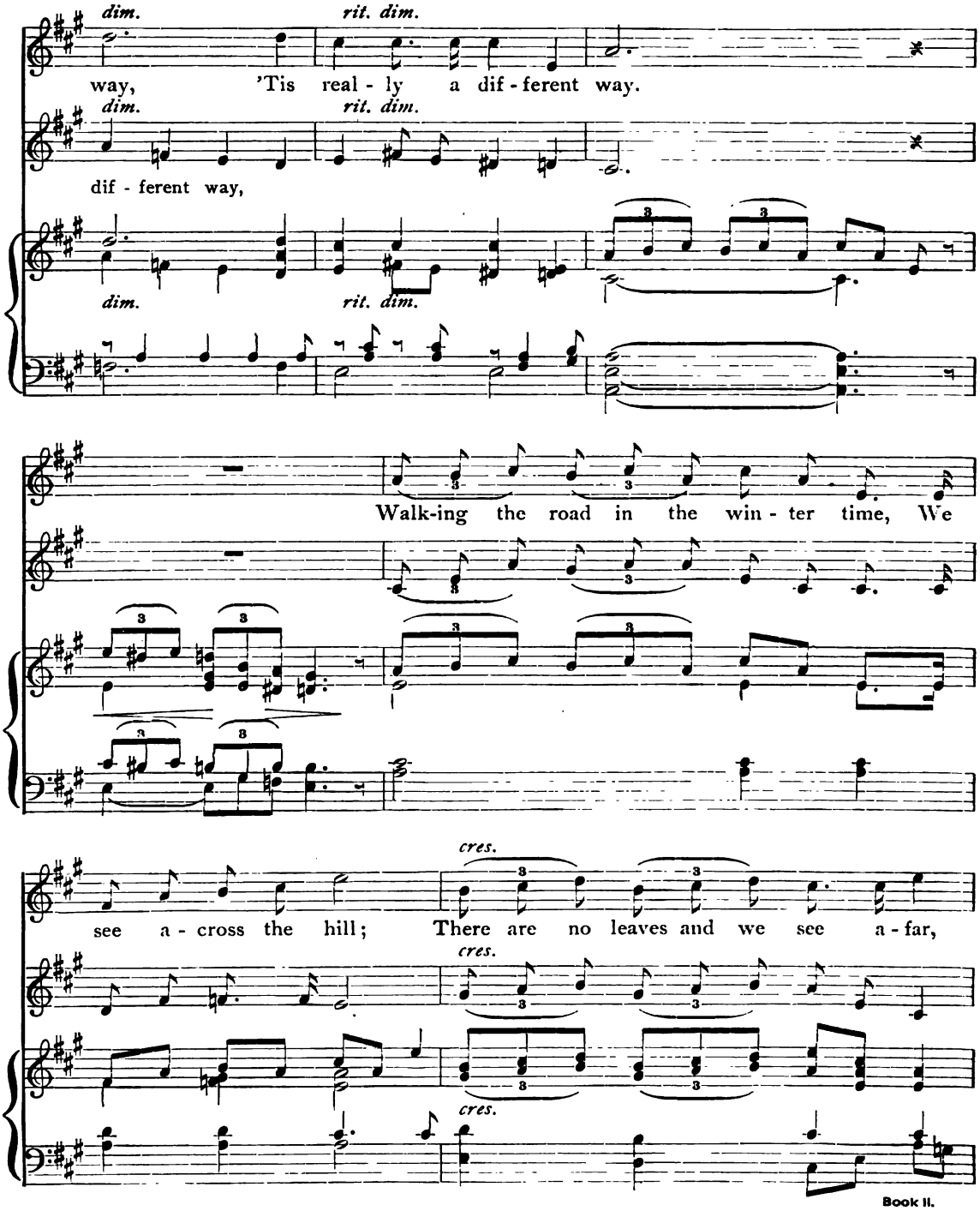

nigh. He'll teach each heart that there is a way to rise, to live, to
round. And if you lis - ten to what he says, you'll find your heart more
cres.
mf
dare. We have a day to re - mem-ber him, the Fourth of each Ju - ly. An -
true, For life is hap-pi - er, tho'ts more sweet, wherev - er he is found. So
cres.
mf
oth - er fair - y we all should know (and she's a great one,
nev - er think that the fair - y folk and fair - y times are

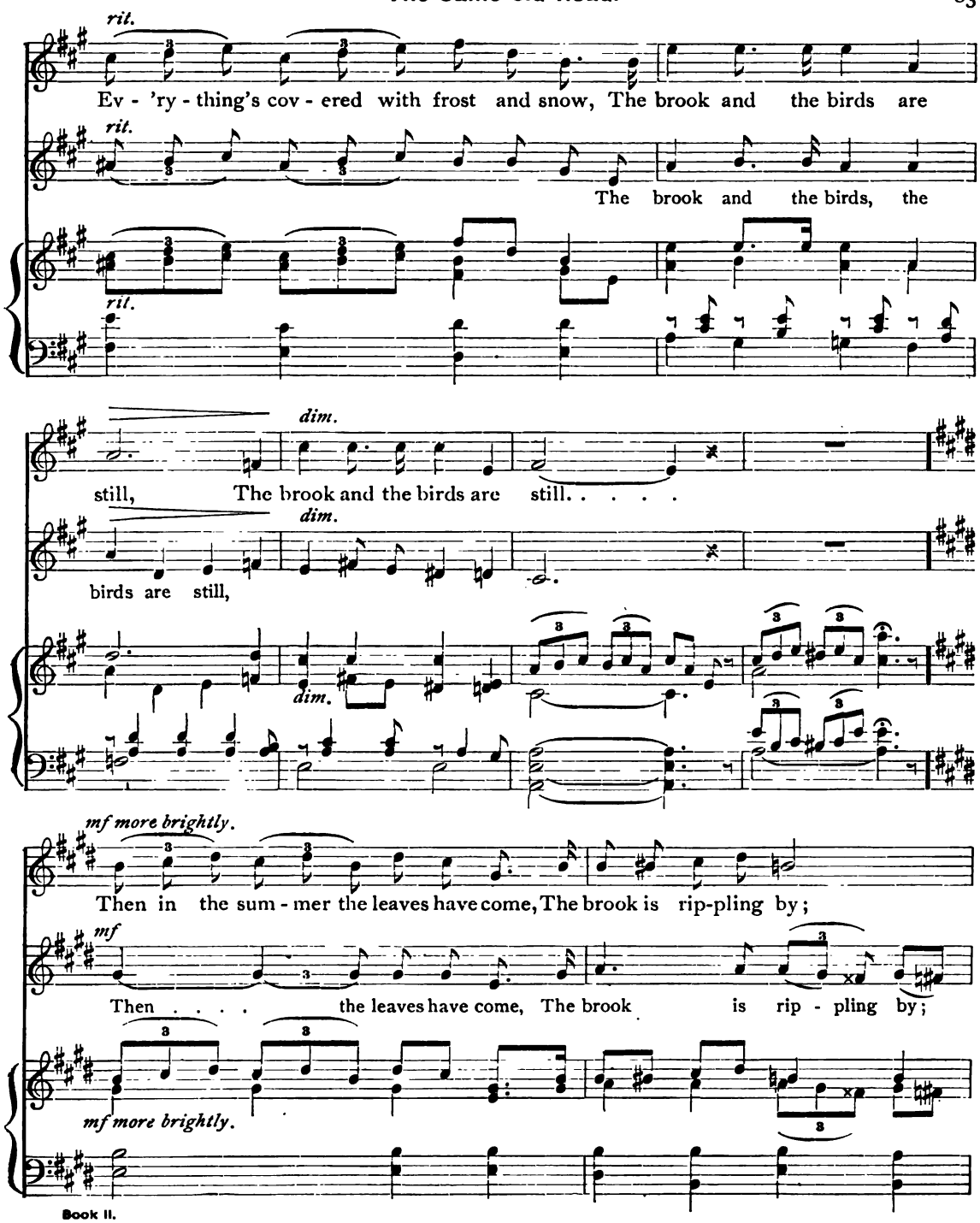

too). . Is al - ways here, but we feel her most, per - haps, on New Year's
past; For I have told you some fair - y tales, and proved that they are
Day. Her name is "Hope," and with-out her aid I don't know what we'd do; When
true. There are more fair - ies than these to - day, and they will al - ways last, And
rit.
In time.
D.S.
life is hard, and our path is rough, she shows a bet - ter way.
that they live, and will al - ways live, is good for me and you.
rit.
In time.

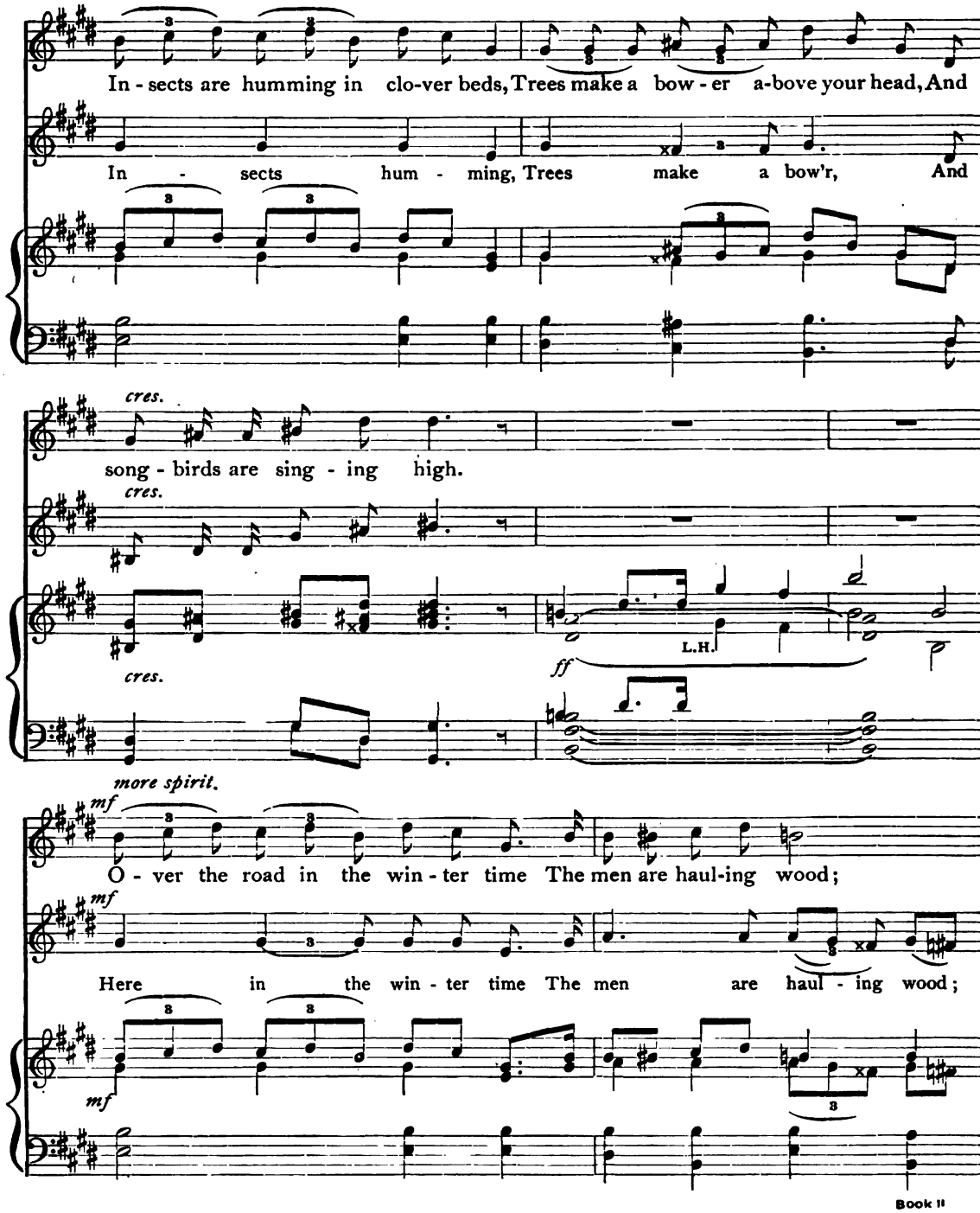
The Same Old Road.




mp
O - ver and o - ver the same old road We go from day to day;
mp
mp
cres.
Though it may seem to be just the same,
cres.
cres
Yes - ter - day's things are not there to - day; 'Tis real - ly a dif - ferent

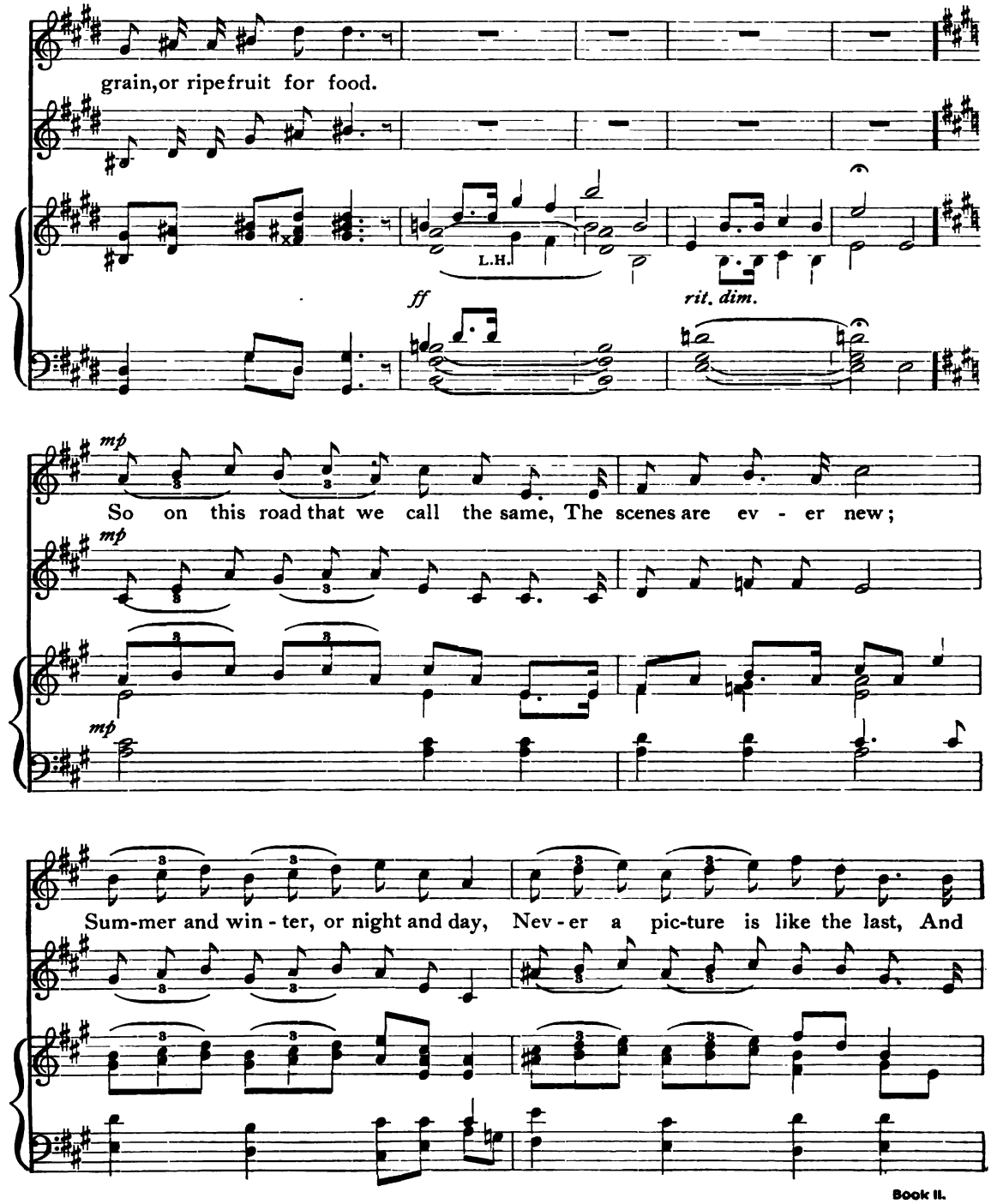

dim.
rit. dim.
way, 'Tis real - ly a dif - ferent way.
dim.
rit. dim.
dif - ferent way,
dim.
rit. dim.
Walk-ing the road in the win - ter time, We
cres.
see a - cross the hill; There are no leaves and we see a - far,
cres.
cres.

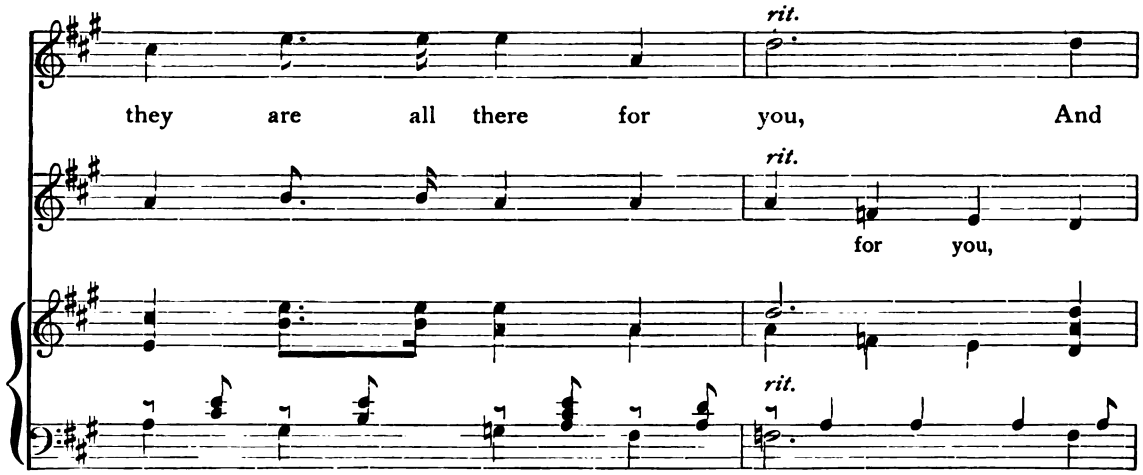

rit.
Ev - 'ry - thing's cov - ered with frost and snow, The brook and the birds are
rit.
The brook and the birds, the
rit.
dim.
still, The brook and the birds are still. . . . .
dim.
birds are still,
dim.
mf more brightly.
Then in the sum - mer the leaves have come, The brook is rip-pling by;
mf
Then . . . . the leaves have come, The brook is rip - pling by;
mf more brightly.

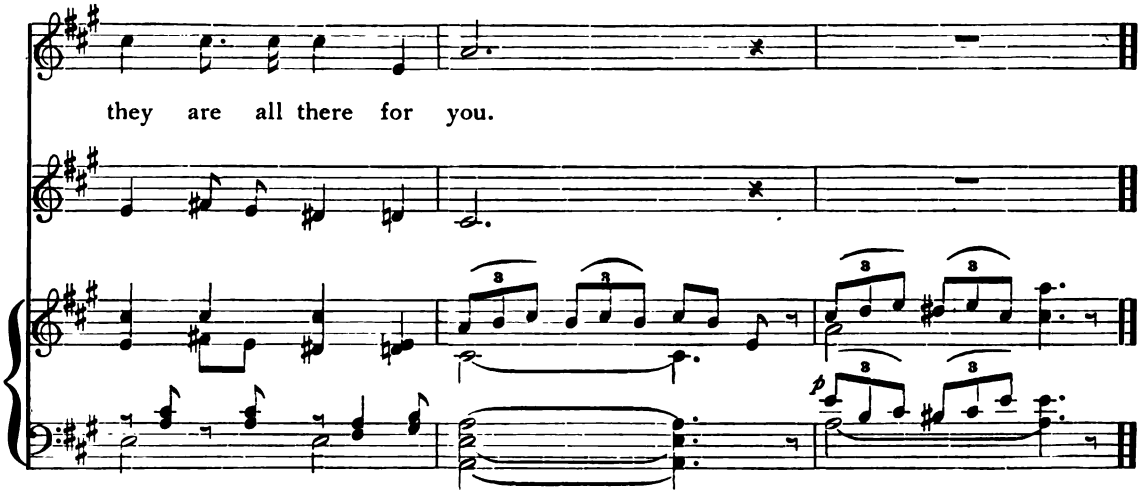

In - sects are humming in clo-ver beds, Trees make a bow - er a-bove your head, And
In - sects hum - ming, Trees make a bow'r, And
cres.
song - birds are sing - ing high.
cres.
cres.
L.H.
ff
more spirit.
mf
O - ver the road in the win - ter time The men are haul-ing wood;
mf
Here in the win - ter time The men are haul - ing wood;
mf

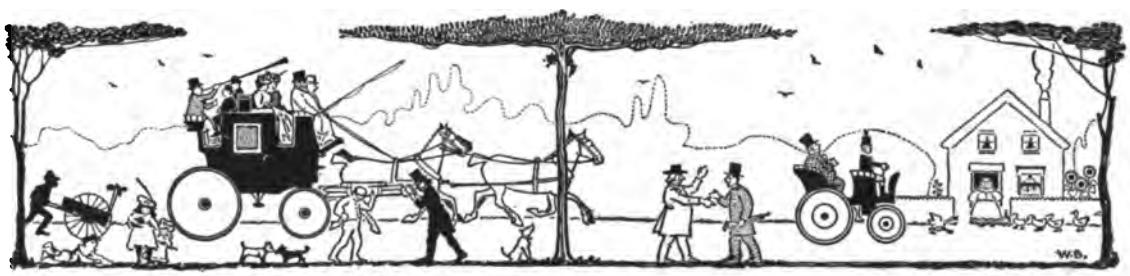
Roll-ing a - long on the same old road, Sum-mer time brings them with loads of hay, Or

Then on the same old road, Sum - mer time brings the

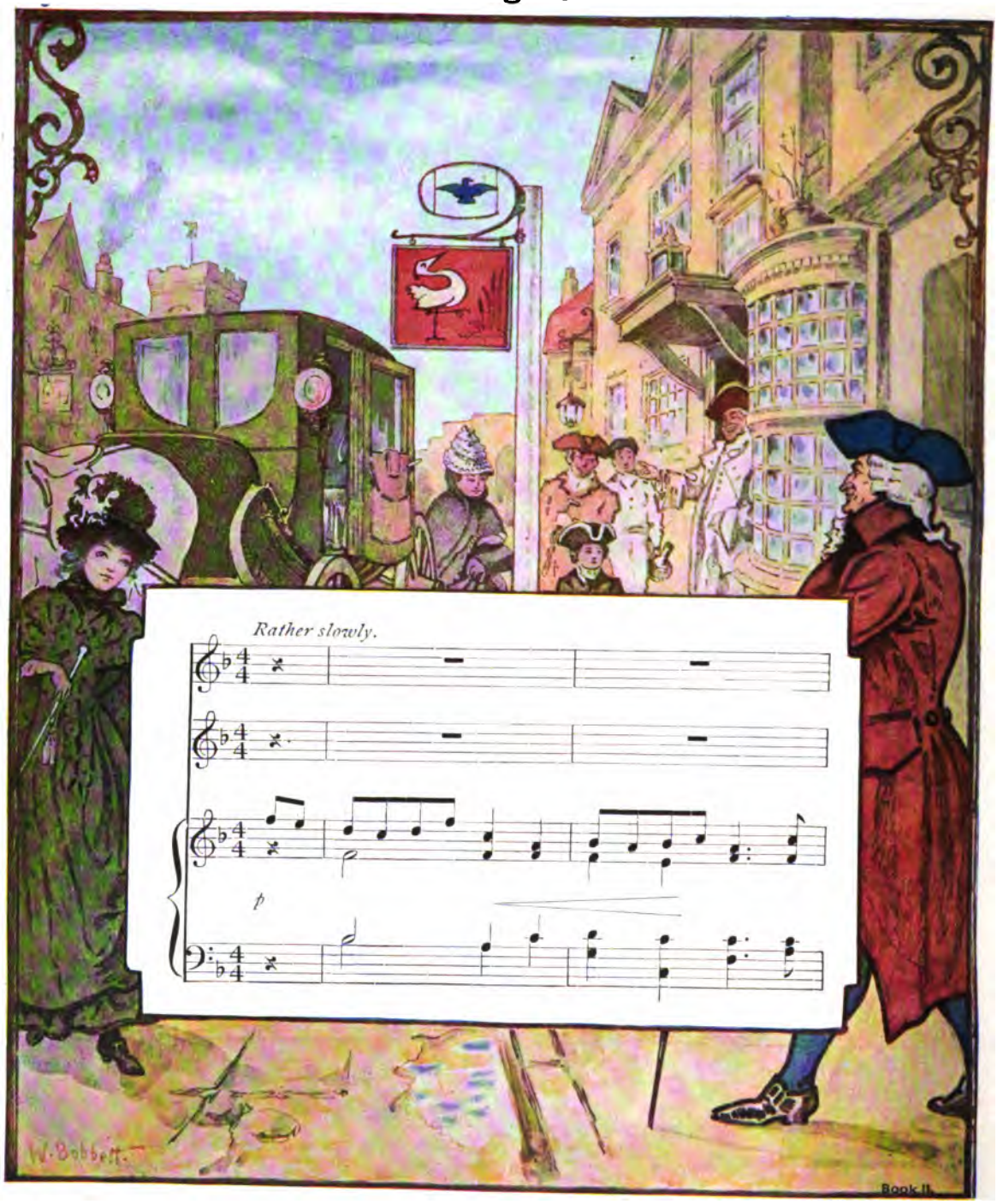

grain, or ripe fruit for food.
L.H.
ff
rit. dim.
mp
So on this road that we call the same, The scenes are ev - er new;
mp
mp
Sum-mer and win - ter, or night and day, Nev - er a pic-ture is like the last, And

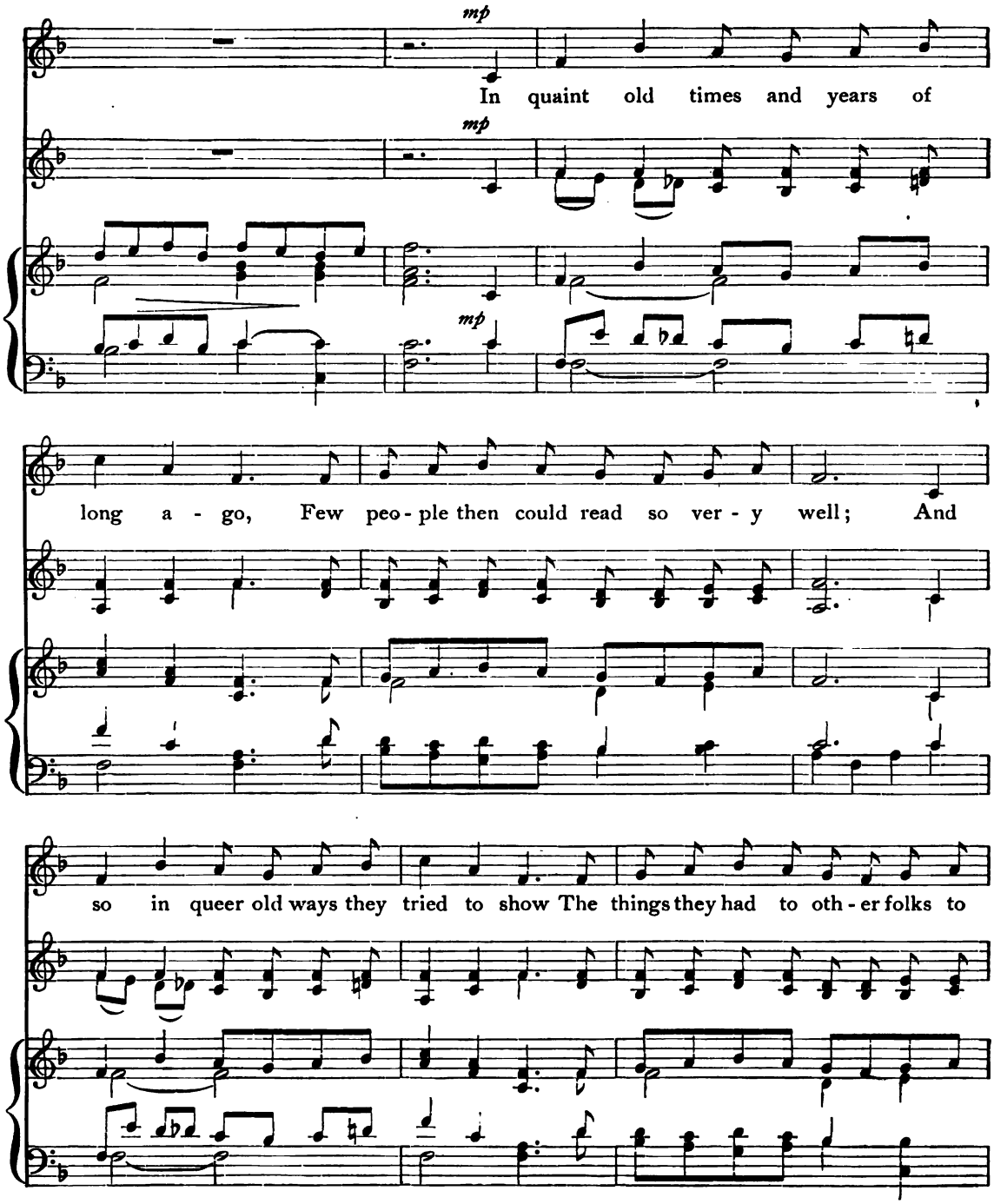

rit.
they are all there for you, And
rit.
for you,
rit.

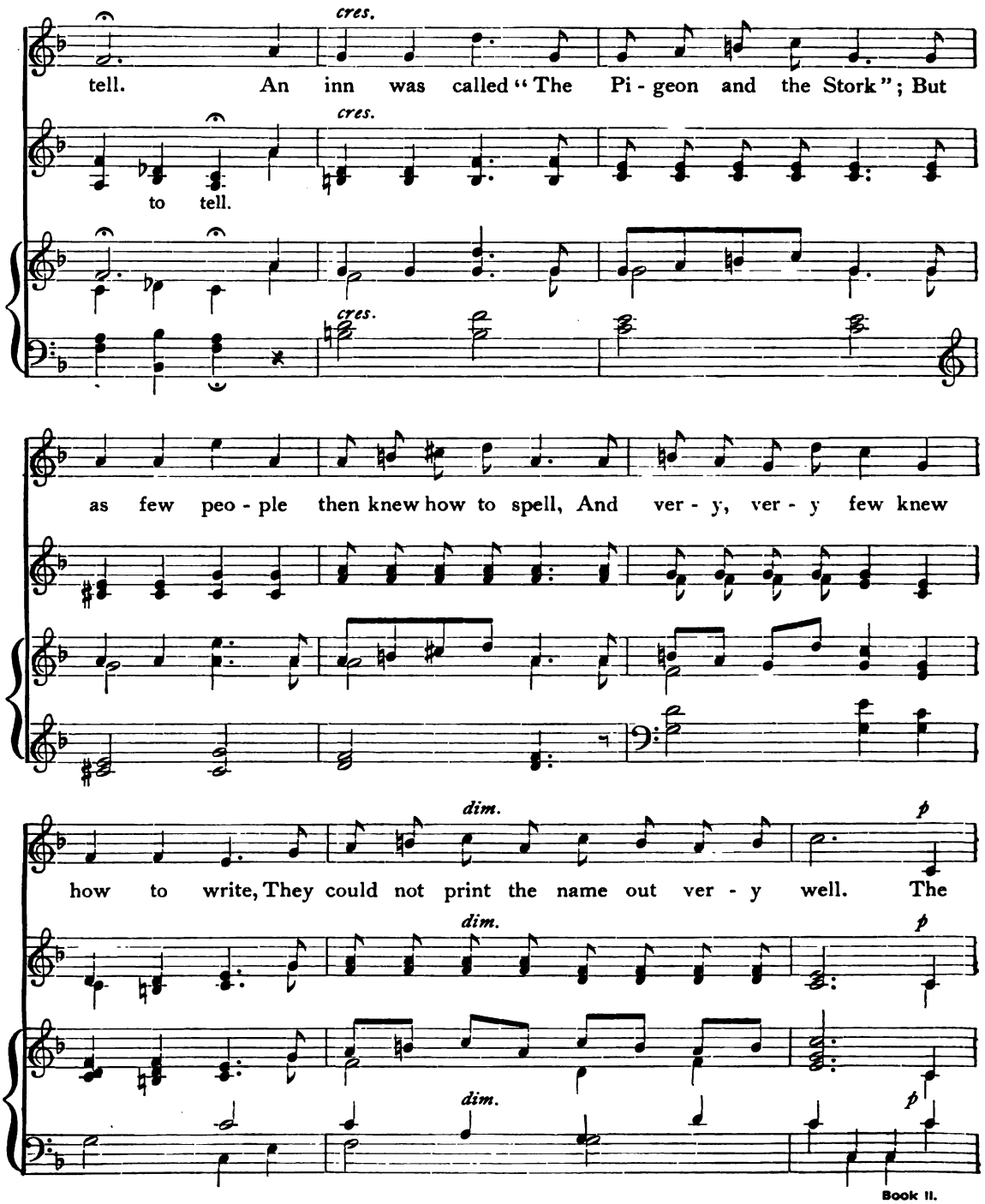

they are all there for you.
3
p

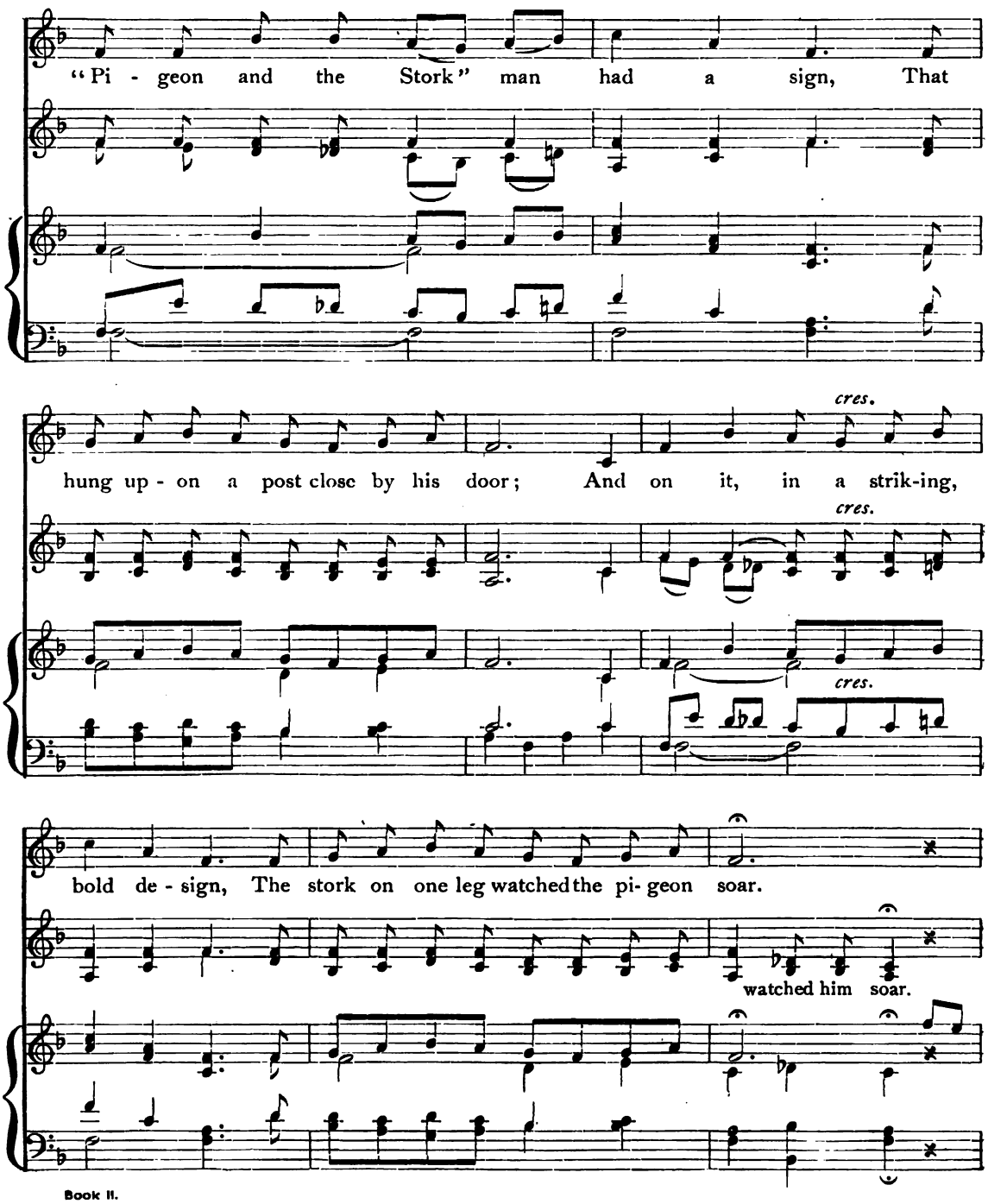


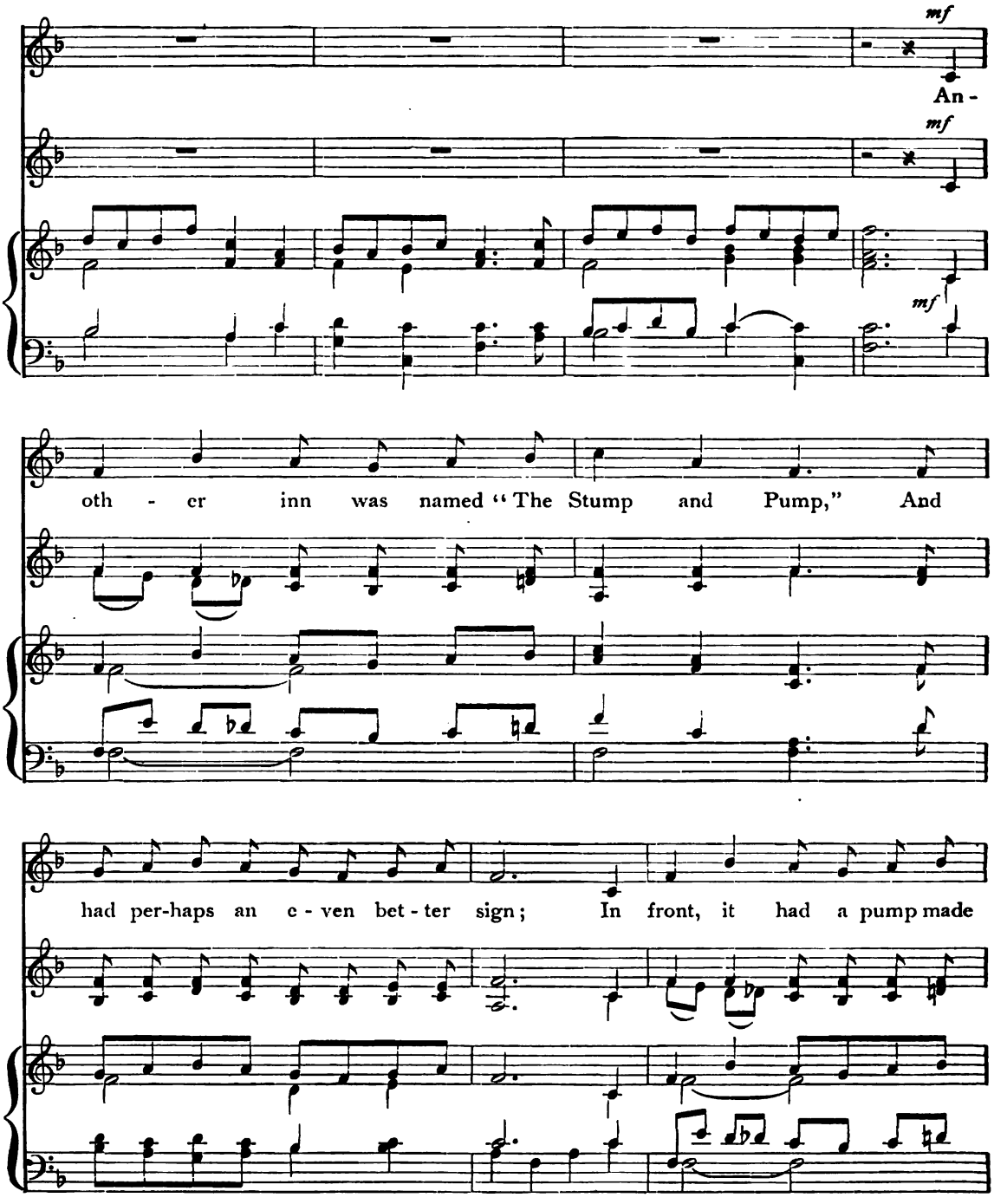
Signs.




mp
In quaint old times and years of
mp
mp
long a - go, Few peo - ple then could read so ver - y well; And
so in queer old ways they tried to show The things they had to oth - er folks to

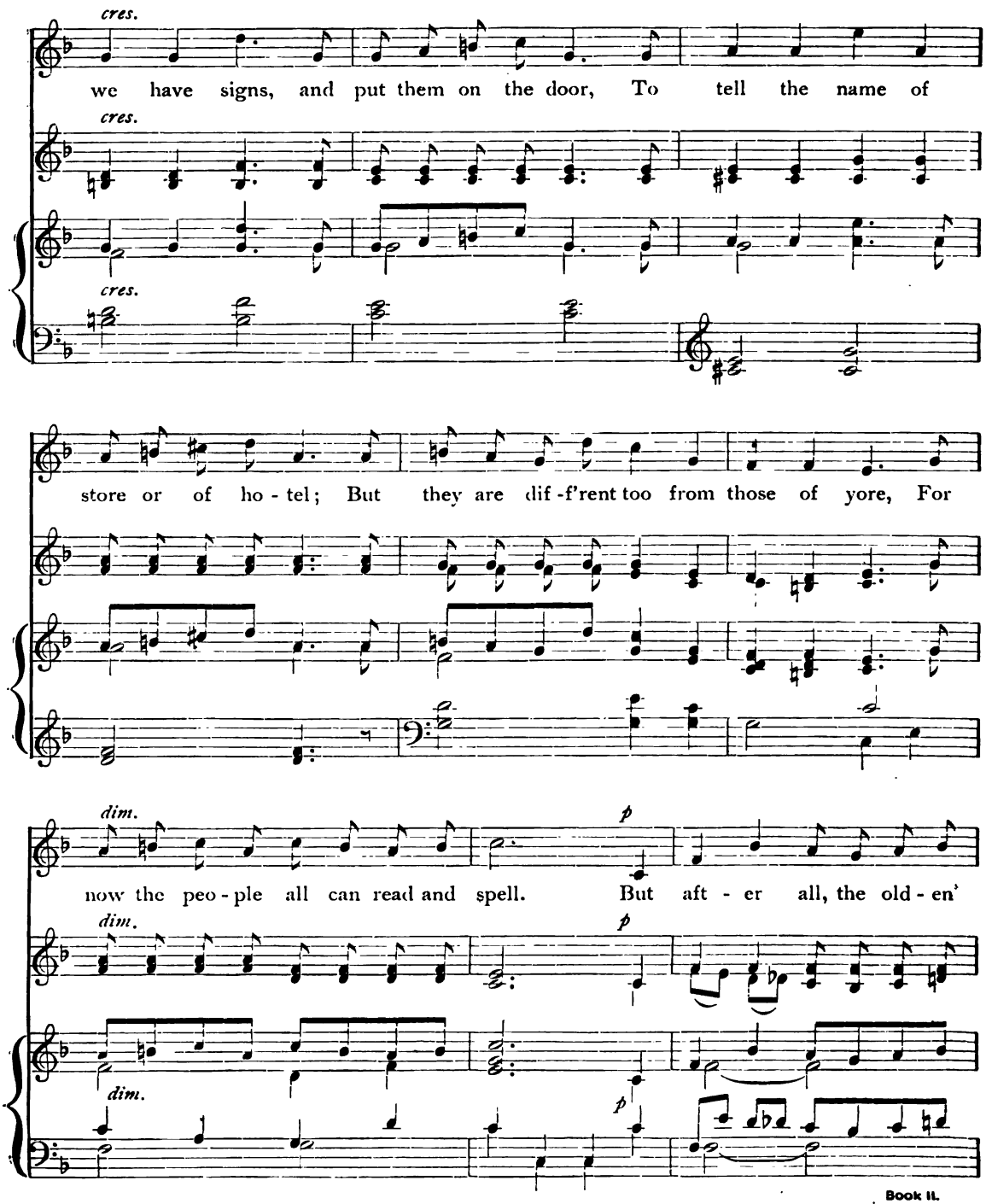

cres.
tell. An inn was called "The Pi - geon and the Stork"; But
cres.
to tell.
cres.
as few peo - ple then knew how to spell, And ver - y, ver - y few knew
dim.
p
how to write, They could not print the name out ver - y well. The
dim.
p
dim.
p

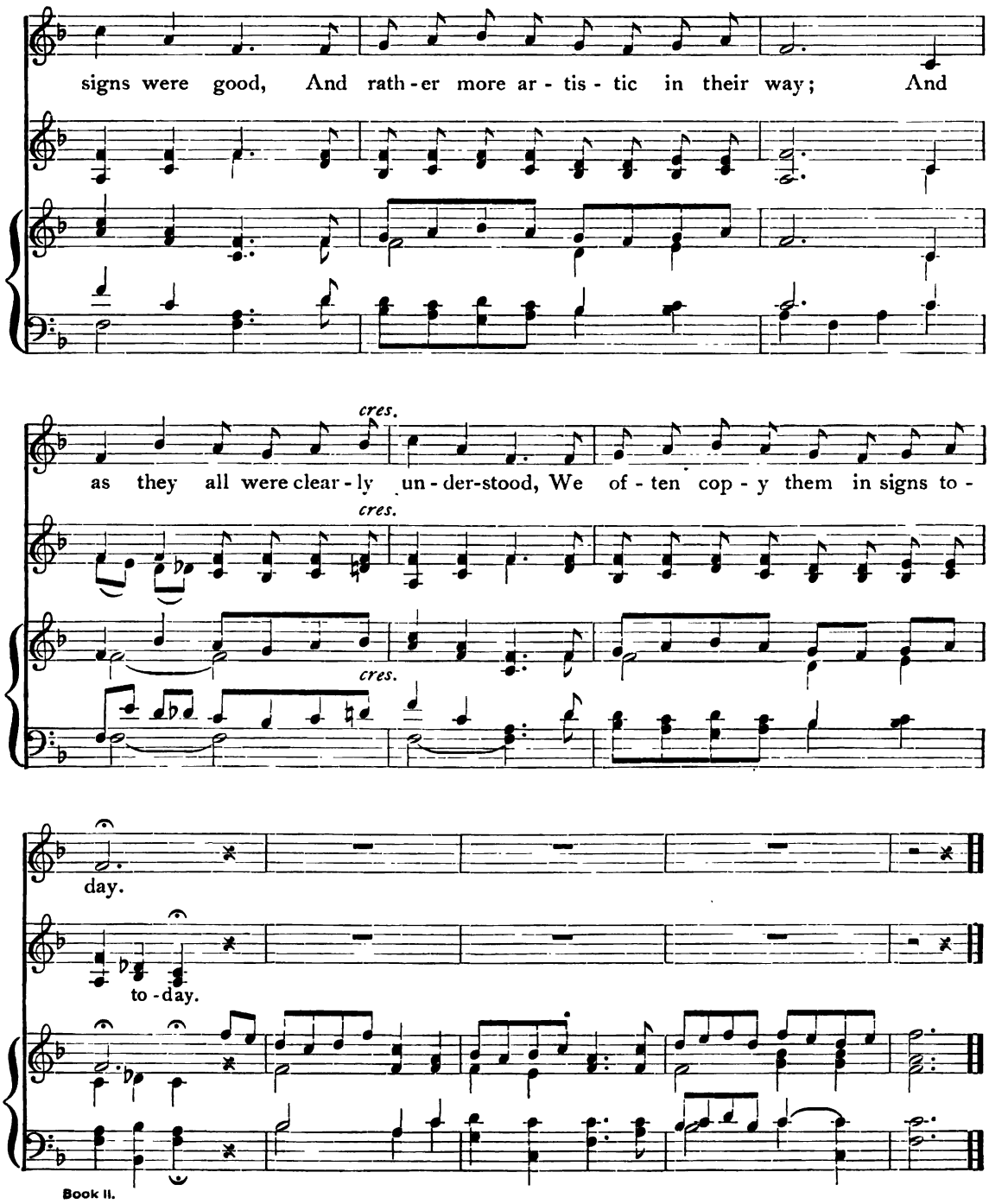

"Pi - geon and the Stork" man had a sign, That
hung up - on a post close by his door; And on it, in a strik-ing,
cres.
cres.
cres.
bold de - sign, The stork on one leg watched the pi- geon soar.
watched him soar.


mf
An -
mf
mf
oth - er inn was named "The Stump and Pump," And
had per-haps an e - ven bet - ter sign; In front, it had a pump made

from a stump, 'Twas sure - ly an o - rig - i - nal de - sign. Now

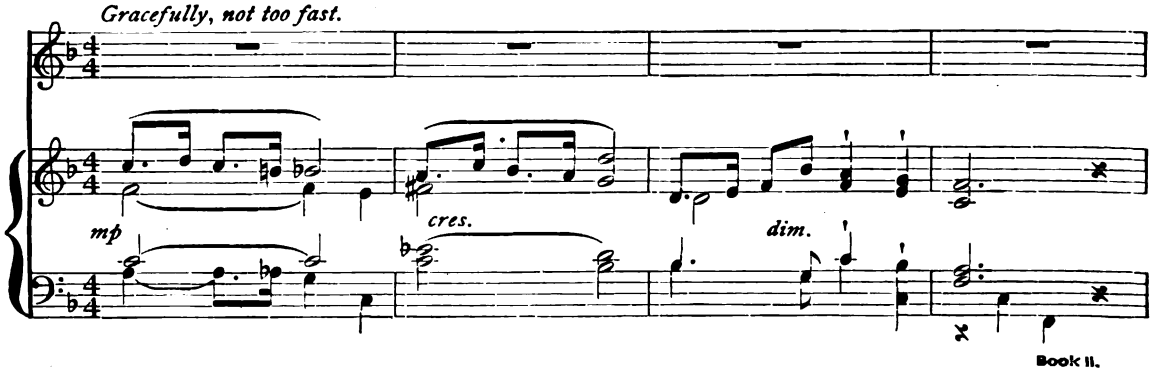
de - sign.

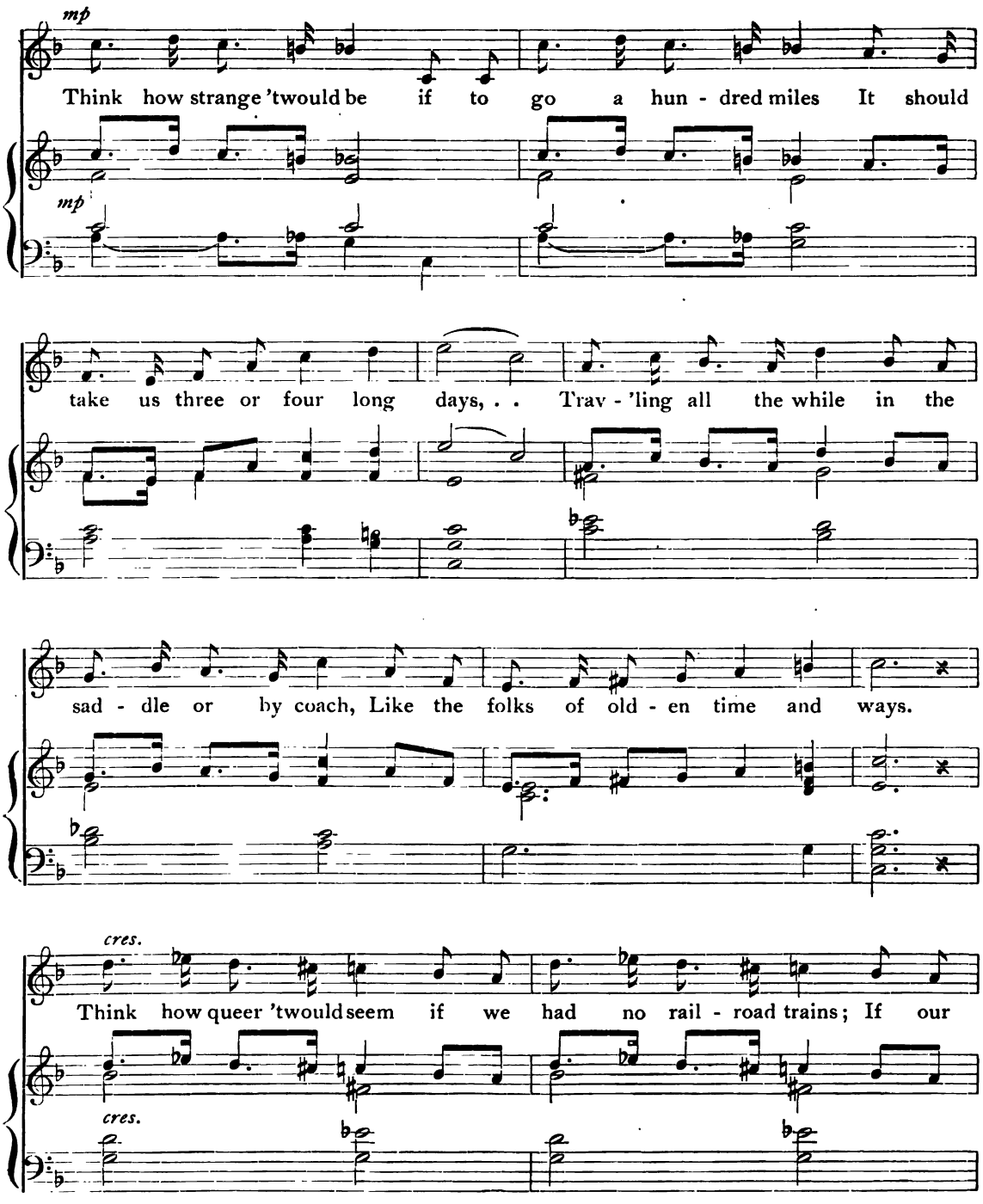

cres.
we have signs, and put them on the door, To tell the name of
store or of ho - tel; But they are dif -f'rent too from those of yore, For
dim.
p
now the peo - ple all can read and spell. But aft - er all, the old - en'


signs were good, And rath-er more ar-tis-tic in their way; And
cres.
as they all were clear-ly un-der-stood, We of-ten cop-y them in signs to-
cres.
cres.
day.
to-day.

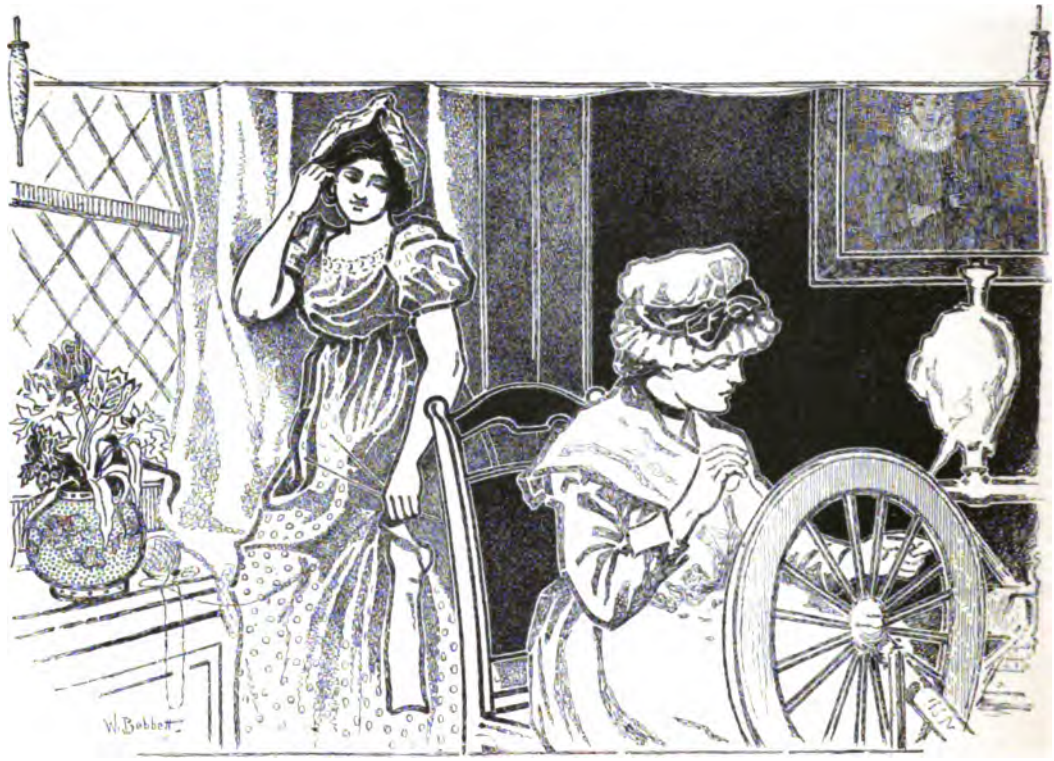
Comparisons.

Gracefully, not too fast.

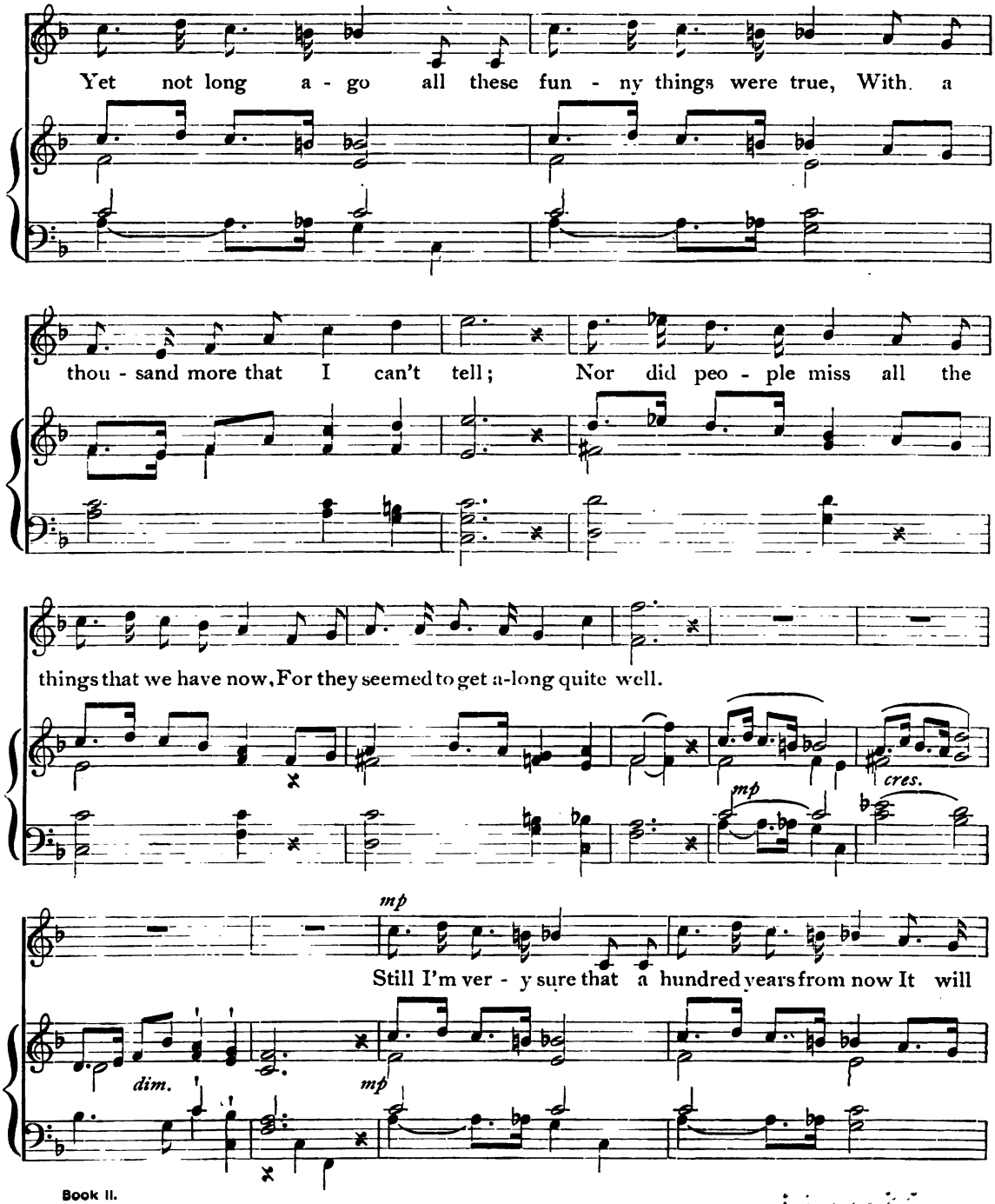


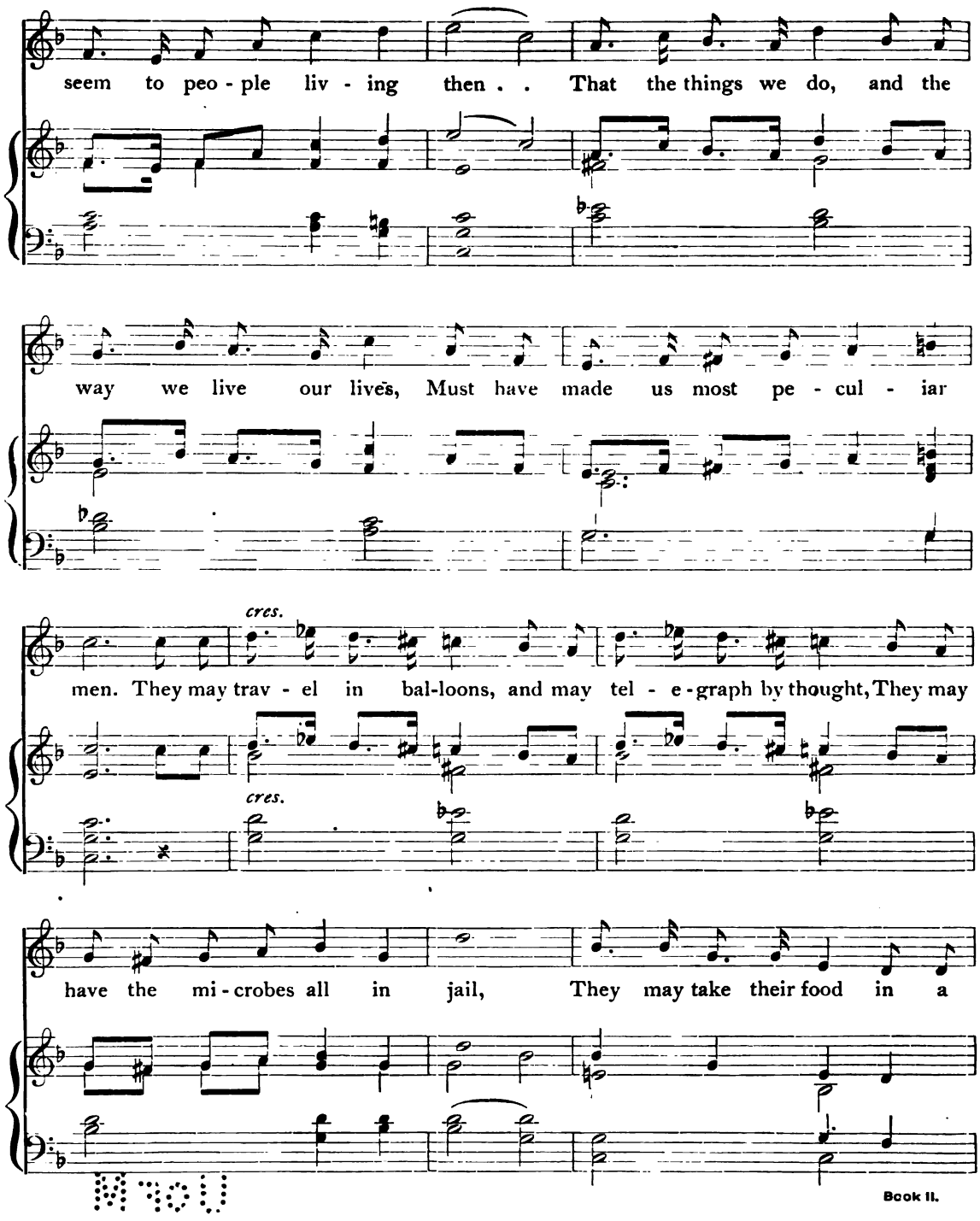

mp
Think how strange 'twould be if to go a hun - dred miles It should
mp
take us three or four long days, . . Trav - 'ling all the while in the
sad - dle or by coach, Like the folks of old - en time and ways.
cres.
Think how queer 'twould seem if we had no rail - road trains; If our
cres.

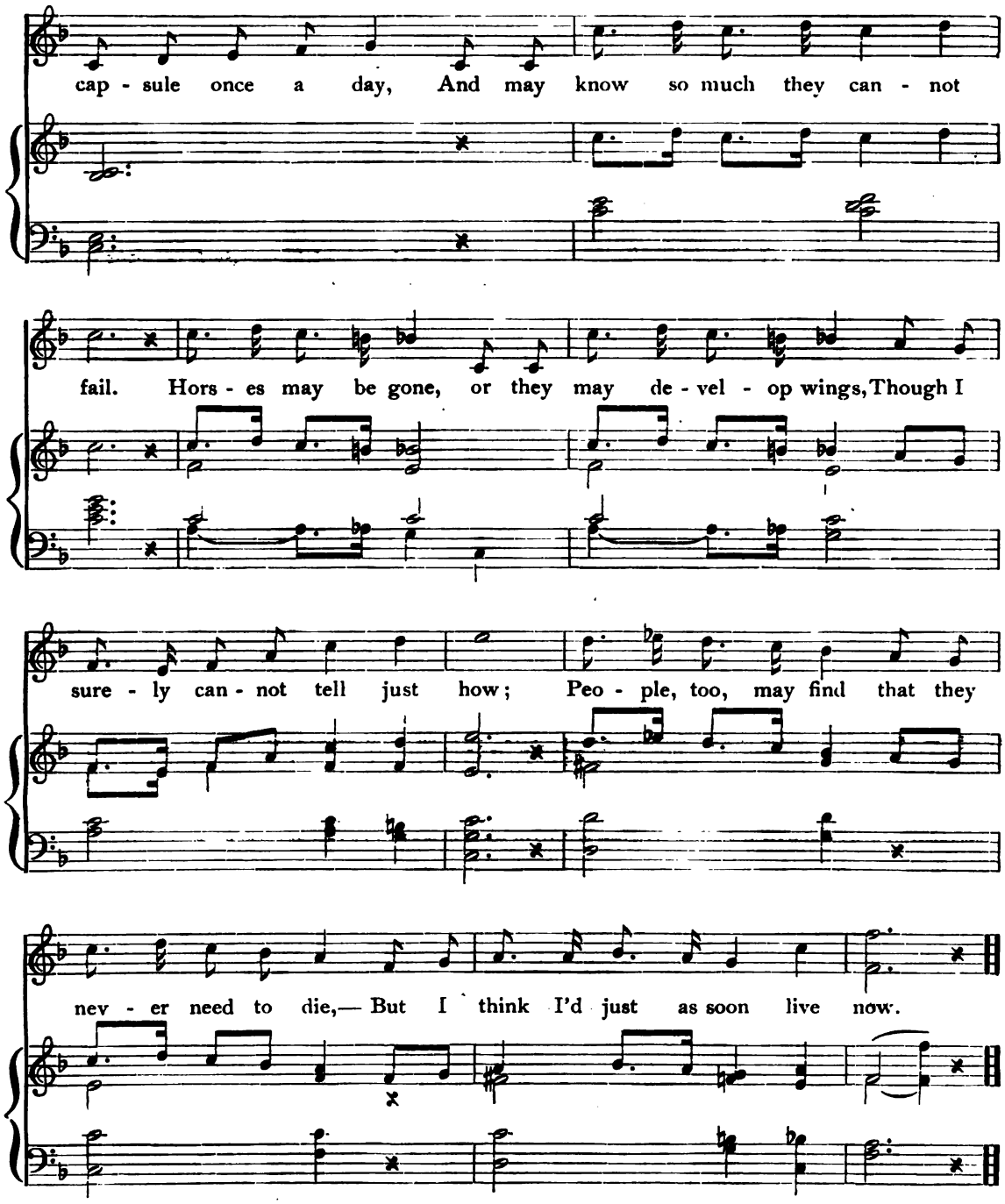
stock-ings were all knit by hand, If the clothes we wore were all



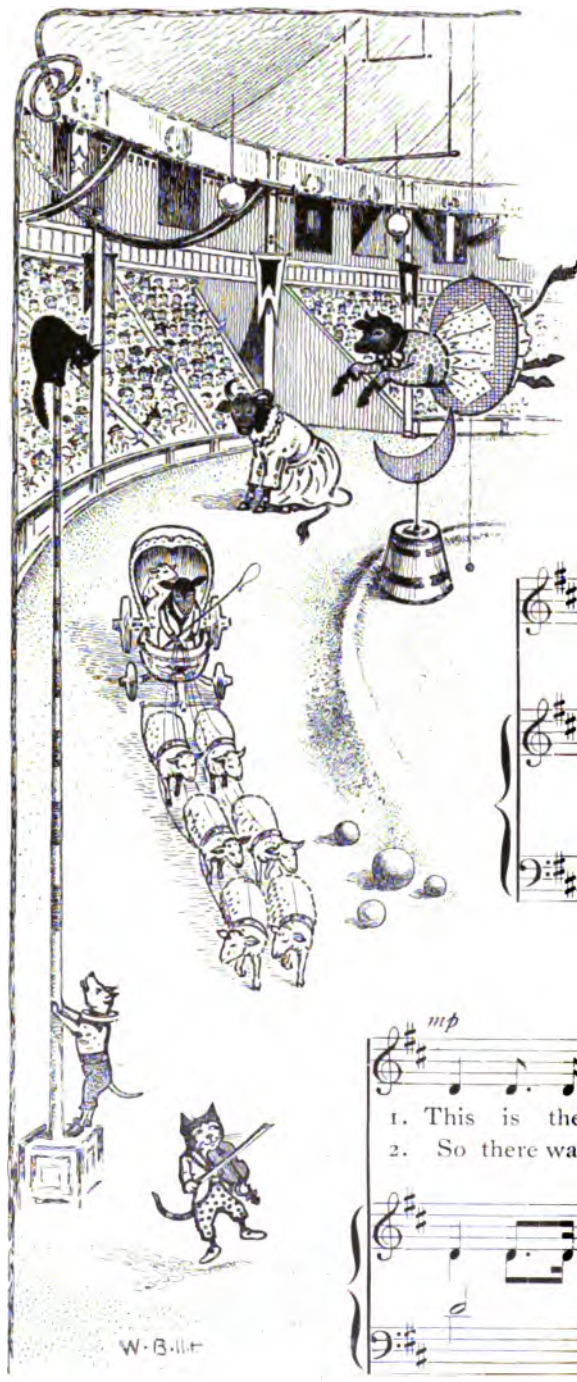
made on grand-ma's loom, And no tel - e-graph was in the land.


Yet not long a - go all these fun - ny things were true, With a
thou - sand more that I can't tell; Nor did peo - ple miss all the
things that we have now, For they seemed to get a-long quite well.
cres.
mp
mp
Still I'm ver - y sure that a hundred years from now It will
dim.
mp


seem to peo - ple liv - ing then . . That the things we do, and the
way we live our lives, Must have made us most pe - cul - iar
cres.
men. They may trav - el in bal-loons, and may tel - e - graph by thought, They may
cres.
have the mi - crobes all in jail, They may take their food in a


cap - sule once a day, And may know so much they can - not
fail. Hors - es may be gone, or they may de - vel - op wings, Though I
sure - ly can - not tell just how; Peo - ple, too, may find that they
nev - er need to die,— But I think I'd just as soon live now.

Old Friends.



Tell the story.

mp

mp

1. This is the cow that jumped o - ver the moon, You re -
2. So there was start-ed the first cir-cus troupe, And they

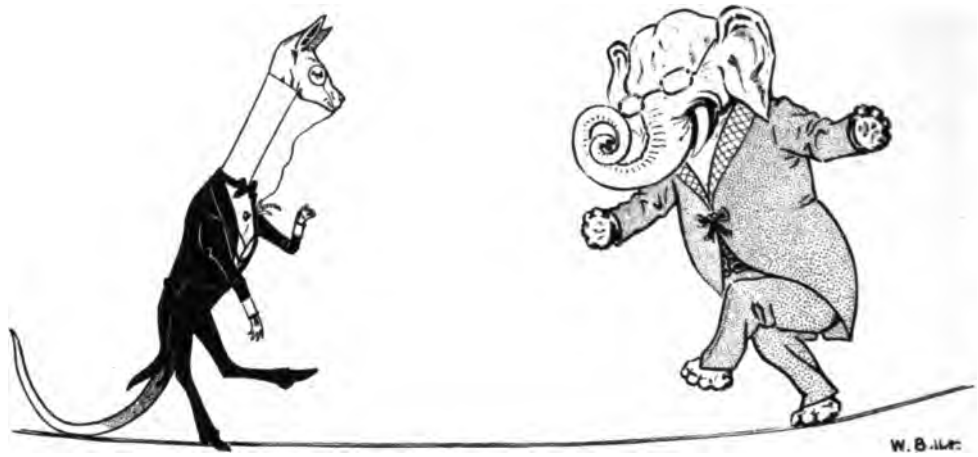
mem-ber the sto - ry, I know. She
trav-eled the country a-round; And

cres.

did take the jump, but came down with a bump, And did not know quite where to
once in a while they would add some new tricks, When-ev - er new ac - tors were

cres.

go. While she was won - der - ing just where she was, And was
found. Old Baa- Baa Black - sheep, and Ma - ry's wee lamb, With the



cres.

feel - ing a lit - tle for - lorn, She looked up the road, and saw
whole of Bo - peep's wand-'ring sheep, And al - so the dog who once

cres.

com - ing a - long, The cow with the crum-pled horn; The cow that jumped
wor - ried the cat, All helped them in fa - vor keep. The cow that jumped

o - ver the moon Met the cow with the crum-pled horn, The cow that jumped
o - ver the moon, And the cow with the crum-pled horn, Thus start - ed the

o - ver the moon Met the
first cir - cus troupe, And

cow with the crum - pled horn.
trav - eled the coun - try round.

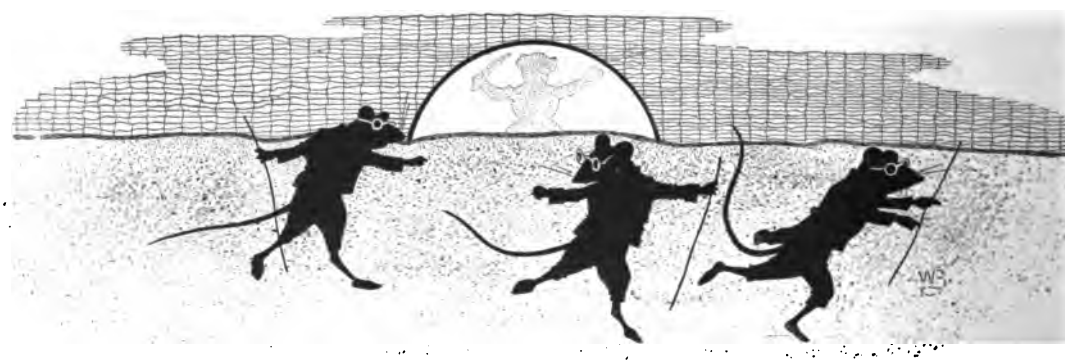
mp

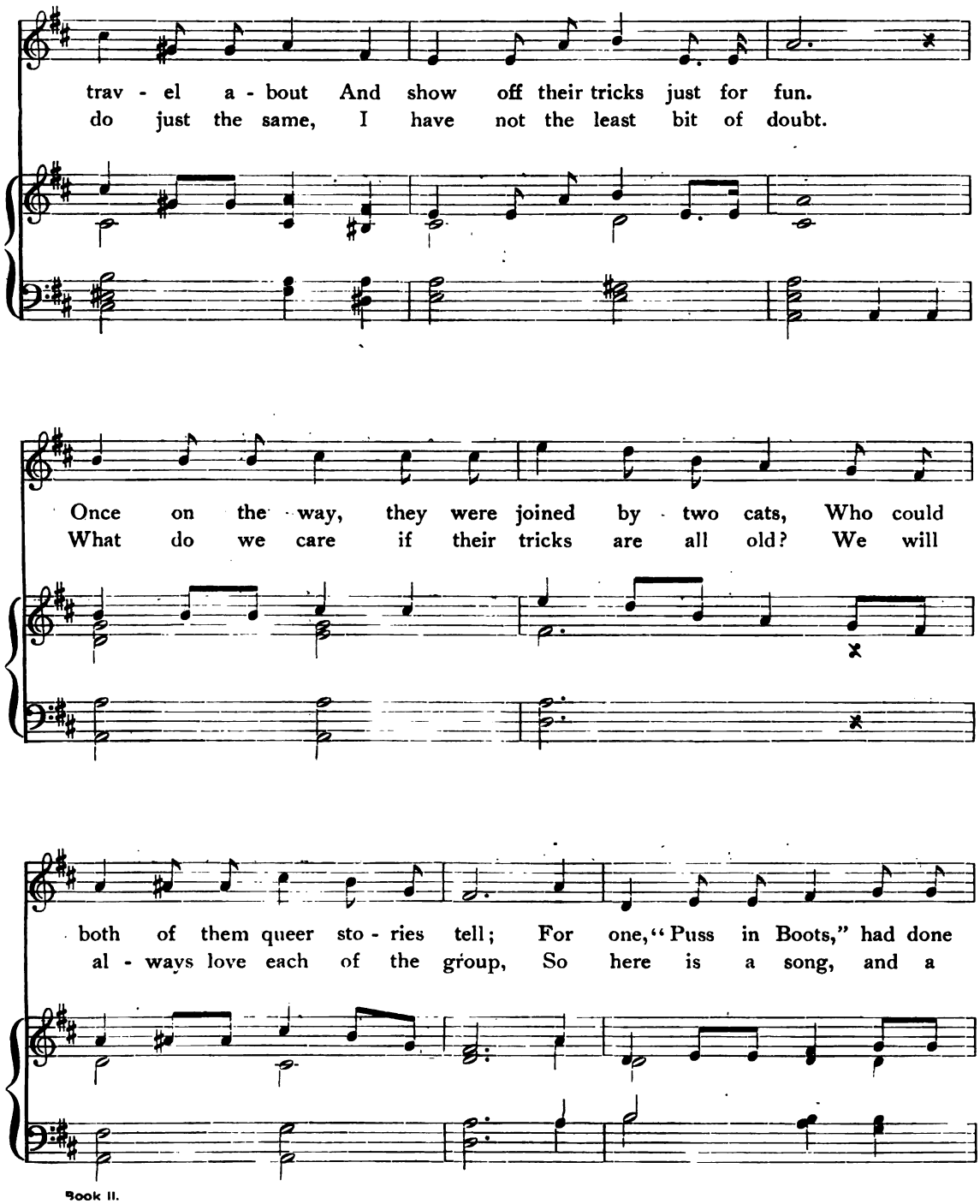
Then these two la - dies, with ev - 'ry de - tail, Told each
Down through the a - ges we can't e - ven count, They have

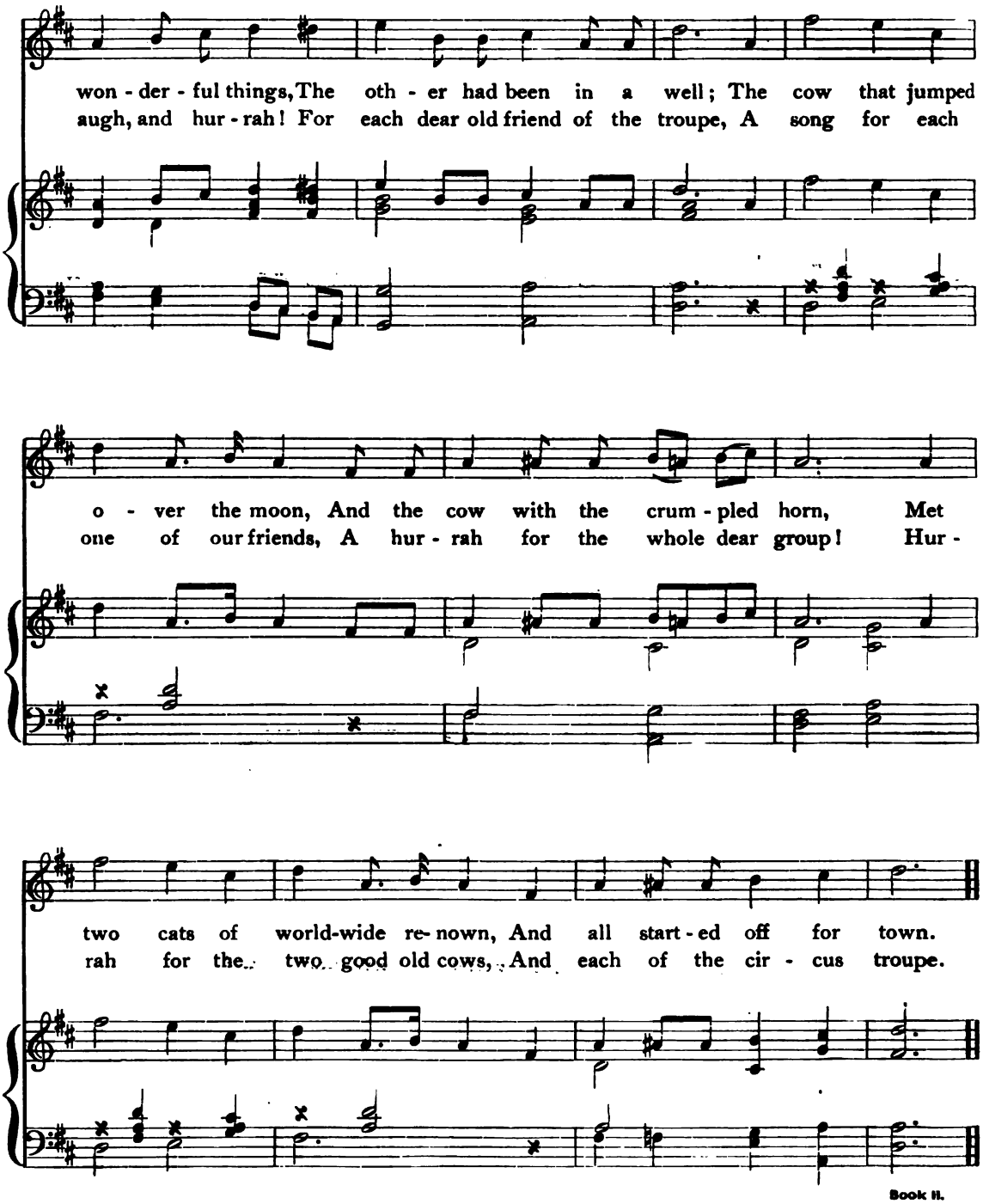
oth - er what they had just done, And quick - ly de - cid - ed to
trav - eled the whole world a - bout, And that in the fu ture they'll

cres.

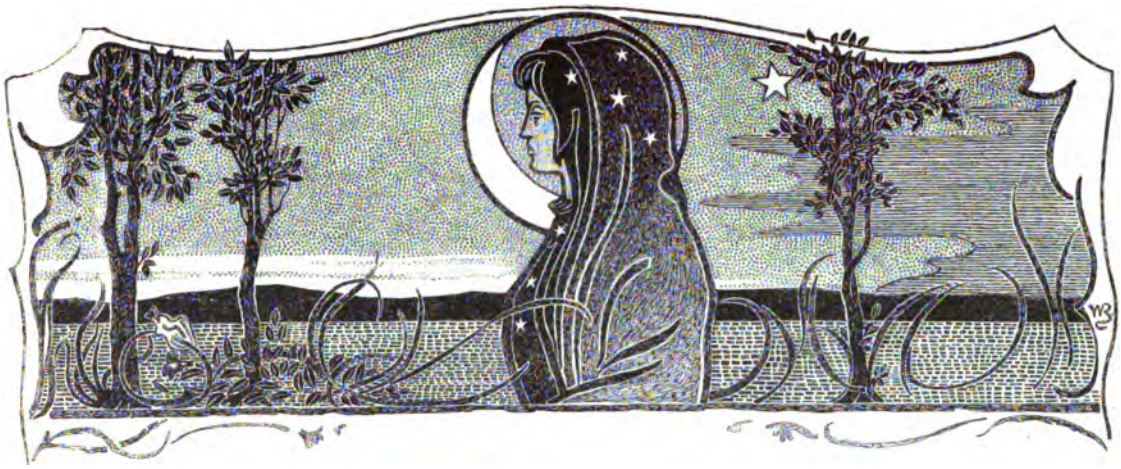
cres.




trav - el a - bout And show off their tricks just for fun.
do just the same, I have not the least bit of doubt.
Once on the way, they were joined by two cats, Who could
What do we care if their tricks are all old? We will
both of them queer sto - ries tell; For one, "Puss in Boots," had done
al - ways love each of the group, So here is a song, and a


won - der - ful things, The oth - er had been in a well; The cow that jumped
augh, and hur - rah! For each dear old friend of the troupe, A song for each
o - ver the moon, And the cow with the crum - pled horn, Met
one of our friends, A hur - rah for the whole dear group! Hur -
two cats of world-wide re- nown, And all start - ed off for town.
rah for the two good old cows, And each of the cir - cus troupe.

Night.

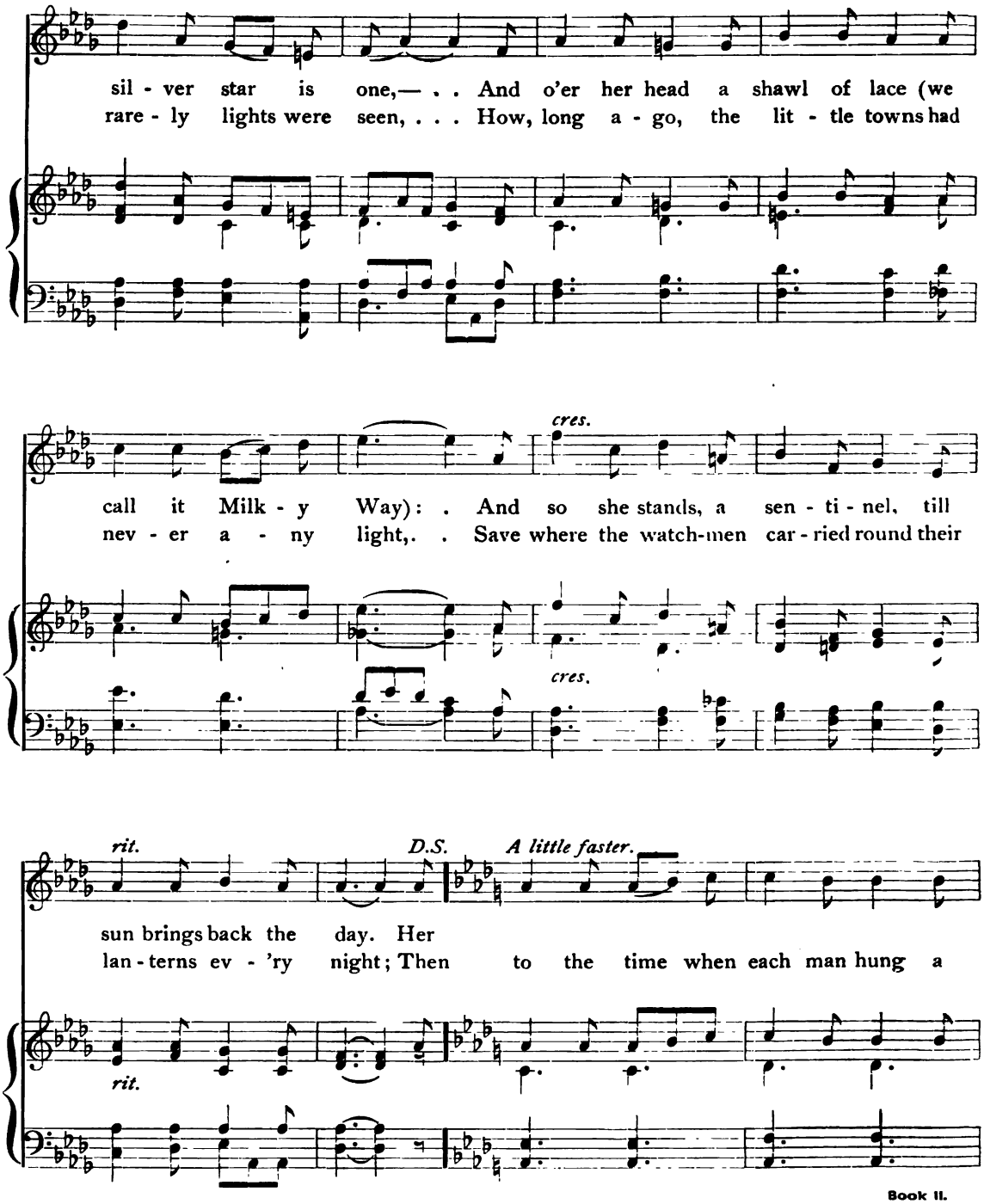


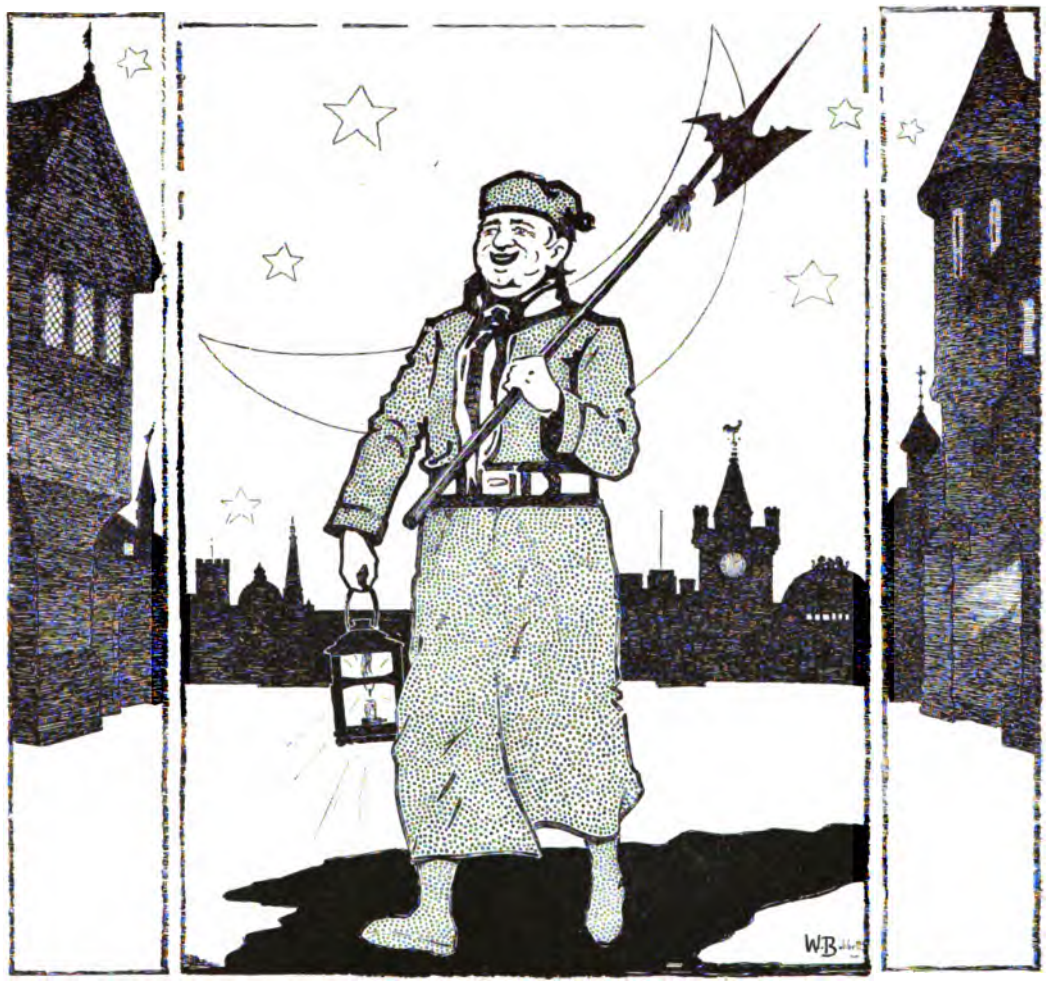
With great repose.

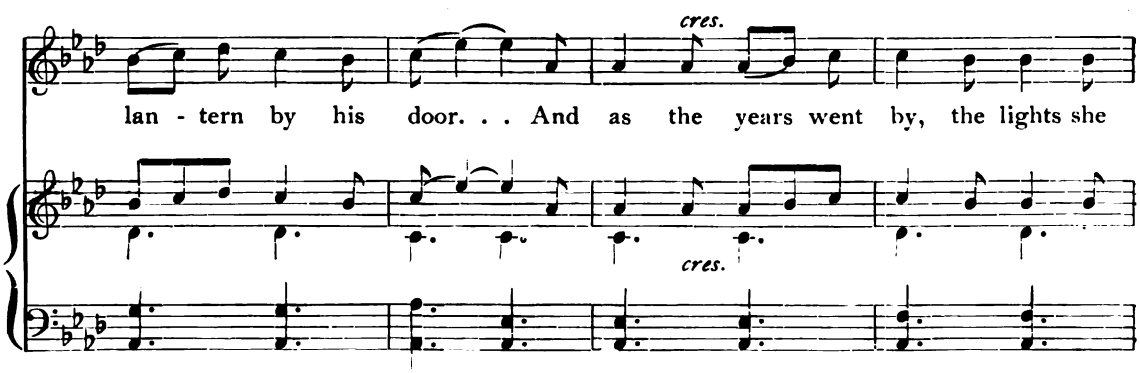
Night comes to guard the sleep - ing earth, when
mind must go back to the past, and

p

day goes with the sun; . . She wears a robe with but - tons bright,—each
skip the years be - tween, . And think how dark the earth was once, how


sil - ver star is one,— . . And o'er her head a shawl of lace (we
rare - ly lights were seen, . . . How, long a - go, the lit - tle towns had
cres.
call it Milk - y Way): . And so she stands, a sen - ti - nel, till
nev - er a - ny light,. . Save where the watch-men car - ried round their
cres.
rit.
D.S.
A little faster.
sun brings back the day. Her
lan - terns ev - 'ry night; Then to the time when each man hung a
rit.




cres.
lan - tern by his door. . . And as the years went by, the lights she
cres.

saw grew more and more; . . For

one by one the ships had lights that

accel.

shone a - cross the wave, And light-hous - es were

accel.

accel.

built up - on the shore, these ships to save. Then came the lo - co -

accel.

mo - tives with their head-lights, strong and clear, And search-lights too, with

streaming light they threw a - far and near. And as she thinks of all the chan-ges

from the first dim days, The earth Night looks up - on to - day must

rit. mp

al - most seem a - blaze! For first there was the tal - low dip, that

L.H.

rit. mp

she could hard - ly see, . . And then came oil, and next came gas, then

cres.

e - lec - tric - i - ty; . . . But then, at last, I'm sure she thinks that

rit.

these are poor, each one, . . As, look - ing the ho - ri - zon o'er, she

rit.

Pause.

ff *p rit.*

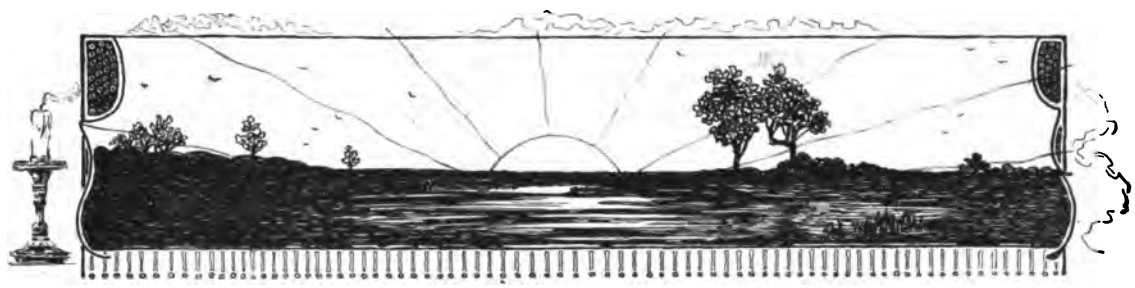
sees the morning sun, The morn-ing sun! The morning sun. . .

R.H. 3 4 5

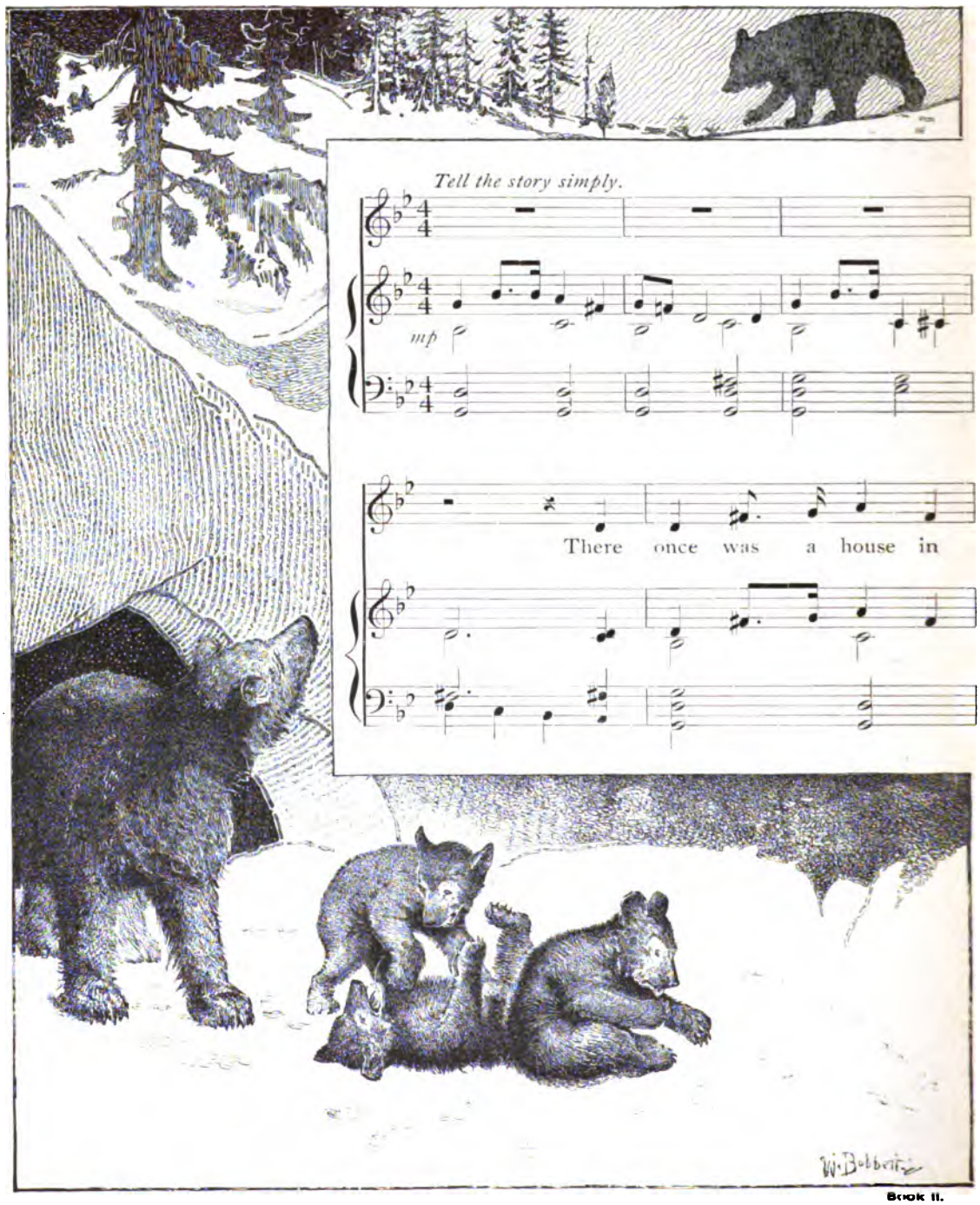
slowly. 2 1 2

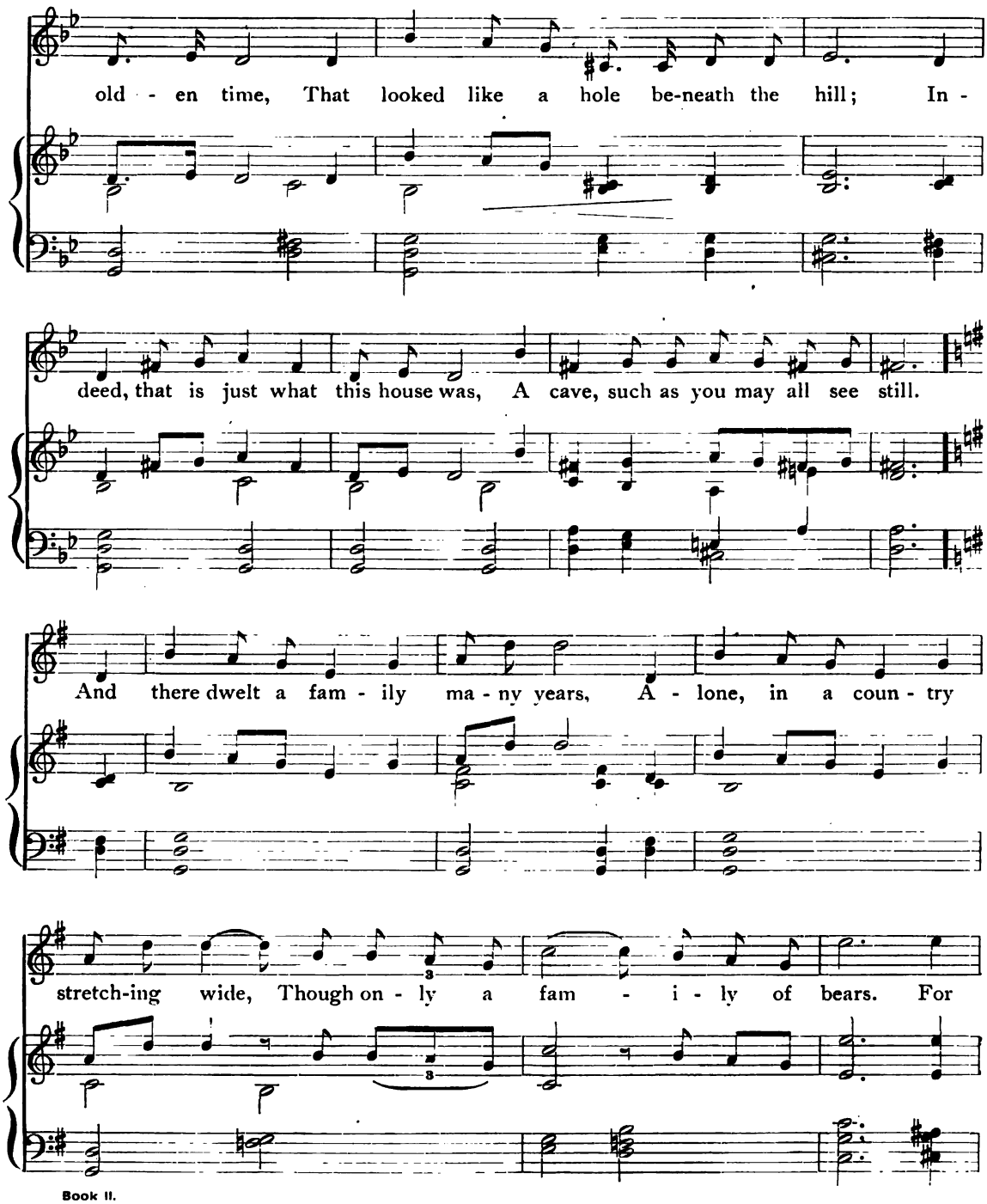
1 5 3 2 1 4

ff *Pause. p rit.*



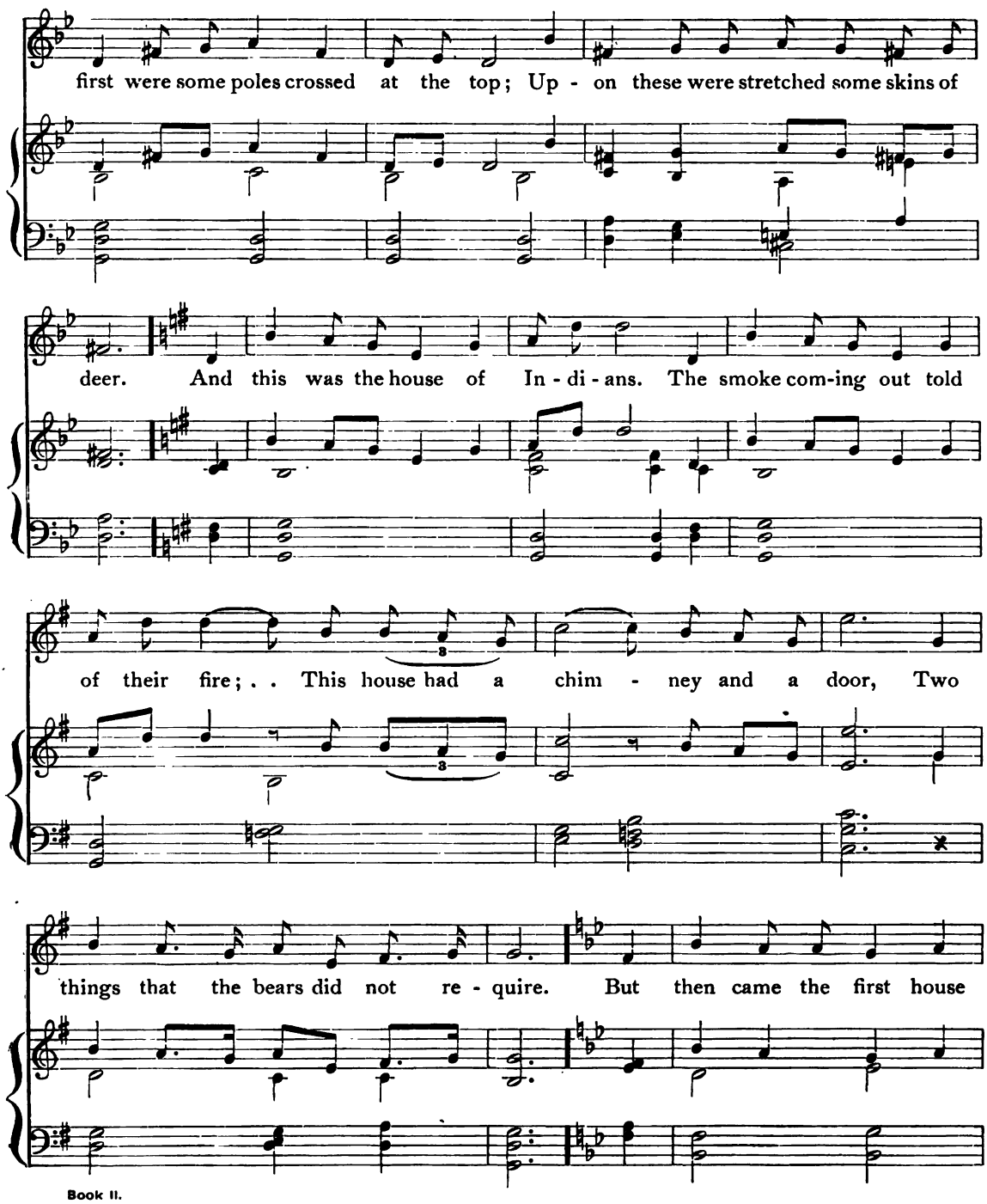
Story of the House.




old - en time, That looked like a hole be-neath the hill; In -
deed, that is just what this house was, A cave, such as you may all see still.
And there dwelt a fam - ily ma - ny years, A - lone, in a coun - try
stretch-ing wide, Though on - ly a fam - i - ly of bears. For

years there was no one there be-side; And then, all at once, an -

oth - er house Ap - peared on the plain, and looked quite queer. There


first were some poles crossed at the top; Up - on these were stretched some skins of
deer. And this was the house of In - di - ans. The smoke com-ing out told
of their fire; . . This house had a chim - ney and a door, Two
things that the bears did not re - quire. But then came the first house

white men built, And though ver - y rough - ly made of logs, It

still was a house much more like ours, And sheltered the set-tler and his dogs. At

last, one by one, new hous - es came, Un - til, on the plain, a

cit - y grew; It stretched far and wide, and grew up high, And

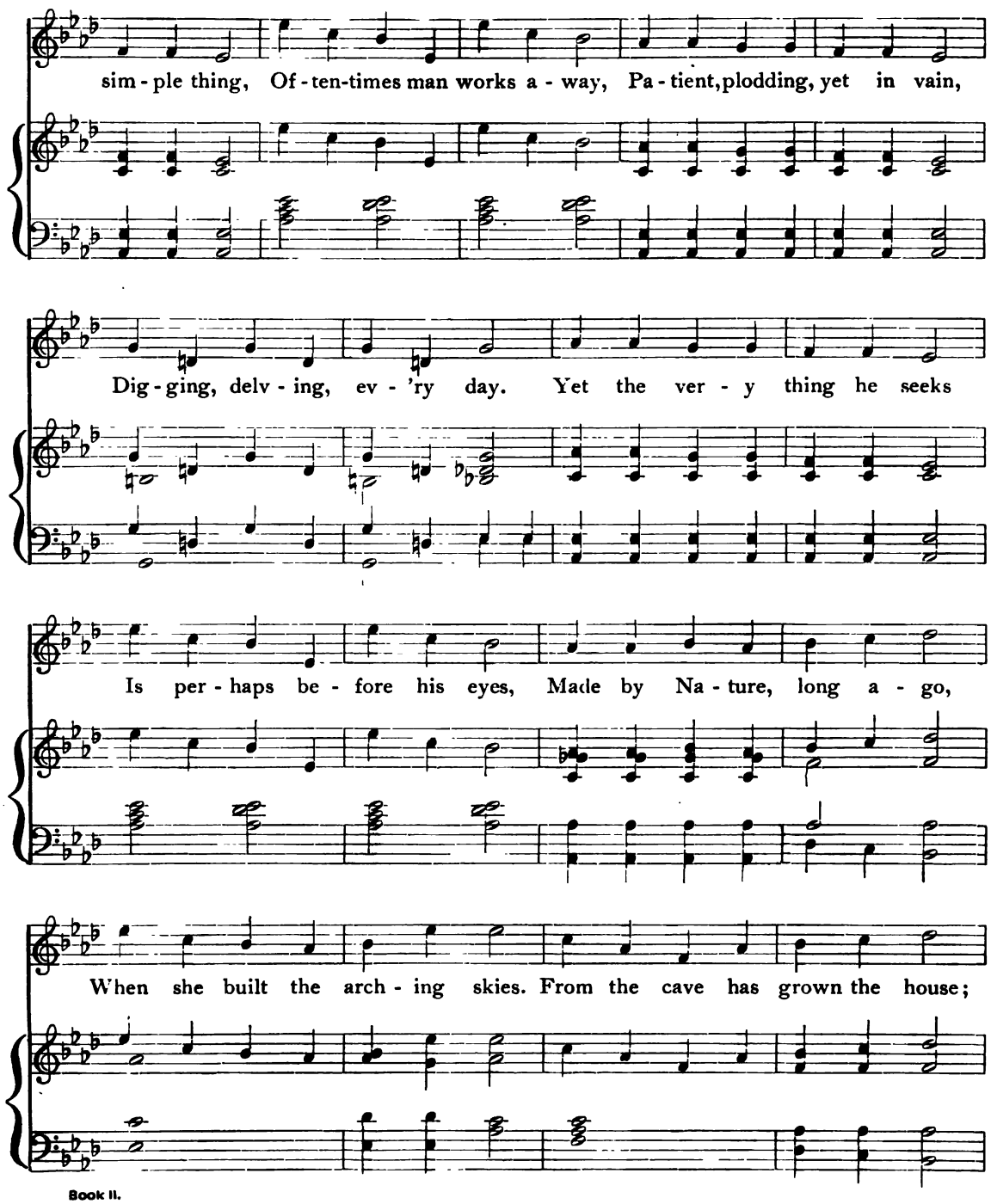
far o'er the land its light it threw, A cit - y grew. . .

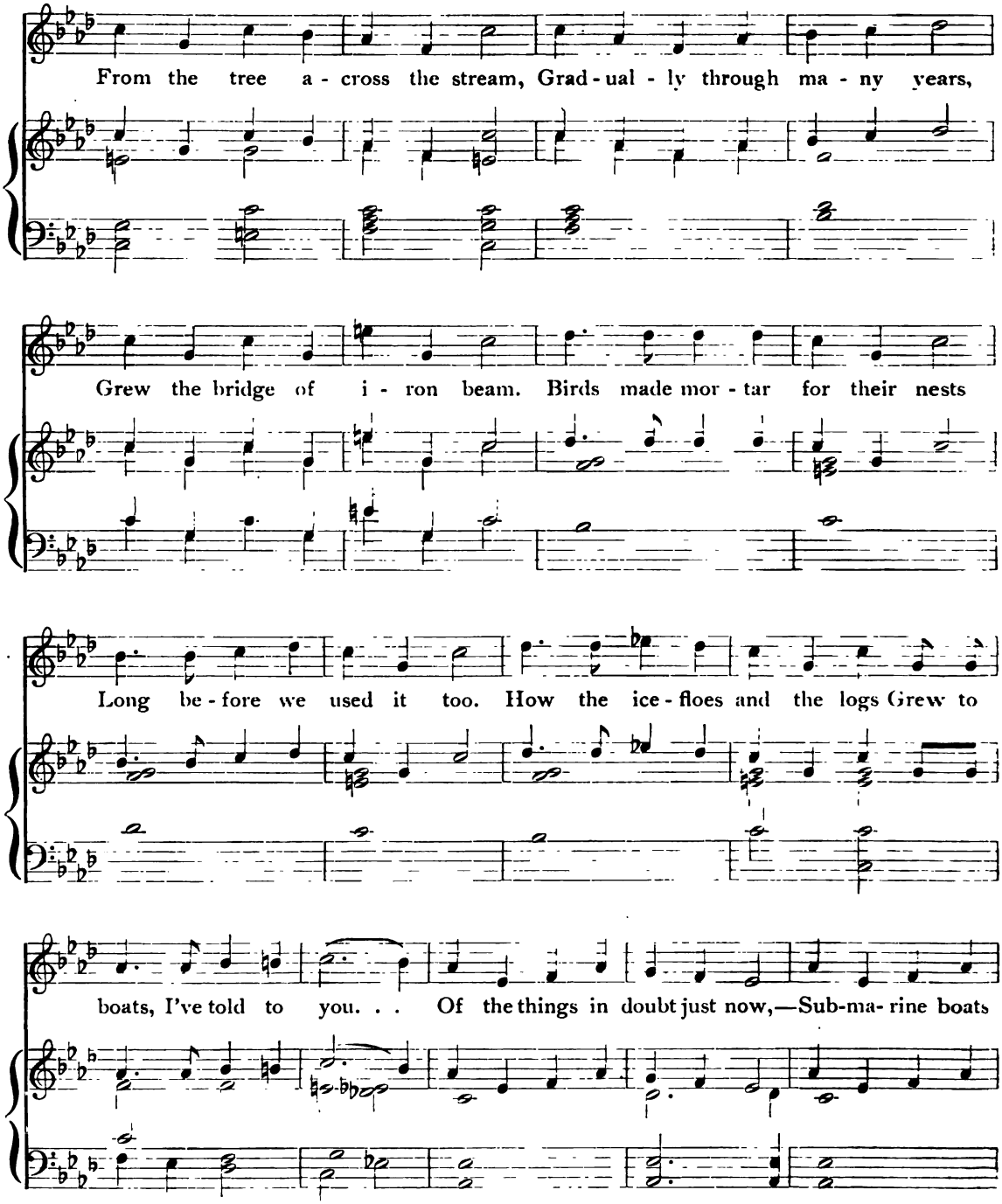
Beginnings.

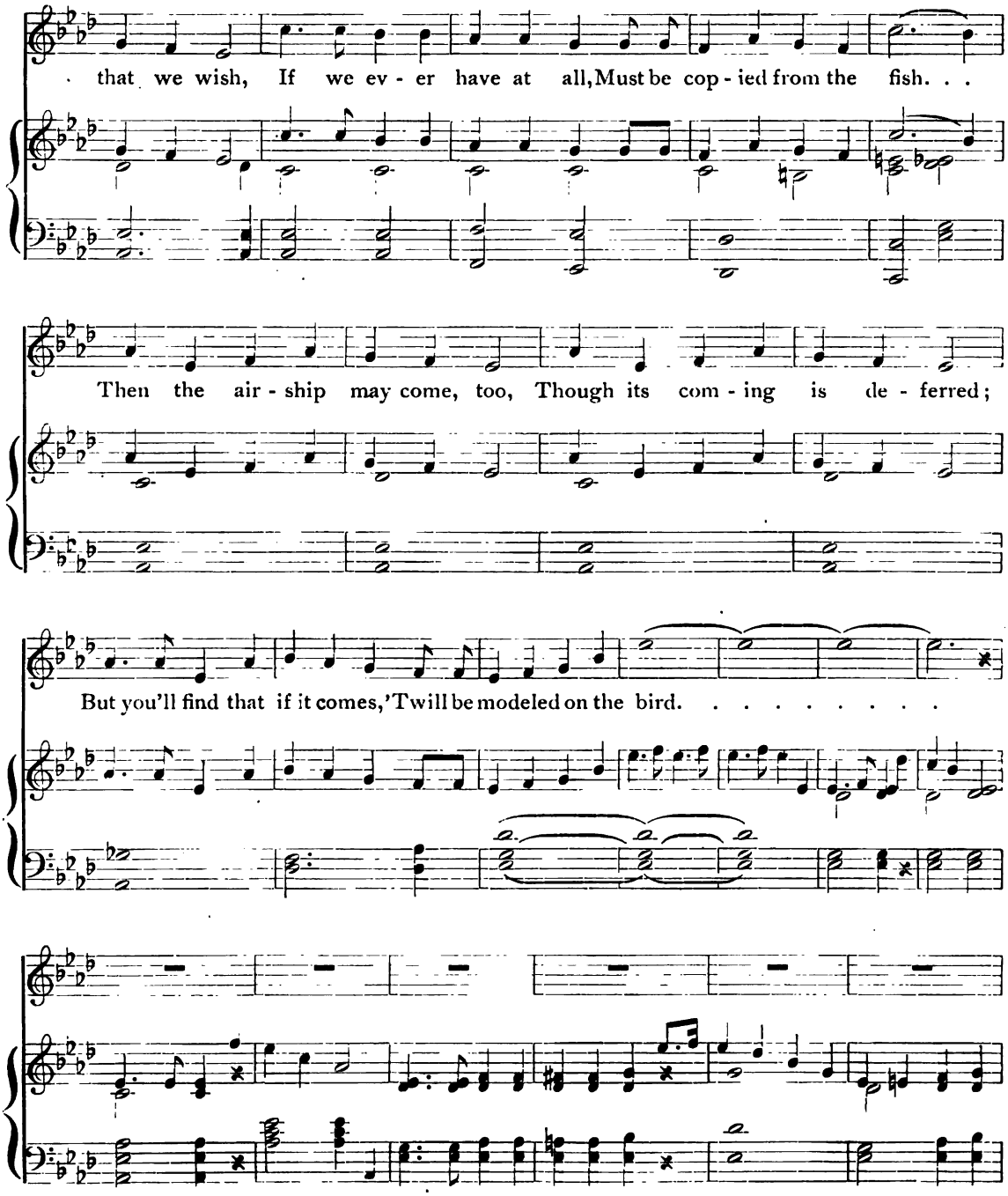
Quite fast.

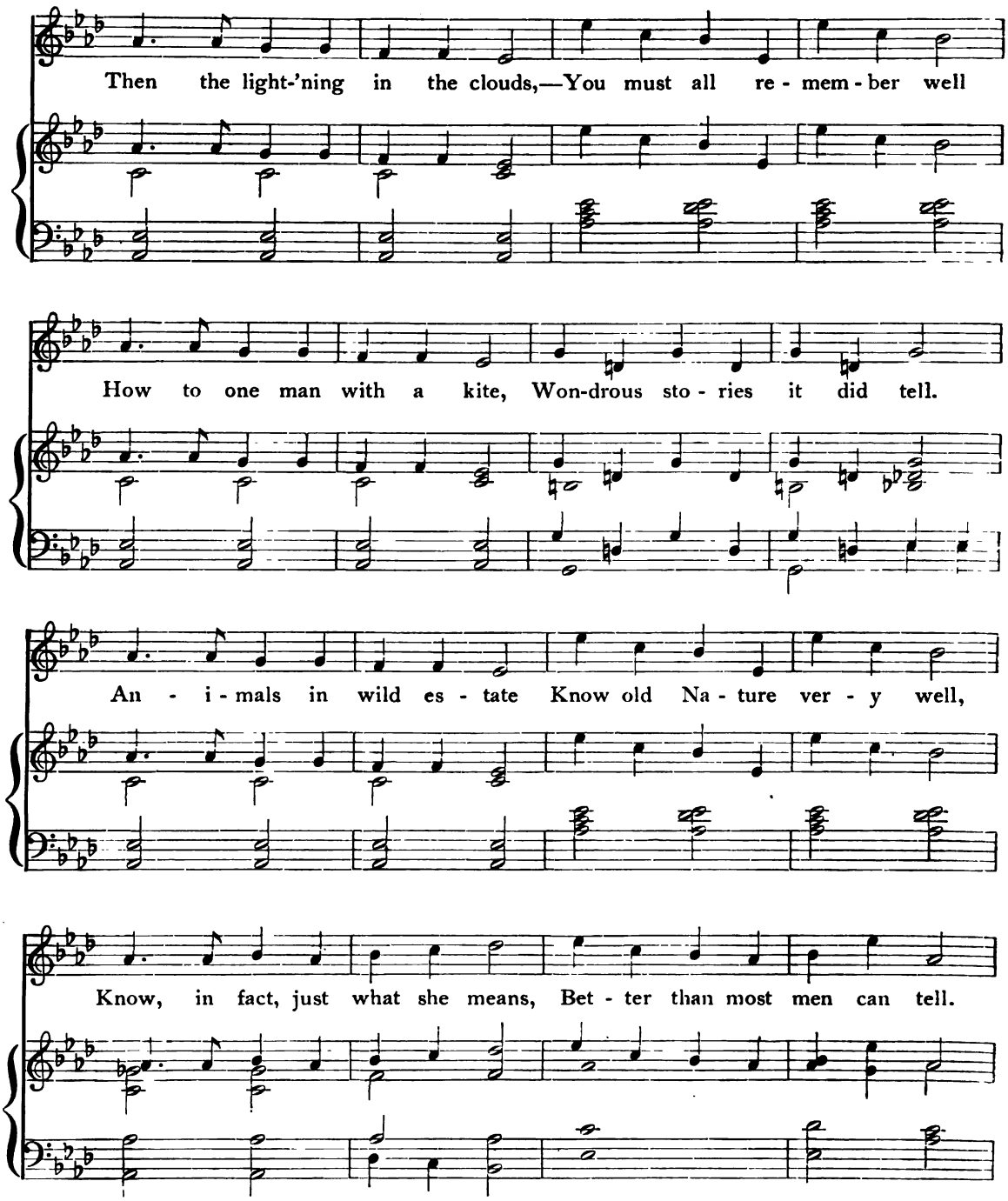
mf

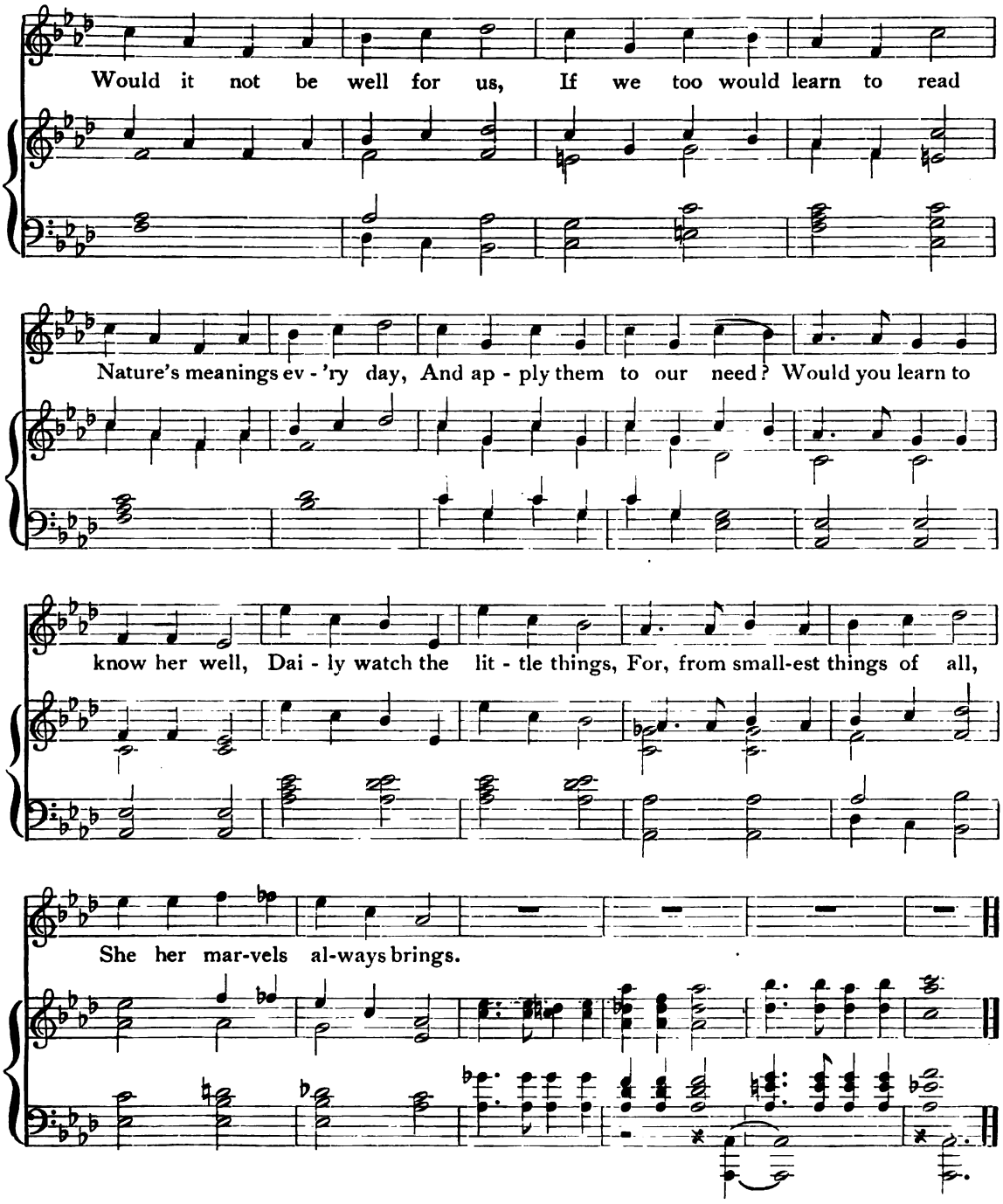
Searching for some


sim - ple thing, Of - ten-times man works a - way, Pa - tient, plodding, yet in vain,
Dig - ging, delv - ing, ev - 'ry day. Yet the ver - y thing he seeks
Is per - haps be - fore his eyes, Made by Na - ture, long a - go,
When she built the arch - ing skies. From the cave has grown the house;

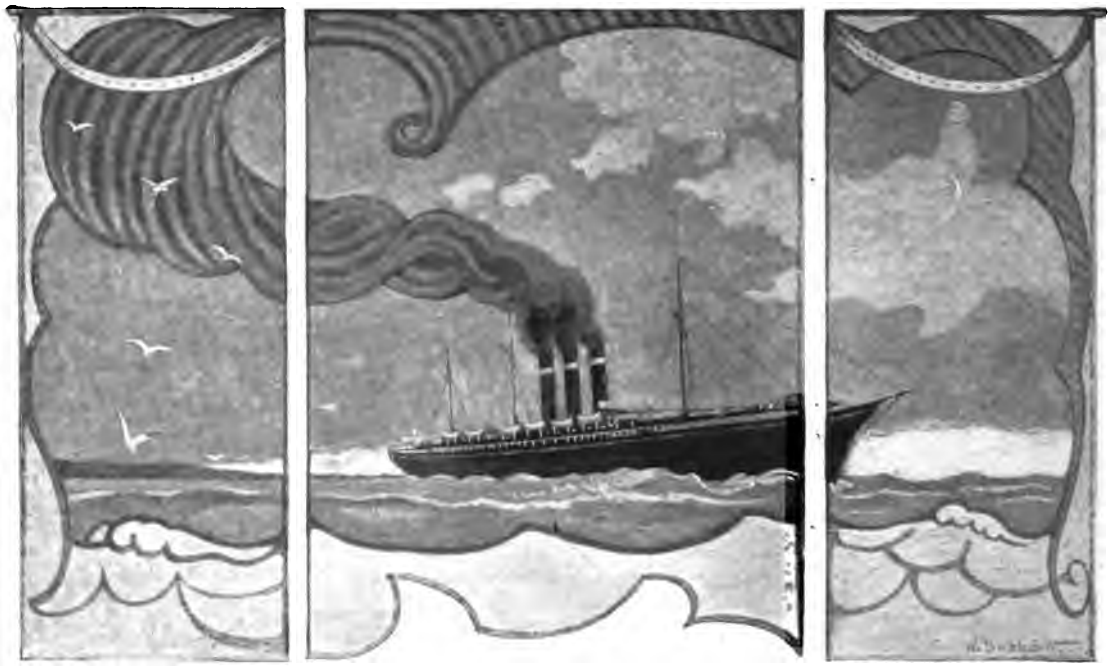

From the tree a - cross the stream, Grad - ual - ly through ma - ny years,
Grew the bridge of i - ron beam. Birds made mor - tar for their nests
Long be - fore we used it too. How the ice - floes and the logs Grew to
boats, I've told to you. . . Of the things in doubt just now,—Sub-ma- rine boats


that we wish, If we ev - er have at all, Must be cop - ied from the fish. . .
Then the air - ship may come, too, Though its com - ing is de - ferred;
But you'll find that if it comes, 'Twill be modeled on the bird. . . . . .


Then the light-'ning in the clouds,—You must all re - mem - ber well
How to one man with a kite, Won-drous sto - ries it did tell.
An - i - mals in wild es - tate Know old Na - ture ver - y well,
Know, in fact, just what she means, Bet - ter than most men can tell.


Would it not be well for us, If we too would learn to read
Nature's meanings ev - 'ry day, And ap - ply them to our need? Would you learn to
know her well, Dai - ly watch the lit - tle things, For, from small-est things of all,
She her mar-vels al-ways brings.

The Voyage.

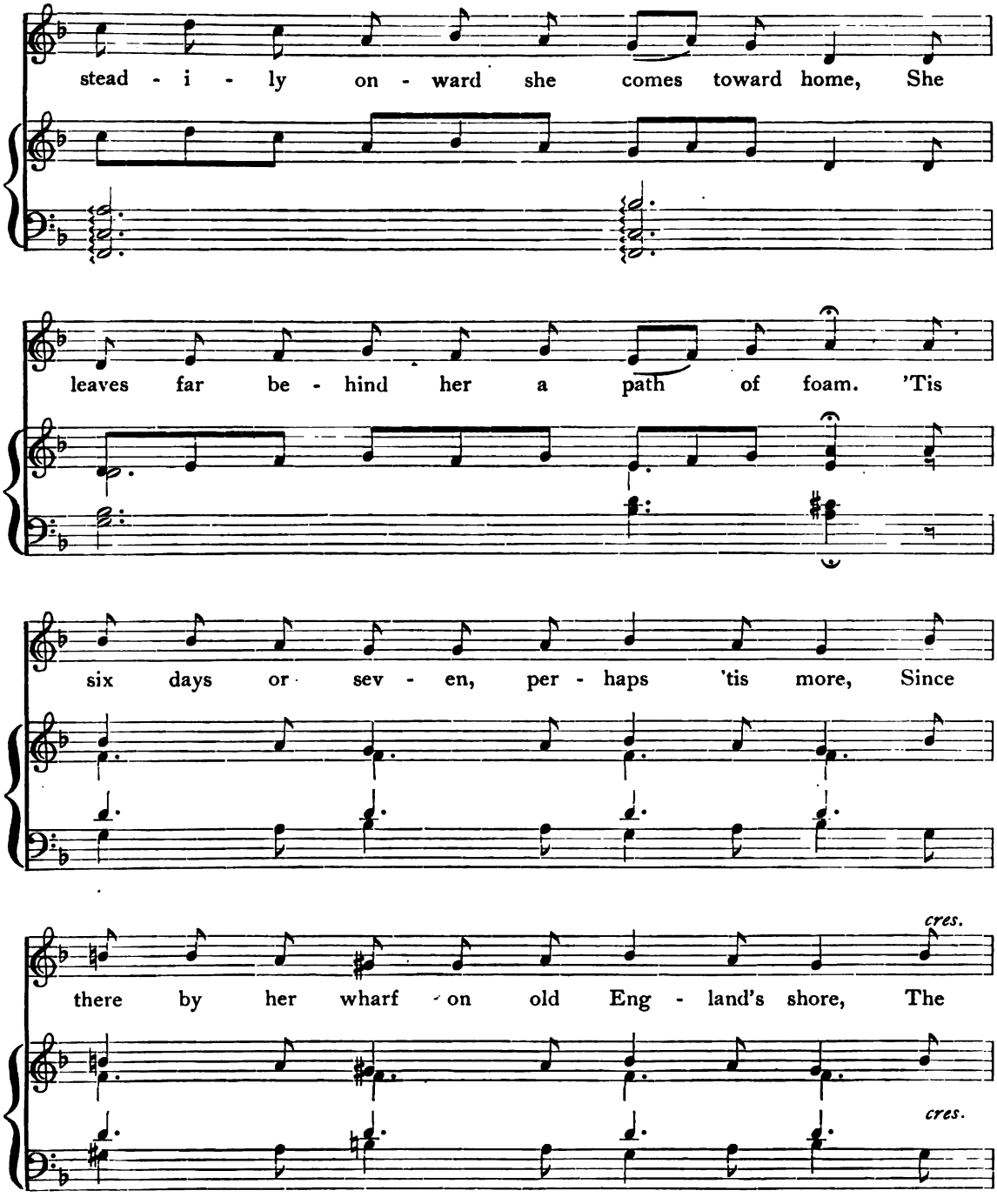


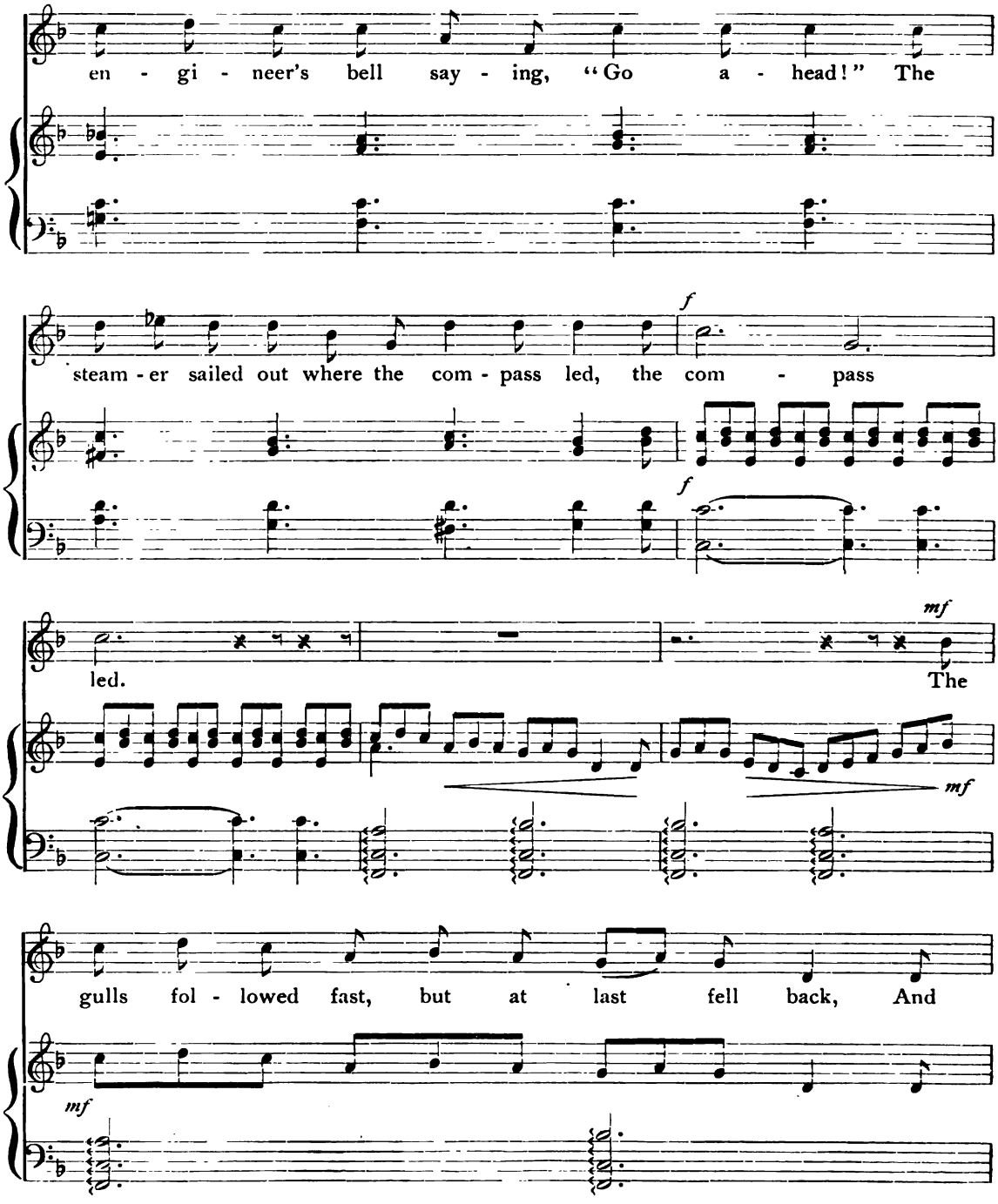
As rapidly as possible. *mf*

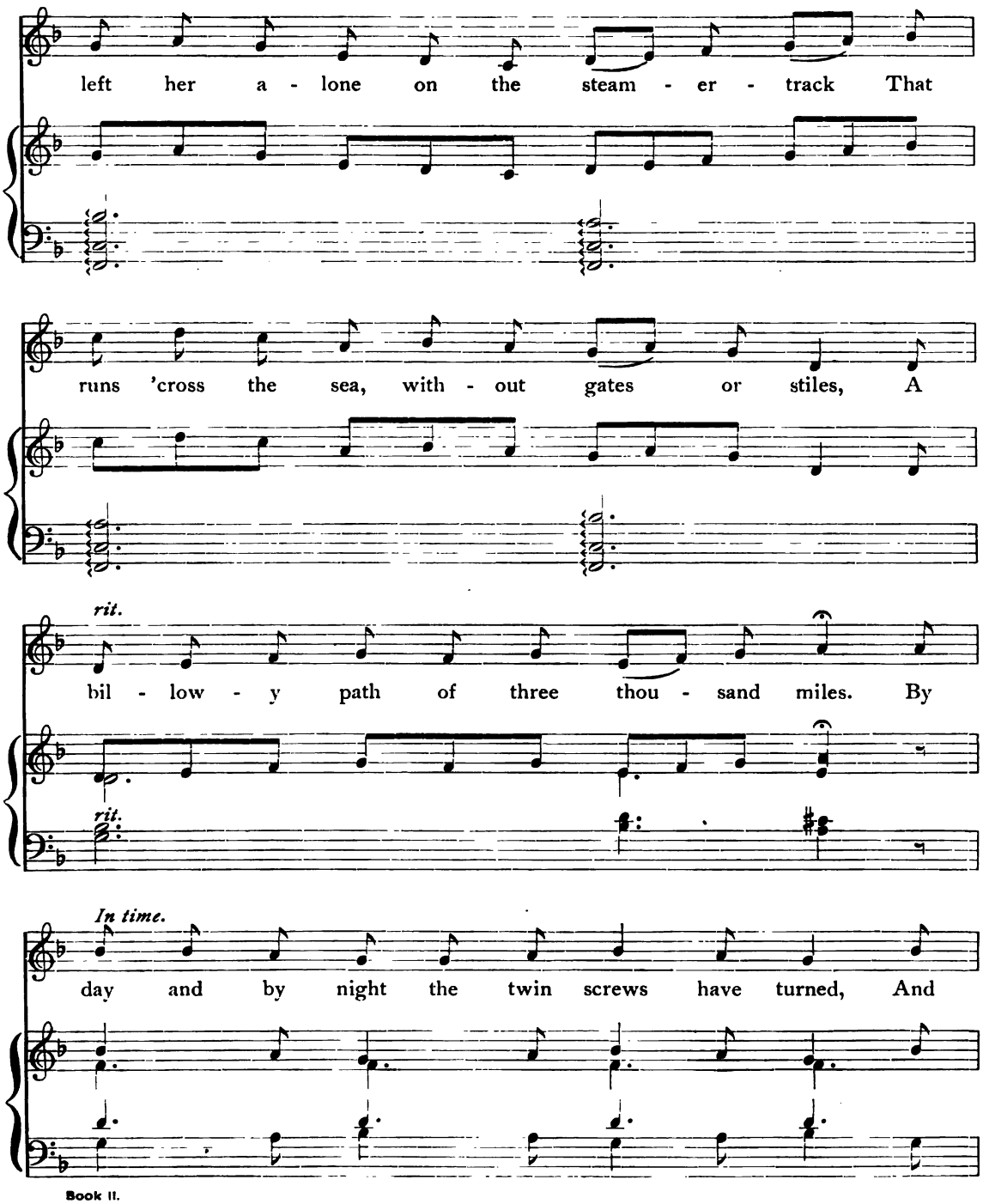
The while we are sing-ing this morning song, A

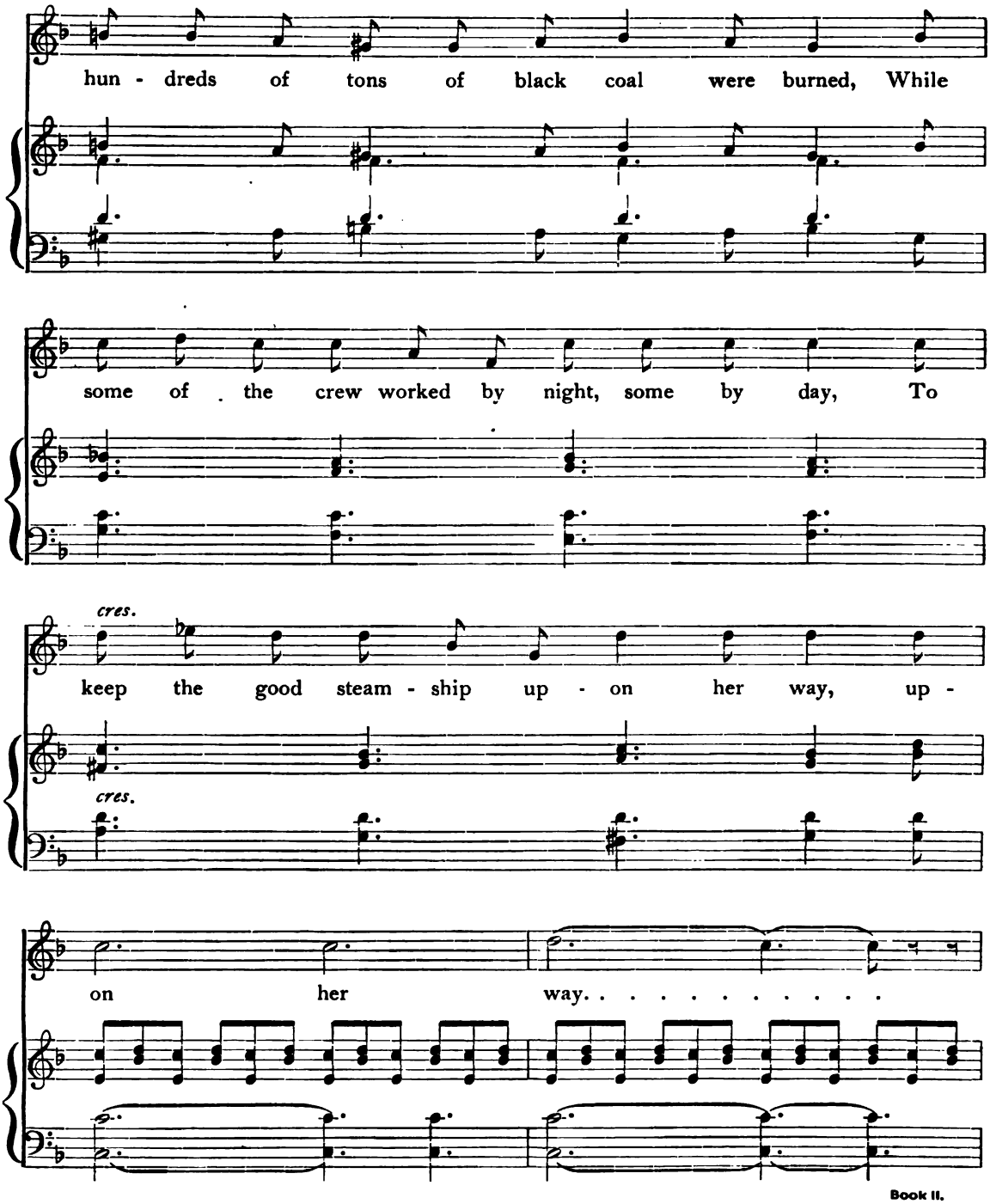
mf *mf*

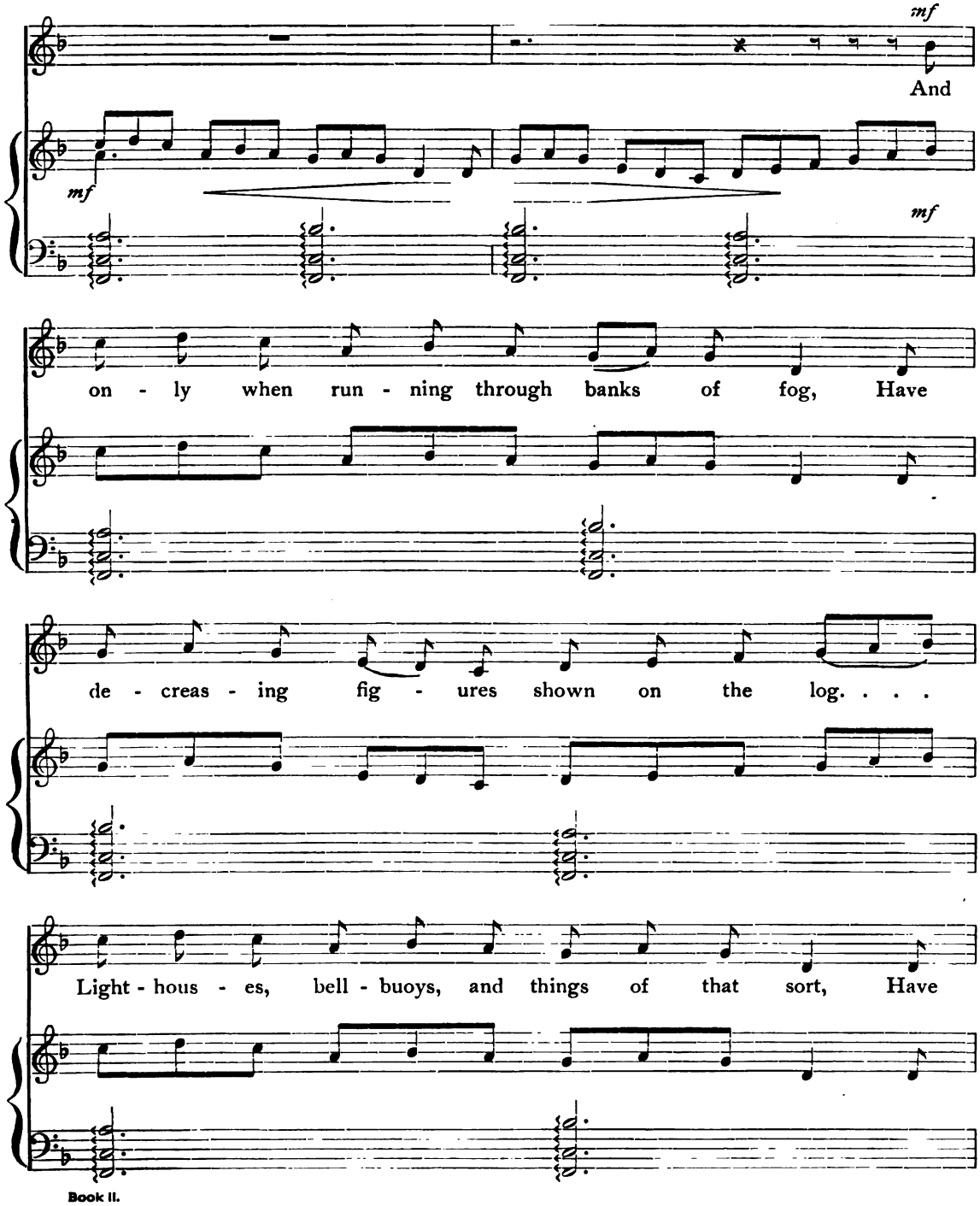
steam - ship is plow - ing her way a - long; As

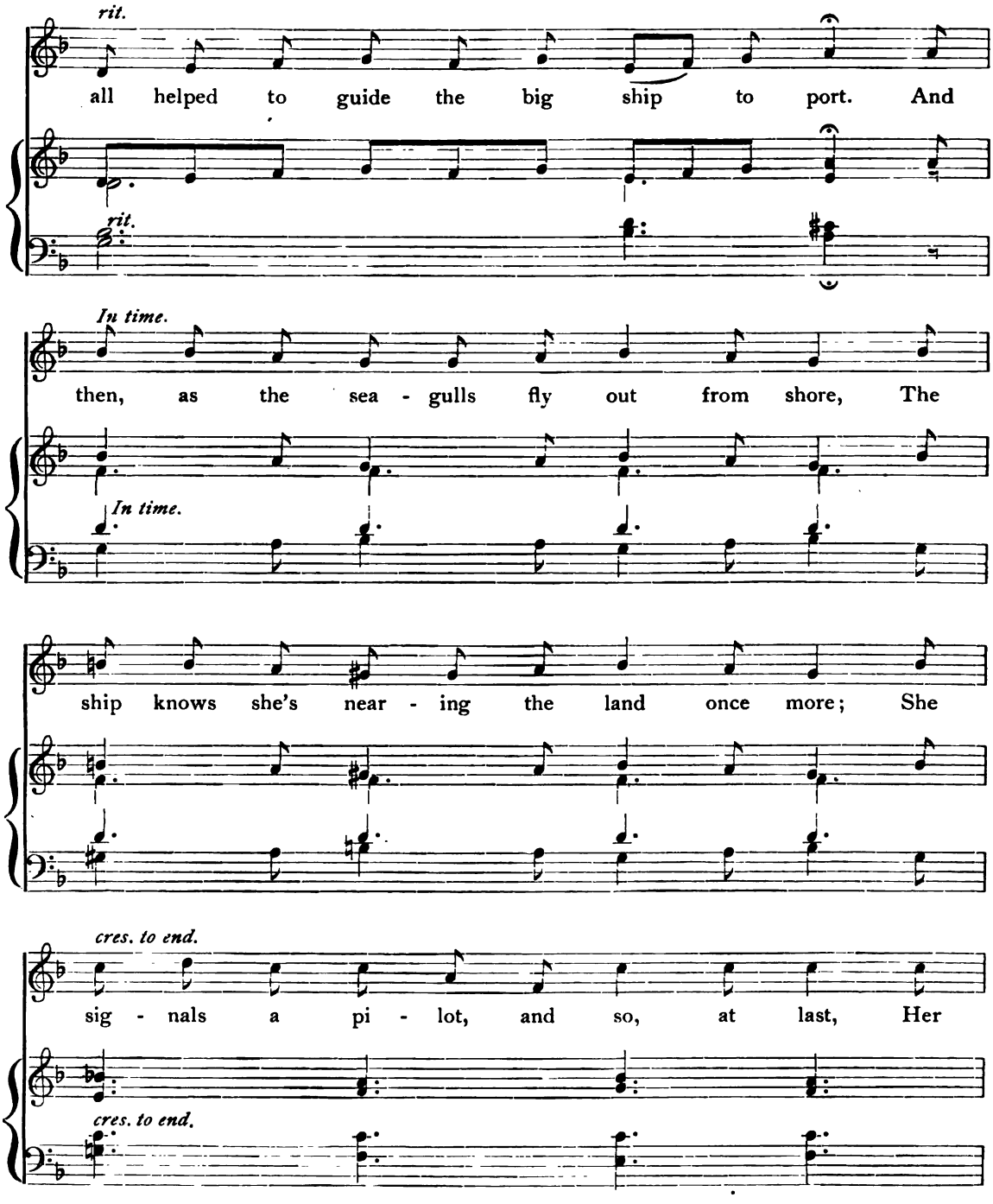

stead - i - ly on - ward she comes toward home, She
leaves far be - hind her a path of foam. 'Tis
six days or sev - en, per - haps 'tis more, Since
cres.
there by her wharf - on old Eng - land's shore, The
cres.


en - gi - neer's bell say - ing, "Go a - head!" The
f
steam - er sailed out where the com - pass led, the com - pass
f
led.
mf
The
mf
gulls fol - lowed fast, but at last fell back, And
mf


left her a - lone on the steam - er - track That
runs 'cross the sea, with - out gates or stiles, A
rit.
bil - low - y path of three thou - sand miles. By
rit.
In time.
day and by night the twin screws have turned, And


hun - dreds of tons of black coal were burned, While
some of the crew worked by night, some by day, To
cres.
keep the good steam - ship up - on her way, up -
cres.
on her way. . . . . .


mf
And
mf
mf
on - ly when run - ning through banks of fog, Have
de - creas - ing fig - ures shown on the log. . . .
Light - hous - es, bell - buoys, and things of that sort, Have

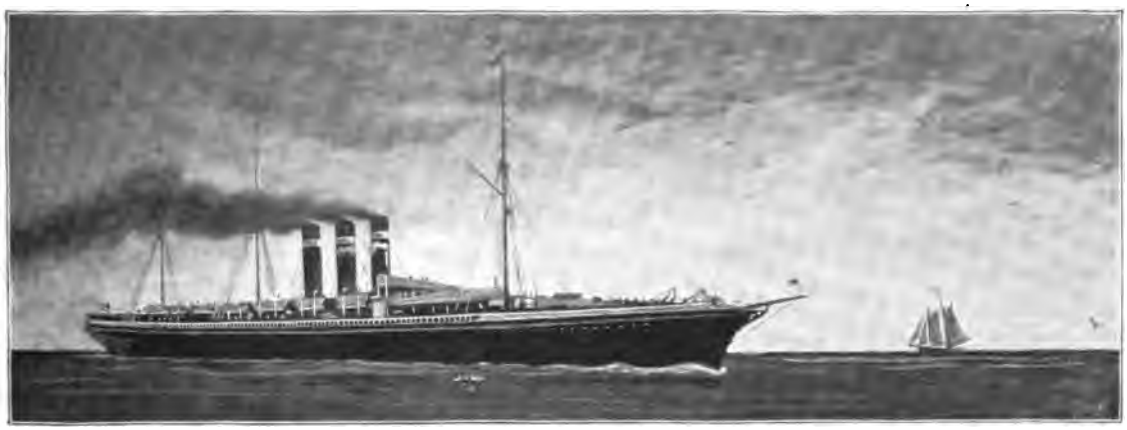

rit.
all helped to guide the big ship to port. And
rit.
In time.
then, as the sea - gulls fly out from shore, The
In time.
ship knows she's near - ing the land once more; She
cres. to end.
sig - nals a pi - lot, and so, at last, Her
cres. to end.

rit.

voy - age is end - ed, her dan - gers past, her dan - - - gers

rit.

past. . . . . .



Old Families.

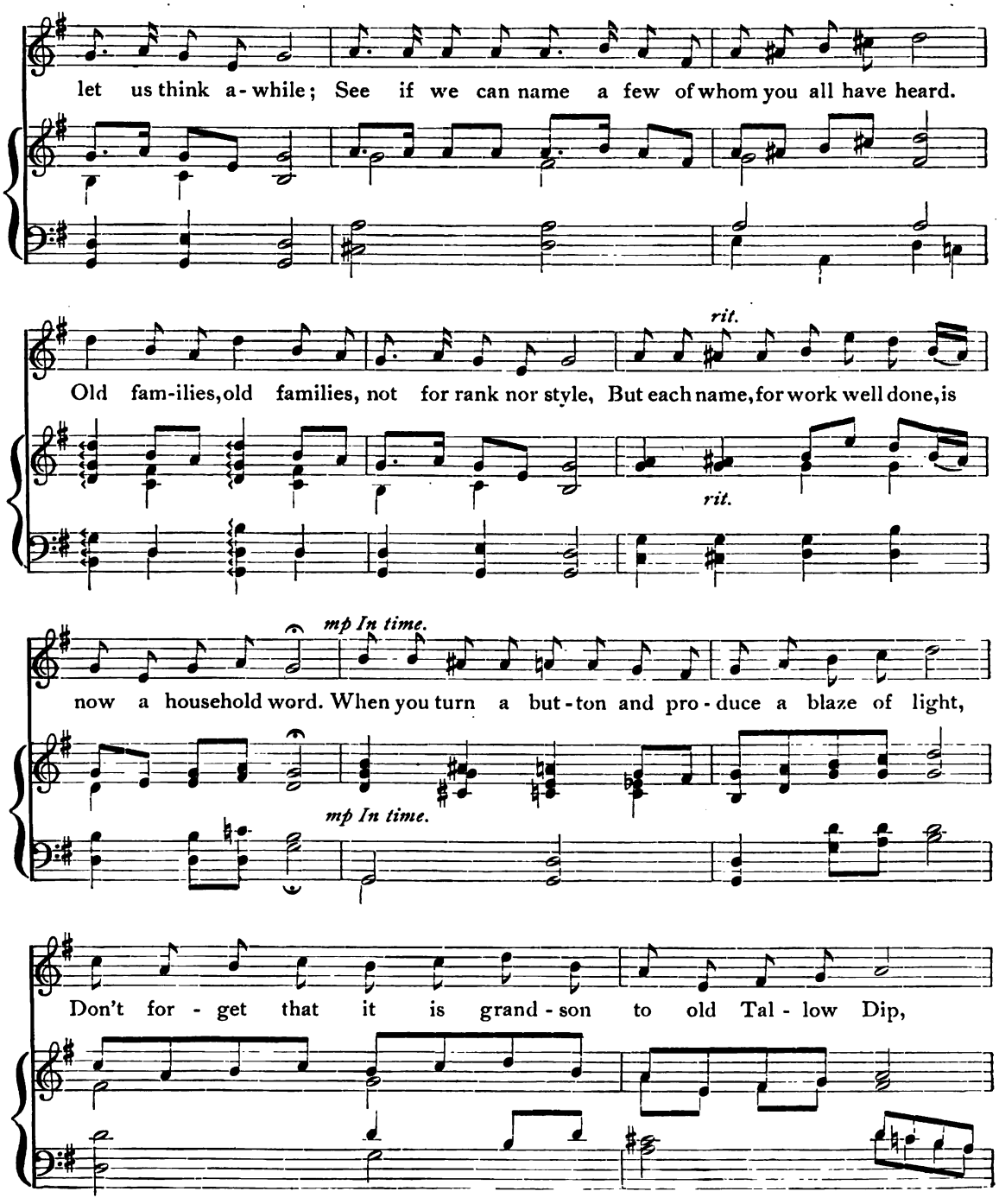
Briskly.

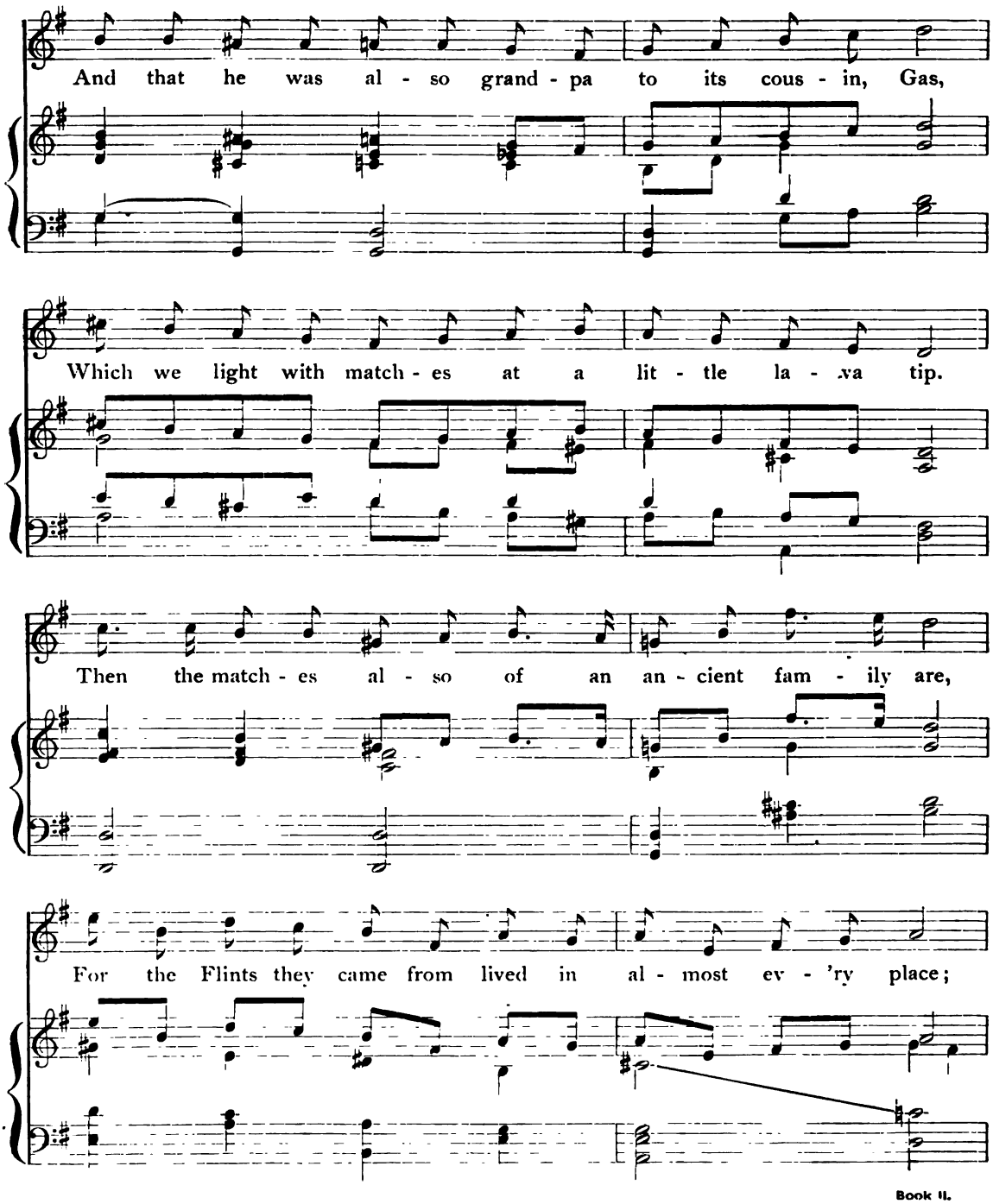
mf

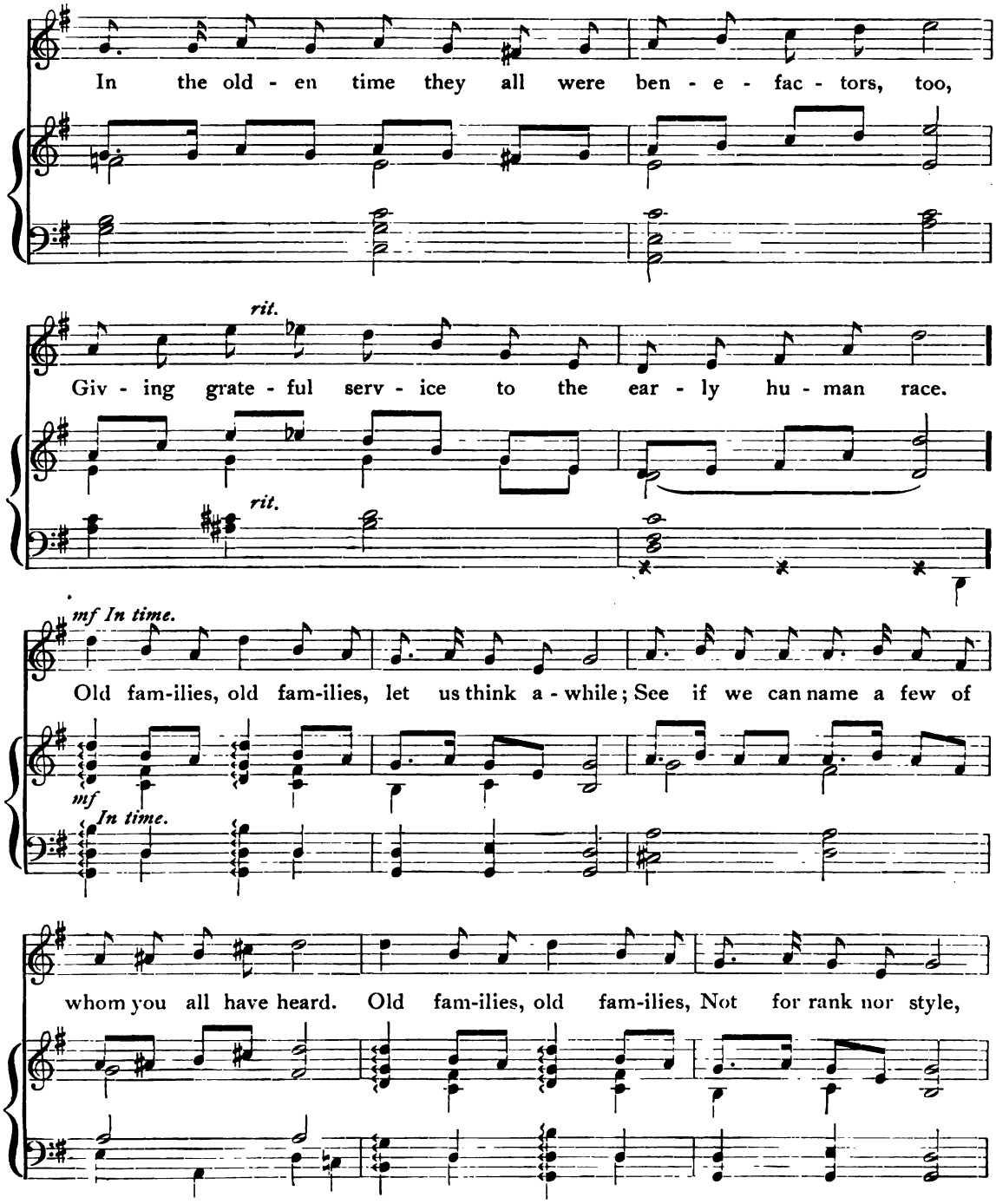
Old families, old fam-ilies,

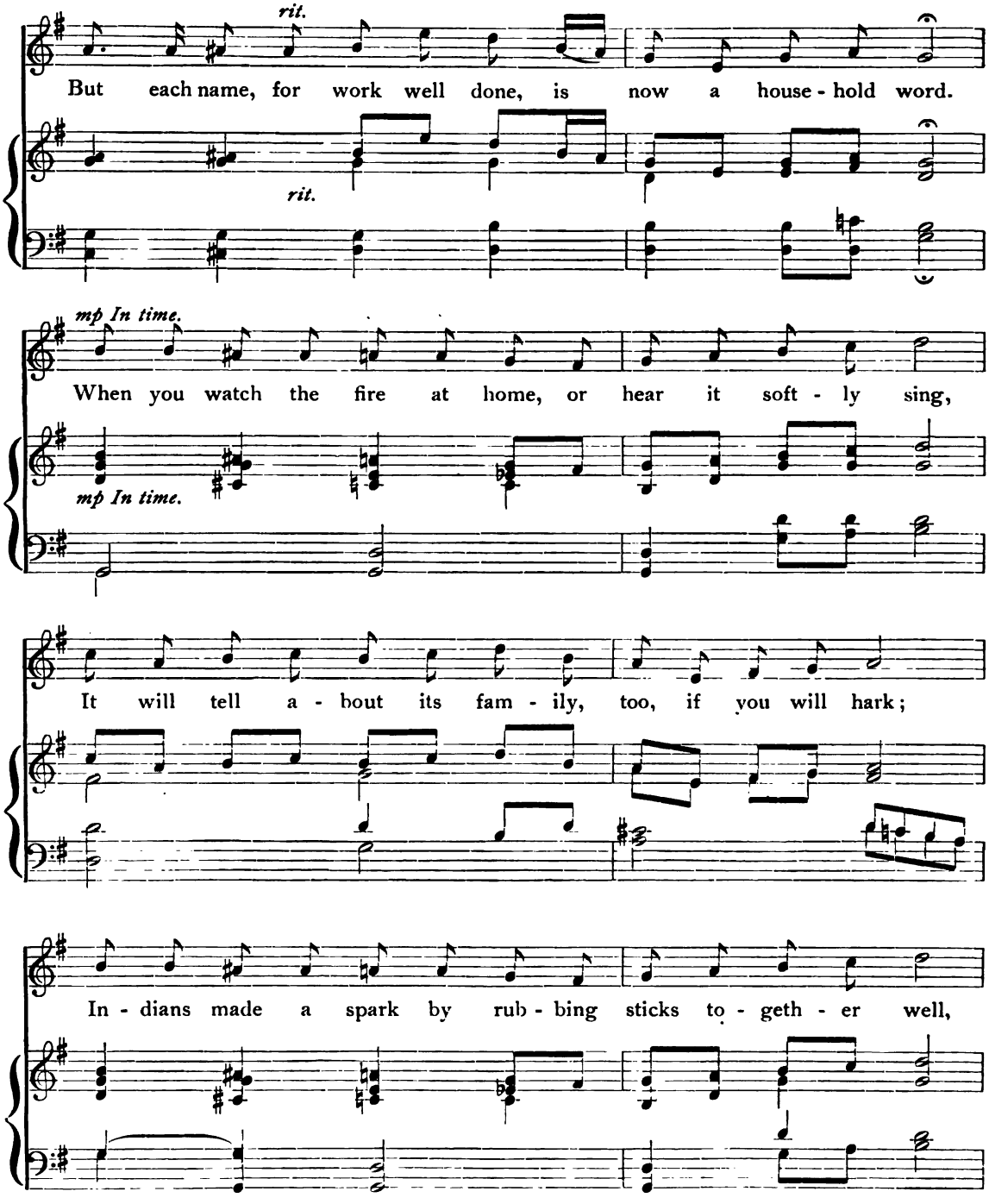
f

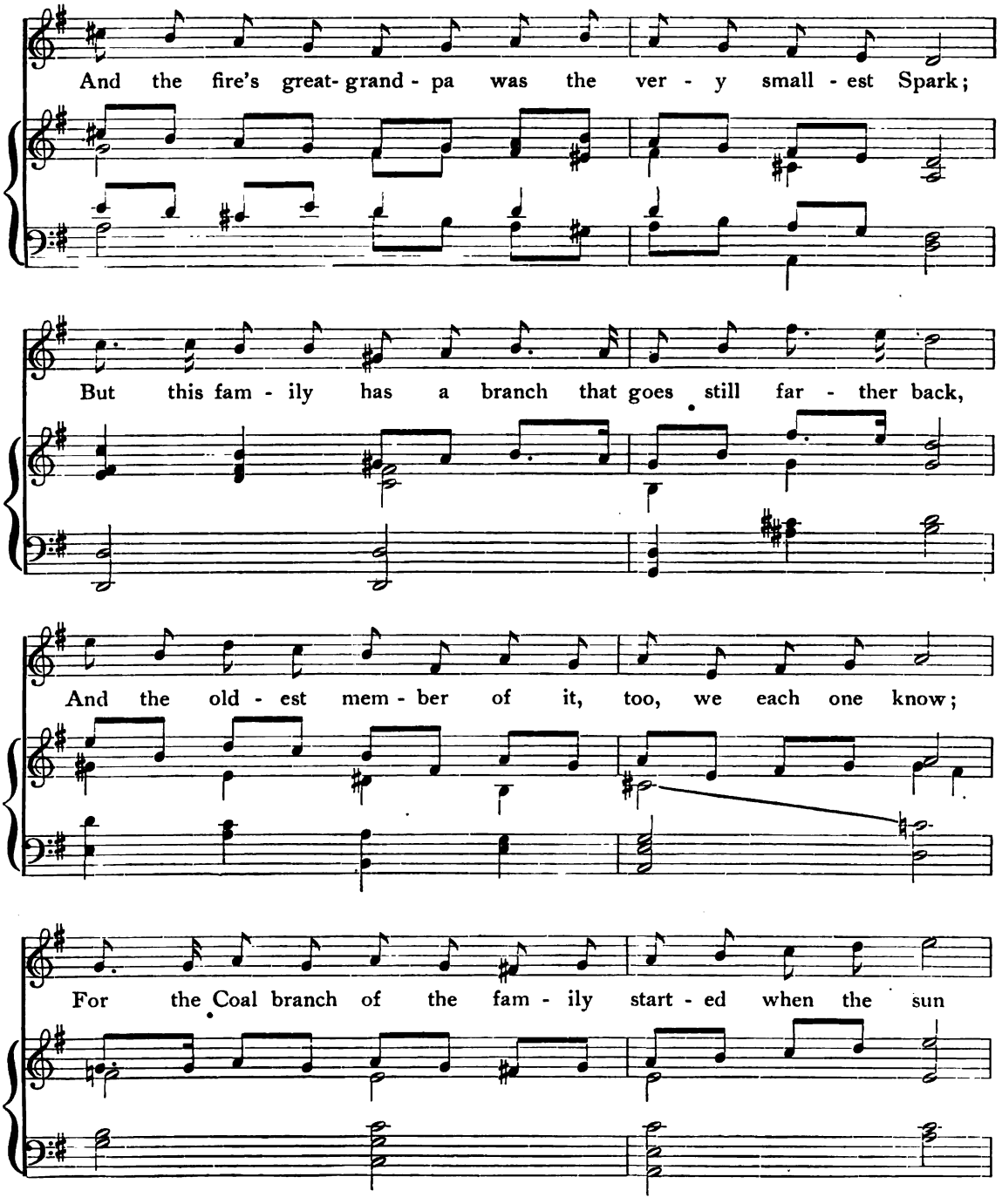
mf

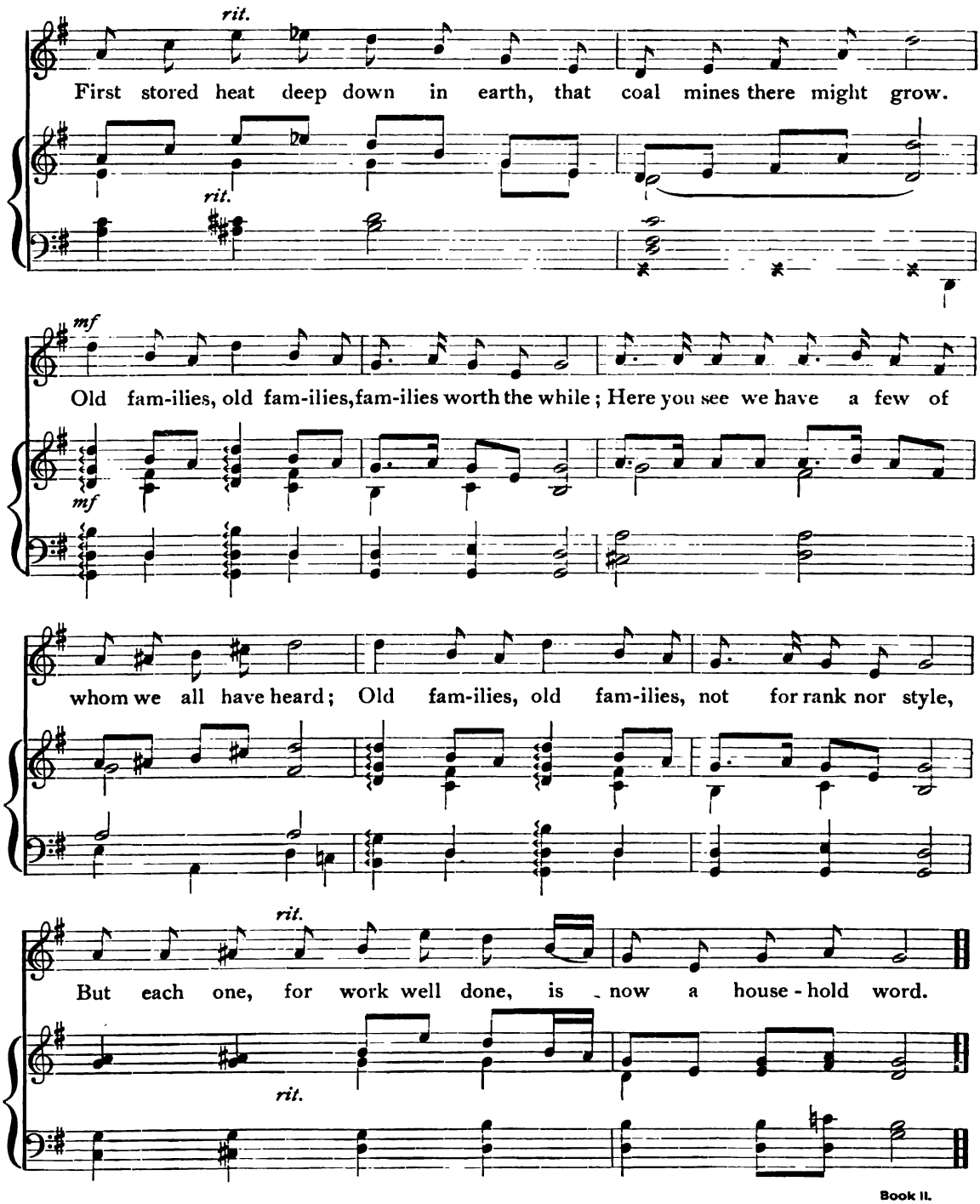

let us think a-while; See if we can name a few of whom you all have heard.
Old fam-ilies, old families, not for rank nor style, But each name, for work well done, is
rit.
rit.
mp In time.
now a household word. When you turn a but-ton and pro-duce a blaze of light,
mp In time.
Don't for-get that it is grand-son to old Tal-low Dip,


And that he was al - so grand - pa to its cous - in, Gas,
Which we light with match - es at a lit - tle la - va tip.
Then the match - es al - so of an an - cient fam - ily are,
For the Flints they came from lived in al - most ev - 'ry place;

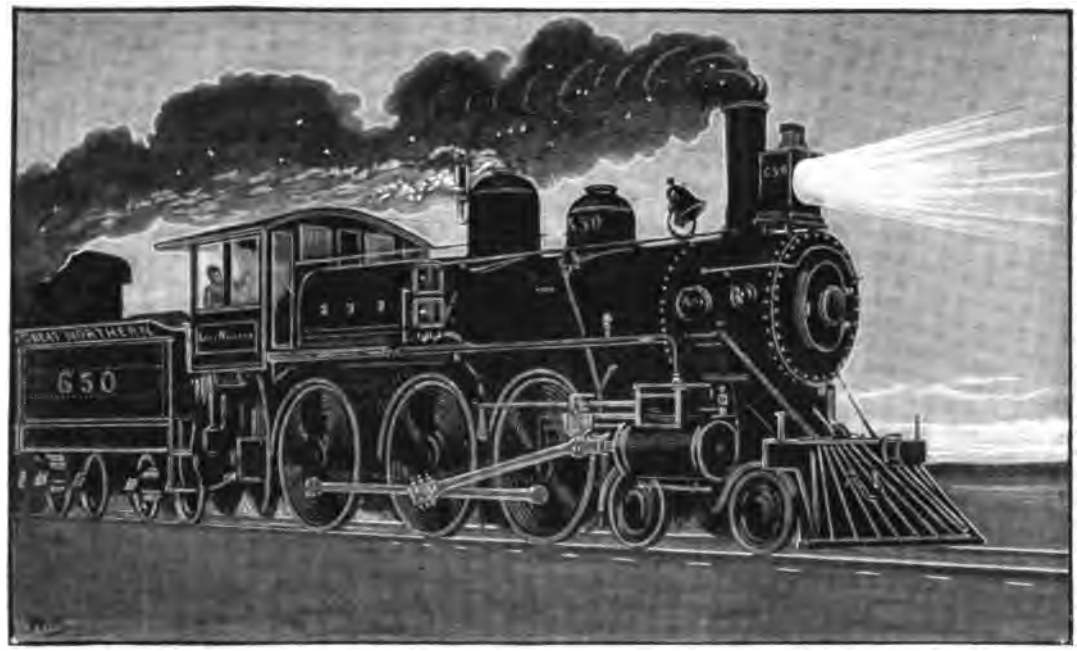

In the old - en time they all were ben - e - fac - tors, too,
rit.
Giv - ing grate - ful serv - ice to the ear - ly hu - man race.
rit.
mf In time.
Old fam-ilies, old fam-ilies, let us think a - while; See if we can name a few of
mf
In time.
whom you all have heard. Old fam-ilies, old fam-ilies, Not for rank nor style,


rit.
But each name, for work well done, is now a house - hold word.
rit.
mp In time.
When you watch the fire at home, or hear it soft - ly sing,
mp In time.
It will tell a - bout its fam - ily, too, if you will hark;
In - dians made a spark by rub - bing sticks to - geth - er well,


And the fire's great- grand - pa was the ver - y small - est Spark;
But this fam - ily has a branch that goes still far - ther back,
And the old - est mem - ber of it, too, we each one know;
For the Coal branch of the fam - ily start - ed when the sun


rit.
First stored heat deep down in earth, that coal mines there might grow.
rit.
mf
Old fam-ilies, old fam-ilies, fam-ilies worth the while; Here you see we have a few of
mf
whom we all have heard; Old fam-ilies, old fam-ilies, not for rank nor style,
rit.
But each one, for work well done, is now a house-hold word.
rit.

The Engineer.

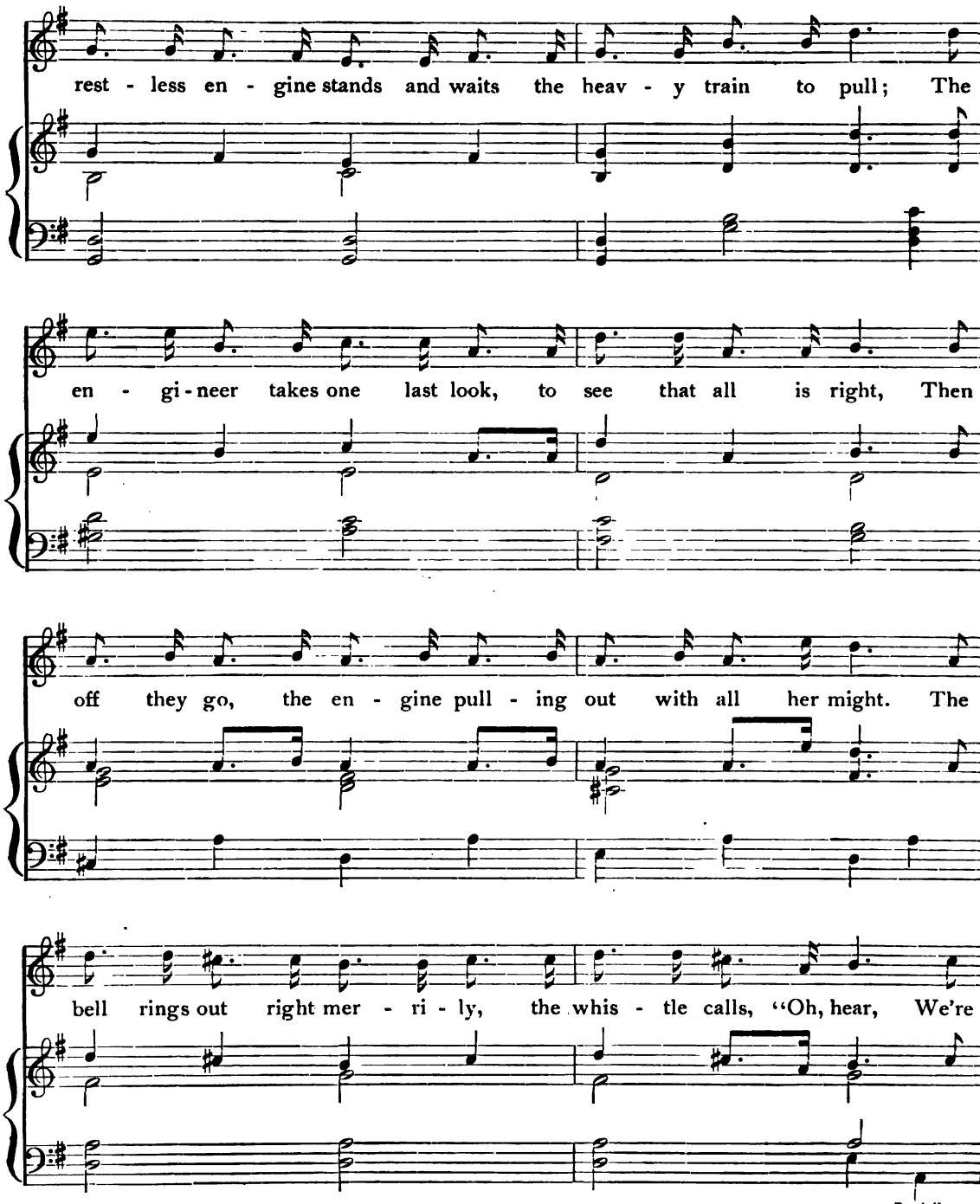


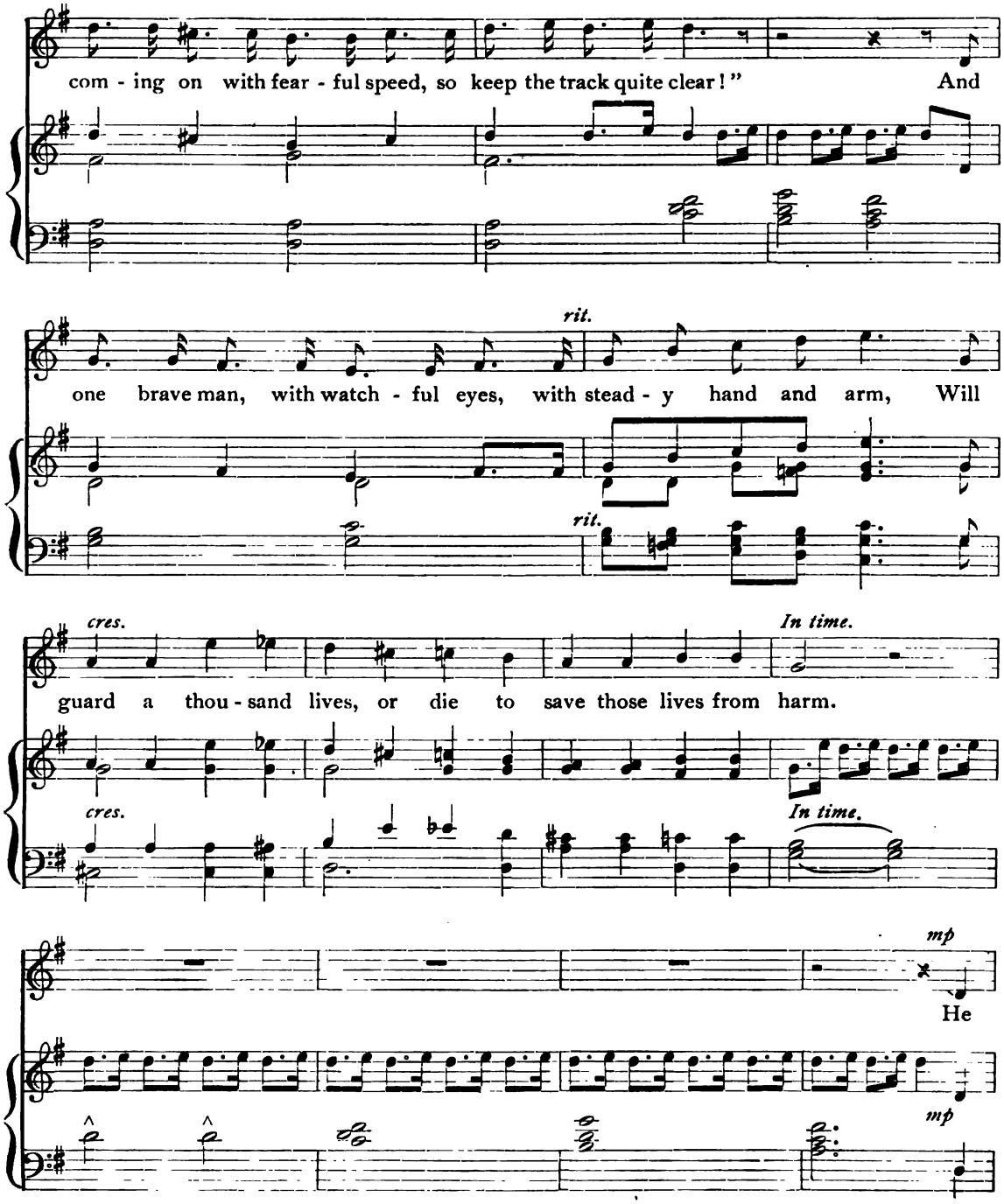
With repressed force. *mp*

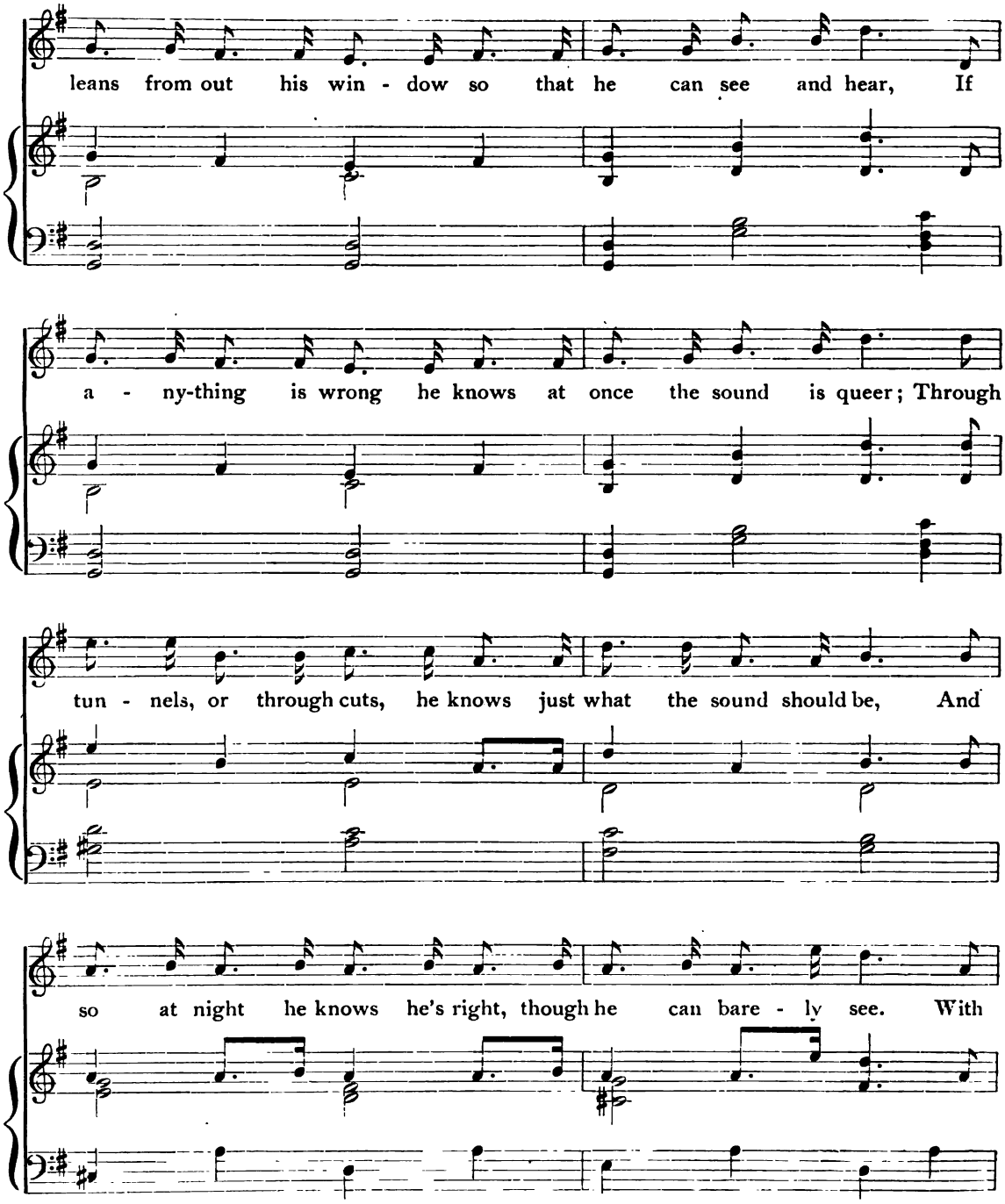
The

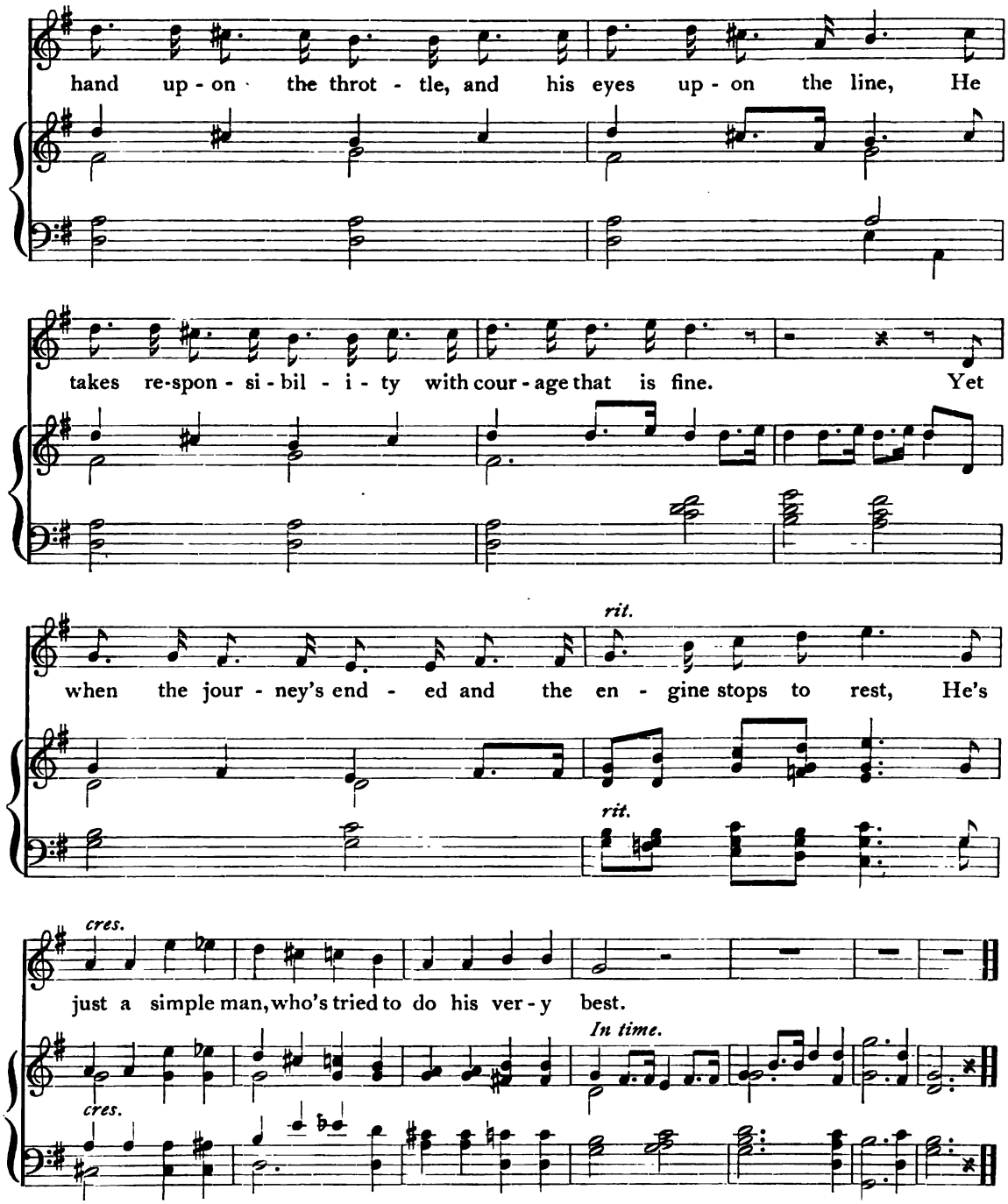
mf *cres.* *mp*

cars are stand - ing on the track, and ev - 'ry seat is full; The

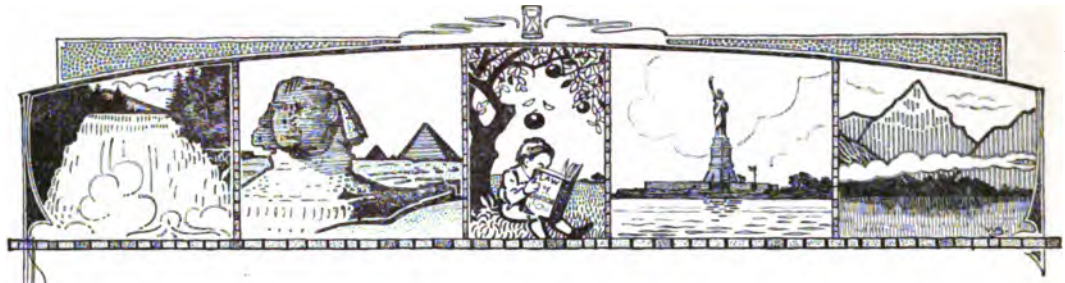

rest - less en - gine stands and waits the heav - y train to pull; The
en - gi - neer takes one last look, to see that all is right, Then
off they go, the en - gine pull - ing out with all her might. The
bell rings out right mer - ri - ly, the whis - tle calls, "Oh, hear, We're


com - ing on with fear - ful speed, so keep the track quite clear!" And
rit.
one brave man, with watch - ful eyes, with stead - y hand and arm, Will
rit.
cres.
In time.
guard a thou - sand lives, or die to save those lives from harm.
cres.
In time.
mp
He
mp


leans from out his win - dow so that he can see and hear, If
a - ny-thing is wrong he knows at once the sound is queer; Through
tun - nels, or through cuts, he knows just what the sound should be, And
so at night he knows he's right, though he can bare - ly see. With


hand up - on the throt - tle, and his eyes up - on the line, He
takes re-spon - si - bil - i - ty with cour - age that is fine. Yet
rit.
when the jour - ney's end - ed and the en - gine stops to rest, He's
rit.
cres.
just a simple man, who's tried to do his ver - y best.
In time.
cres.

Old Gravitation.

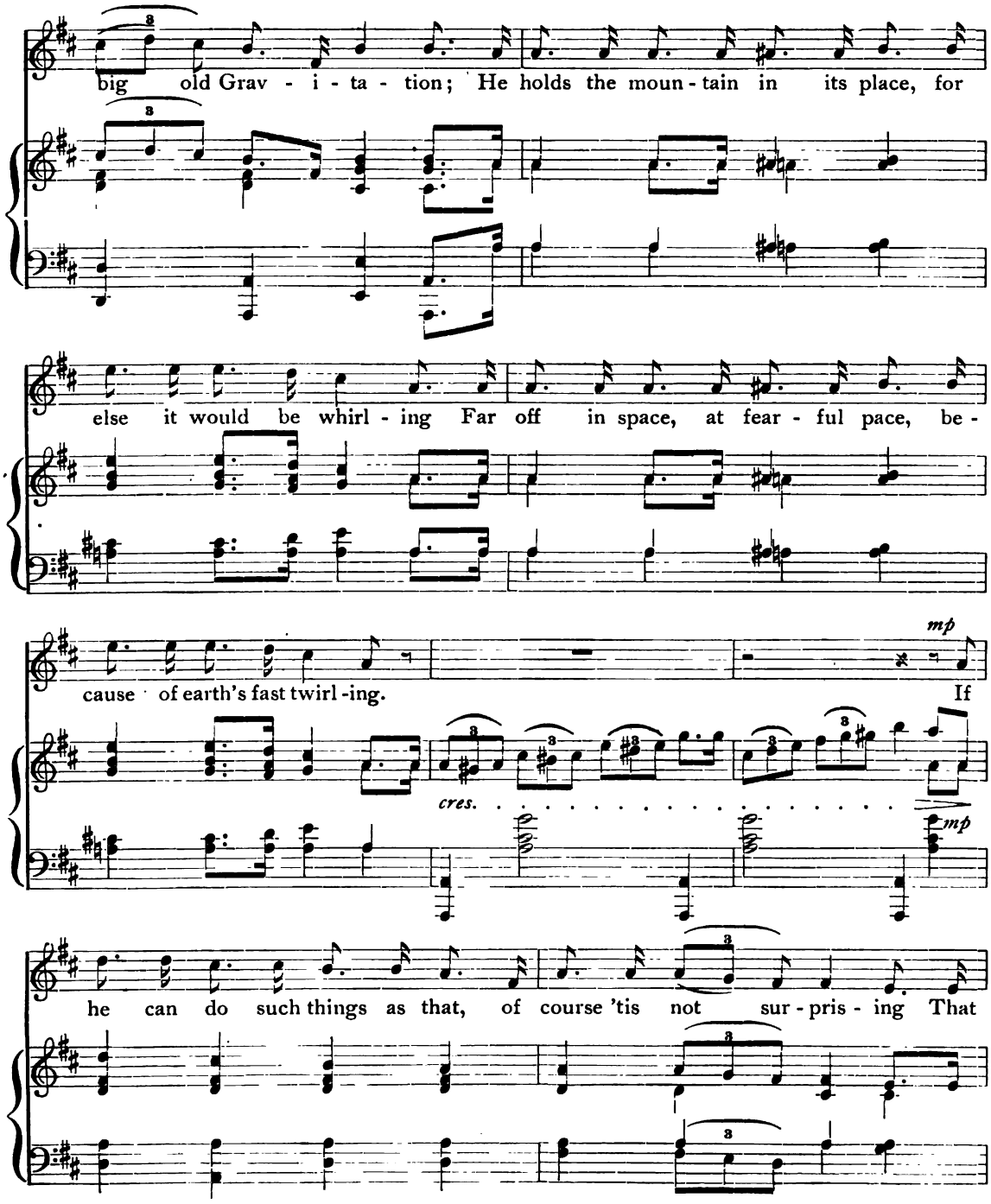


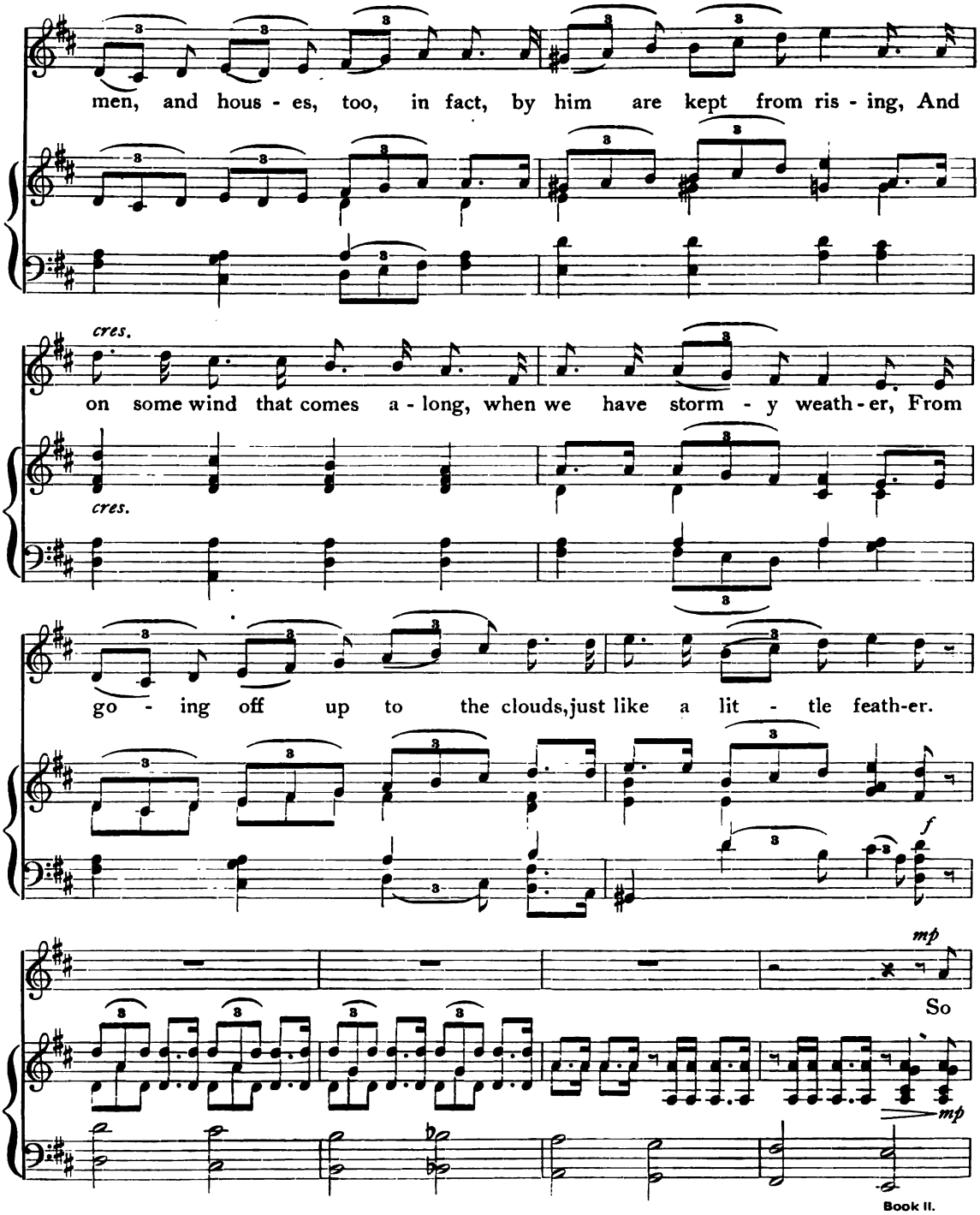
In jovial manner.

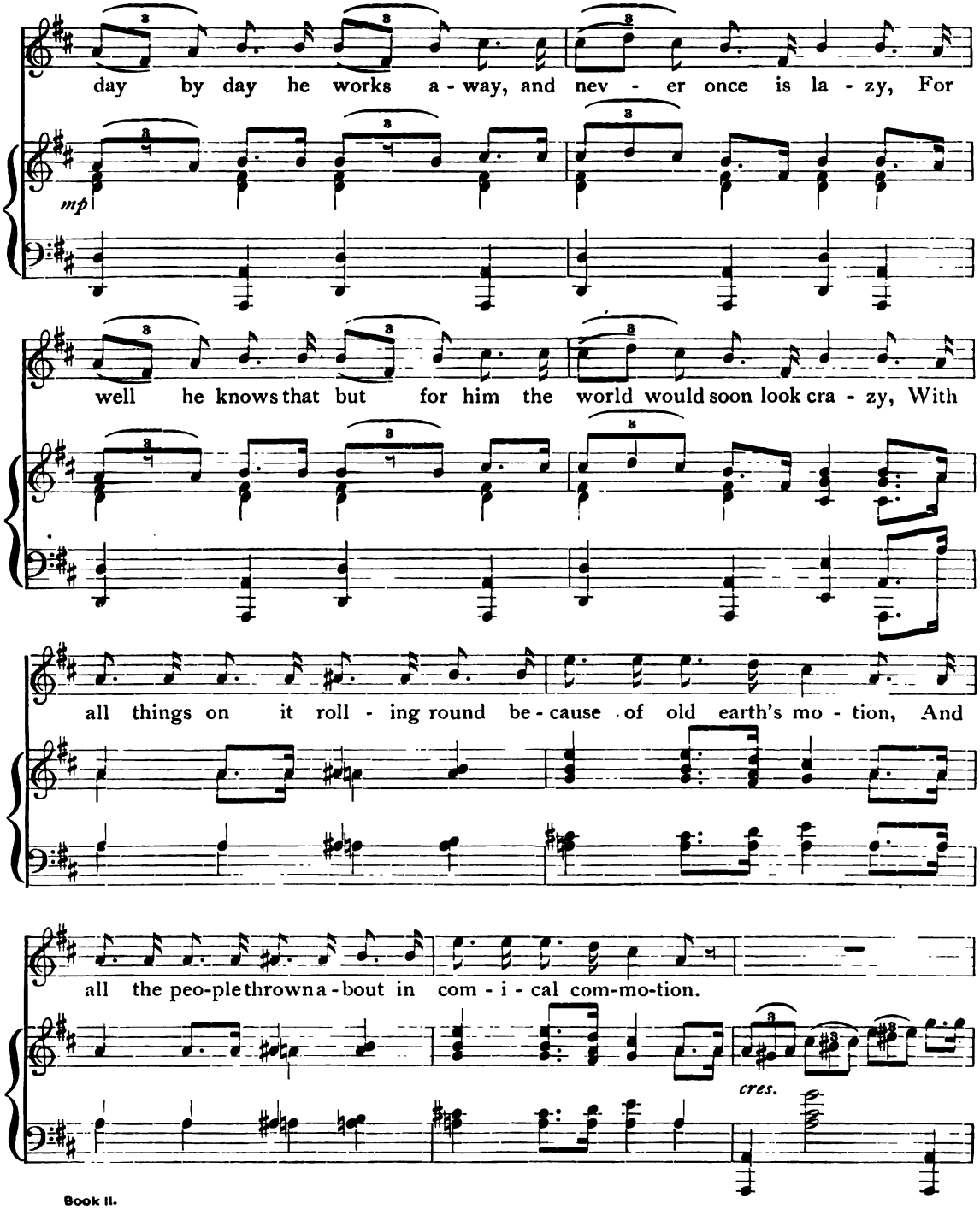
f

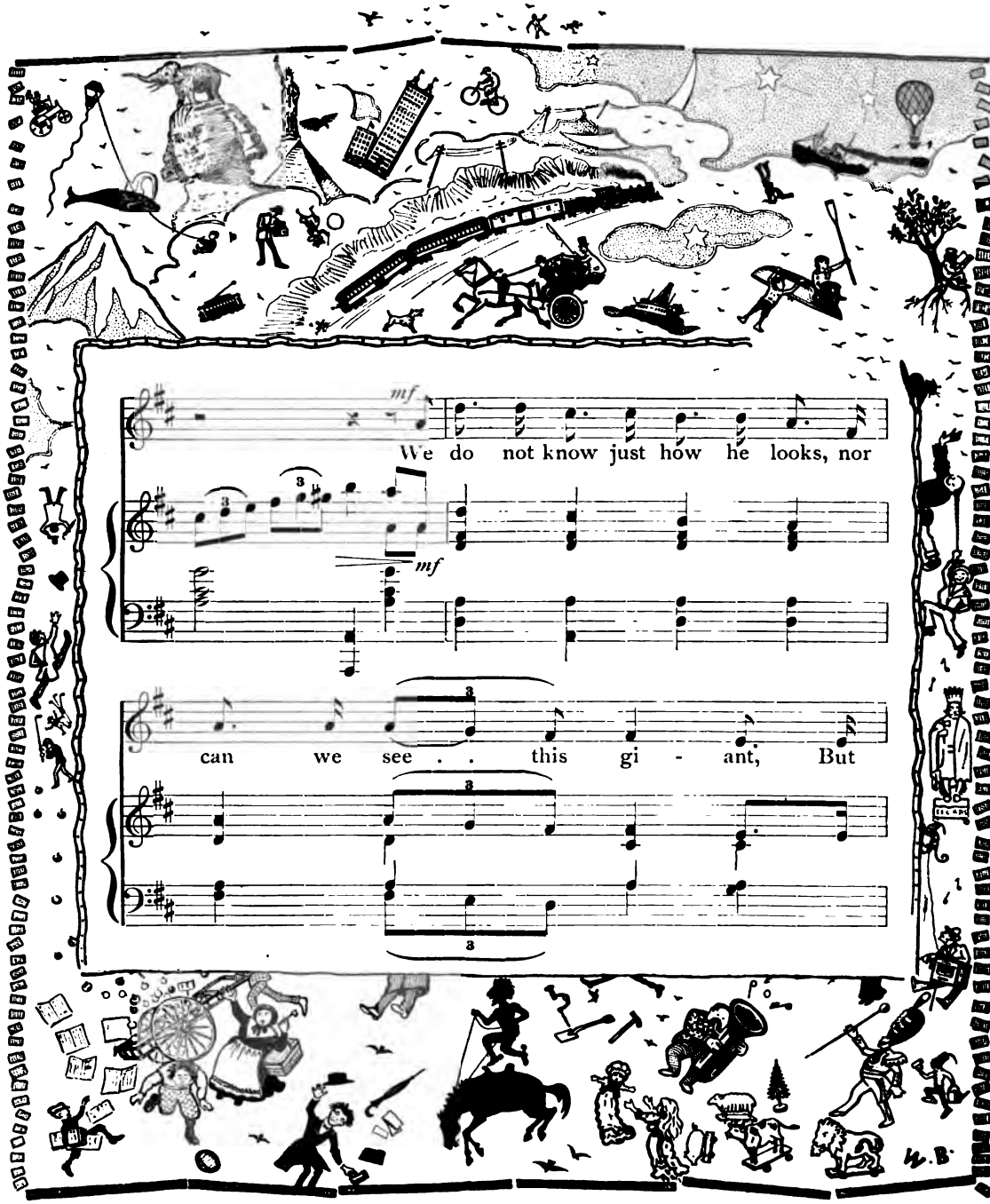
Of ma - ny gi - ants in the world, of

ev - 'ry time and na - tion, I think the great - est of them all is


big old Grav - i - ta - tion; He holds the moun - tain in its place, for
else it would be whirl - ing Far off in space, at fear - ful pace, be -
mp
cause of earth's fast twirl - ing.
If
cres.
mp
he can do such things as that, of course 'tis not sur - pris - ing That


men, and hous - es, too, in fact, by him are kept from ris - ing, And
cres.
on some wind that comes a - long, when we have storm - y weath - er, From
cres.
go - ing off up to the clouds, just like a lit - tle feath-er.
f
mp
So
mp


day by day he works a - way, and nev - er once is la - zy, For
mp
well he knows that but for him the world would soon look cra - zy, With
all things on it roll - ing round be - cause of old earth's mo - tion, And
all the peo-ple thrown a-bout in com - i - cal com-mo-tion.
cres.


mf
We do not know just how he looks, nor
mf
can we see . this gi - ant, But

this we know, that all things here are to his will most pli - ant, And

cres.

aft - er all, we're ver - y glad, for we should soon be cry - ing, If

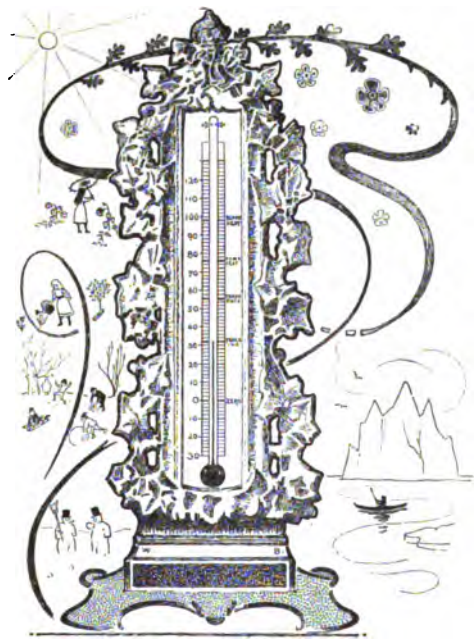
cres.

ev - 'ry day we feared that we should have to take to fly - ing.

The Thermometer.

As rapidly as possible.

mp



mp

There

p *f* *mp*

lives a lit - tle fel - low in a

small glass house, He sometimes is quite short, and sometimes tall, And

then a - gain there are times when he

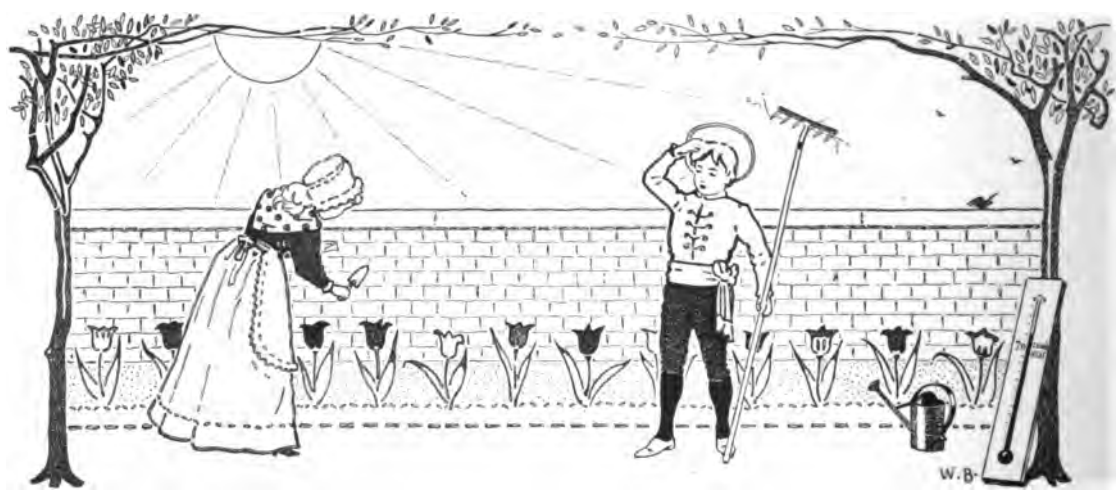
disappears, Or rolls himself in-to a lit- tle

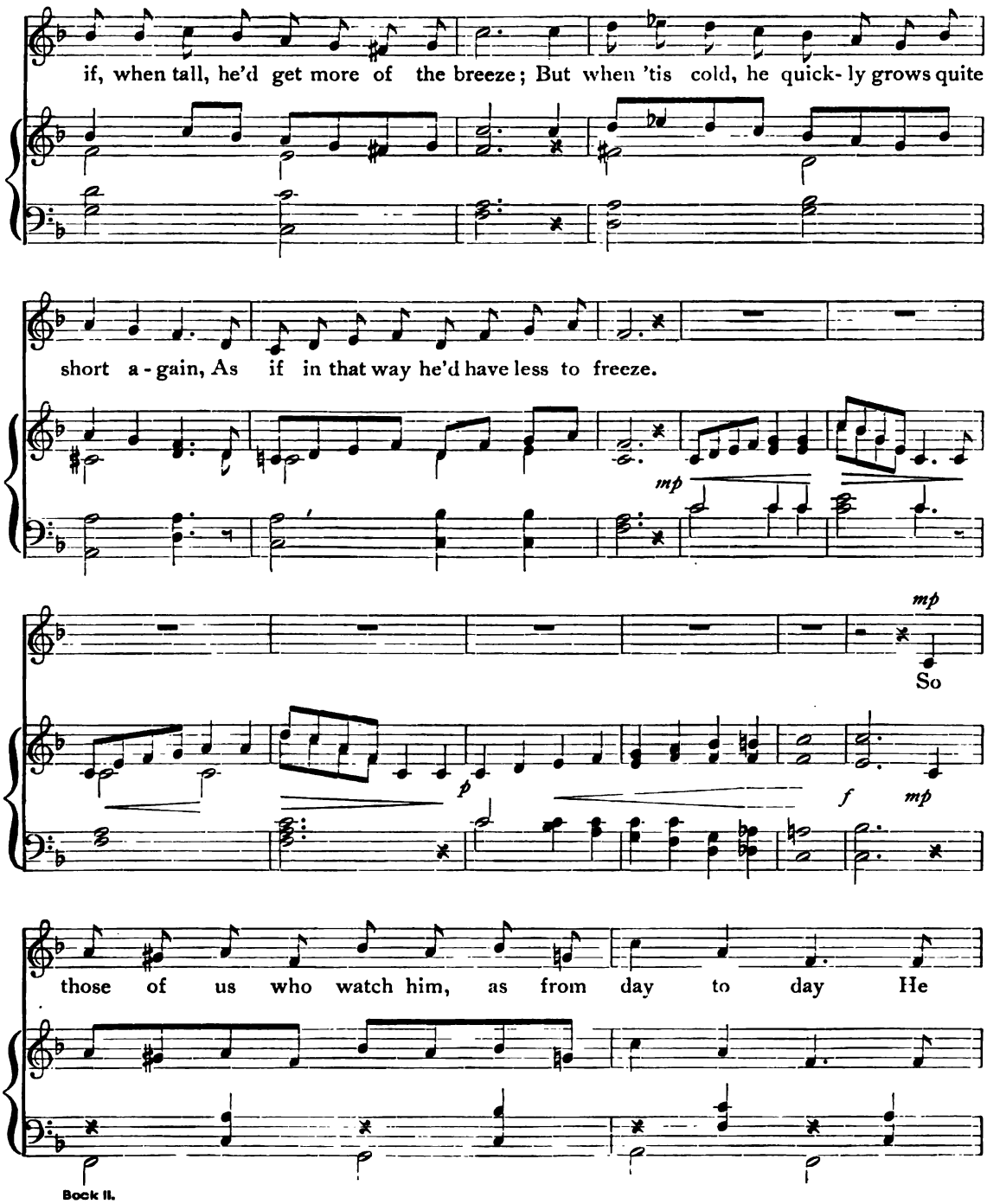
ball. He has a lad - der stand - ing just be - hind his house, And

dai - ly climbs it as for ex - er - cise; And while he seems to have no pur-pose

in this trick, It real - ly is un - u - su - al - ly wise. When -

ev - er it is ver - y hot, he climbs up high, As




if, when tall, he'd get more of the breeze; But when 'tis cold, he quick- ly grows quite
short a - gain, As if in that way he'd have less to freeze.
mp
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So
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f
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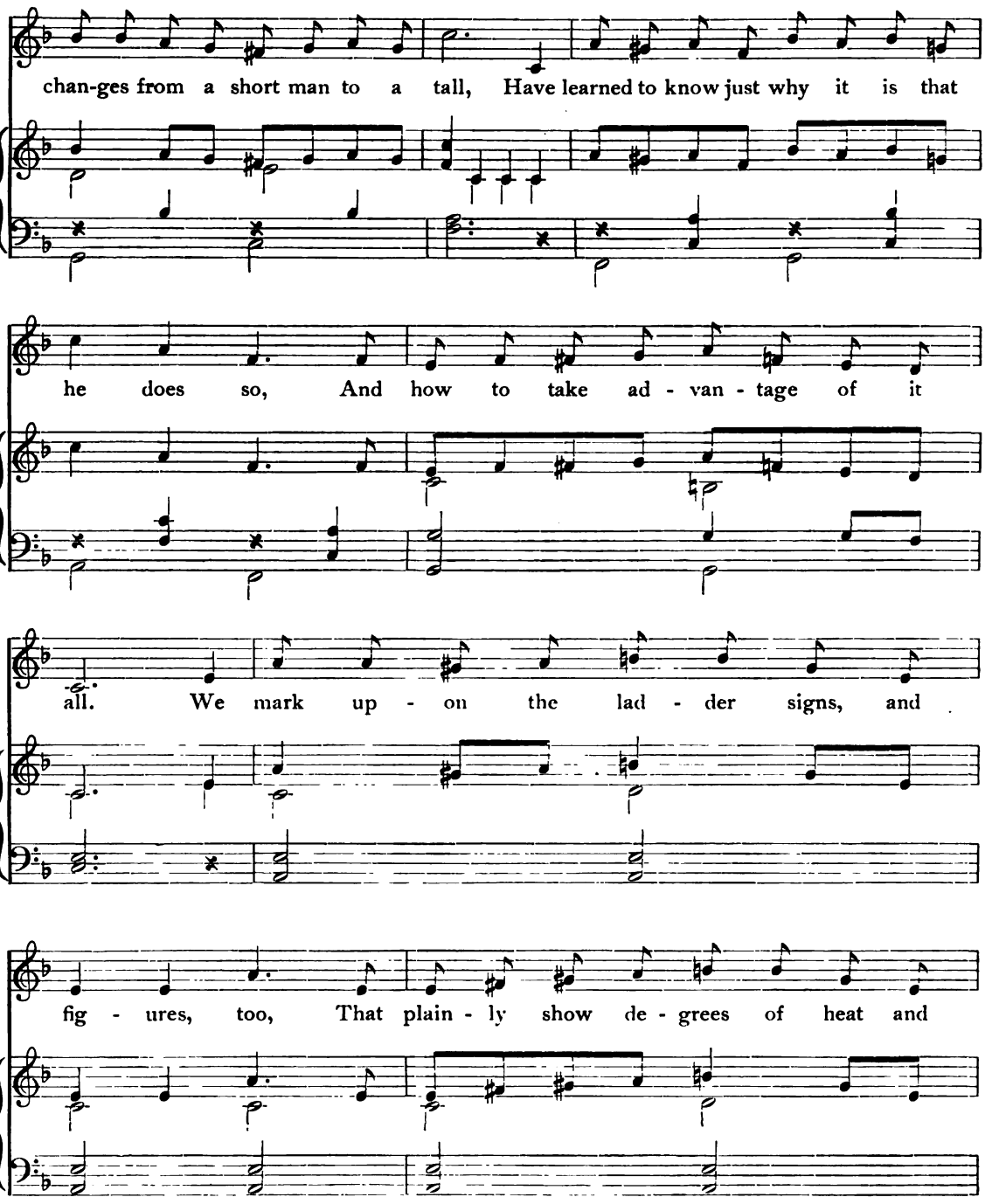
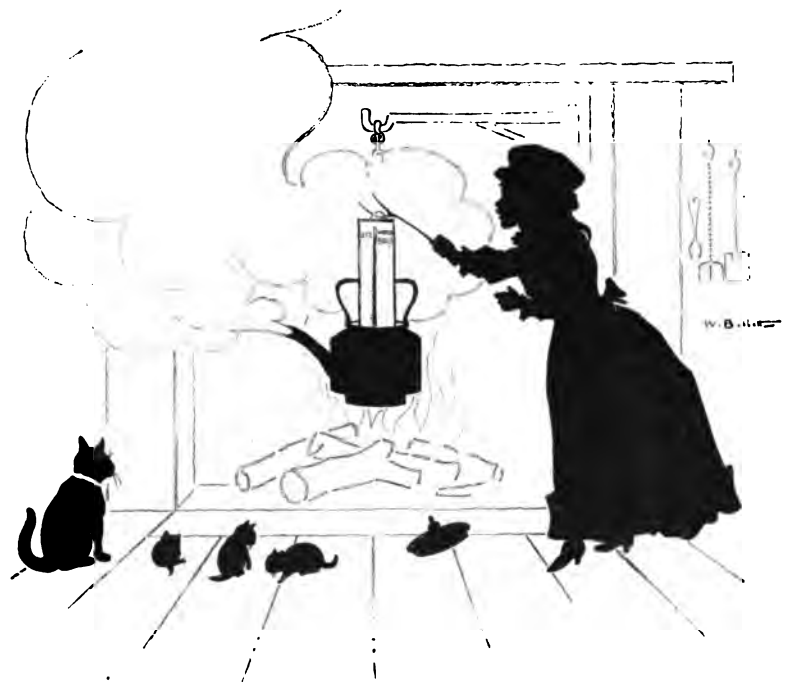
those of us who watch him, as from day to day He


chan-ges from a short man to a tall, Have learned to know just why it is that
he does so, And how to take ad - van - tage of it
all. We mark up - on the lad - der signs, and
fig - ures, too, That plain - ly show de - grees of heat and

cold; And when we wish to know the tem - pera -



ture each day, We watch him, and the sto - ry's quick - ly